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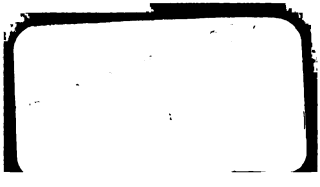

THE

# MAGDALEN CHURCHYARD,

FROM THE FRENCH OF

## J. J. REGNAULT WARIN,

AUTHOR OF

*ROMEO AND JULIET, THE CASTLE OF STROZZI, &c.*

TRANSLATED

BY SAMUEL MACKAY, A. M.

EX-PROFESSOR OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE IN WILLIAMS' COLLEGE.

"Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
"A blow, which, while it executes, alarms,
"And startles thousands, with a single fall."..... *Young.*

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"The Magdalen Churchyard, from the French of J. J. Reg-
"nault Warin, author of Romeo and Juliet, The Castle of
"Strozzi, &c. Translated by Samuel Mackay, A. M. Ex-pro-
"fessor of the French Language in Williams' College.

"Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
"A blow, which, while it executes, alarms,
"And startles thousands, with a single fall."....*Young.*

"VOL. I."

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WM. S. SHAW,

*Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

THE

# MAGDALEN CHURCHYARD.

ON the decline of a fine day in autumn, having passed through the magnificent garden of the Tuileries, I repaired to indulge my melancholy thoughts, under the thick foliage of Elysian groves. I had already, with a rapid stride, crossed the place of the revolution, of that spot still drenched in human blood; and I had reached the declivity, which leads to the new bridge, when a brilliant sight arrested my footsteps, and rivetted my attention. Above the trees, which close the horizon on the right, a thousand streams of liquid flames spouted, forking in every direction, filling the atmosphere with their checkered forms, and furrowed the air with their luminous curves.

A vast curtain of black clouds, spread over one part of the sky, made a striking contrast with the brilliancies of those dazzling sheaves of fire. To enjoy the splendid scene, I had seated myself on the railing of the bridge, resting my back against a lamp post. The silence which surrounded me was only interrupted by distant clamours, wafted on the wings of the wind, and by the waves of the Seine under my feet. The atmosphere was soon spread with a net of fire, whose shining meshes gave a yellowish hue to the surrounding trees. At this instant, as if the sun had restored its presence to blind mortals, the great city, through streams of light, presented itself to my view. On the two banks, bordered with lanterns, I behold again the hotels and palaces with their sumptuous colonnades, their regular frontispieces, the temples and monuments, with their angular roofs, and their spherical domes, and through the yellow tufts of trees, rich peristyles, proud carvings, and those inhospitable hives, which conceal the efforts of indefatigable industry.

I had just turned my attention to the sinuosities of the current of the Seine, on which I discovered a few

tranquil crafts, the boats employed in the daytime by the washerwomen, and the long galley of the baths, when the torch, which illumed this interesting scene, disappeared on a sudden, and plunged me again in the darkest obscurity. It seemed like the dropping of the curtain at the close of a play; thus, thought I, heroes and men in elevated stations shine with a borrowed lustre; from the summit of their glory they shed abroad rays of light on surrounding crowds; the obscure man tremblingly approaches them, ceases soon to be so, and borrows lustre from their brilliancy. But let death level them, or adversity try them, they are soon eclipsed and buried in oblivion; all disappears, all is annihilated around them; therefore, even glory is a mere bonfire!

Meanwhile the new moon, piercing through the fleecy clouds with the points of her horns, enabled me to discern the numerous crowds pressing forward in every direction from the Elysian fields. The place of the revolution was soon filled with a noisy and busy people pouring like the waves on all sides. With the hollow noise of this medley, were mixed the shrill voices of

pamphlet criers, the neighing of horses, the rattling of carriages, the humming of *petits maitres*, the curses of carmen, the peals of laughter of thoughtless young girls, and the pitiful accents of the beggars. How many interesting groups in one single frame! But this strange assemblage cannot form part of the picture, which I delineate. Immortal Young! the deep tints of thy pencil alone could do justice to my subject, as the softer shades of Sterne would fall short of the description.

This confusion of sounds and of individuals vanished by degrees; motion stood, and noise became silent! Stillness hovered again over my head, I heard nothing but the monotonous dashing of the waves, and the footsteps of the sentinel. Should he be possessed of a lively imagination and a feeling heart, how much he is to be pitied. Were I on his post, I should fancy myself wandering on the brink of a bloody lake, from which irritated shades arise incessantly. My sentinel had no such thoughts, he was whistling carelessly.

The clock of the *Palais royal* struck eleven! I started, and desirous to enjoy the calm and pleasure of a

sentimental night, I walked towards the Boulevards. As I passed near the statue of liberty, I could not stifle a sigh. Alas! when Europe lay at the feet of my country, the statue of liberty was made of plaster; to whose hands is reserved the immortal honour of casting it in bronze?

The moon, emerging from the clouds which concealed it, cast her faint rays on one side of the street of the republic, whose fine avenue is closed by the yet unfinished church of the Magdalen. Round the shafts of columns without *chapiters*, and peristyles without entablatures, a doubtful glimmering blended itself softly with the shade, and produced the most picturesque effects. The sight of those beautiful accidents of light involuntarily recal to mind the name of the immortal Vernet, who has expressed them so skilfully with his inimitable pencil; my lips already whispered it, when the fatal reflection, that this monument was consecrated to devastation and Vandalism, darted across my imagination. This double enclosure of half destroyed walls, of broken columns, surrounds, said I to myself, the abyss in which revolutionary death

ingulphed its victims. There lie in uninterrupted rest, the bones of the virtuous, of the powerful, of criminals, and of men of talents! There the victims and the executioners mingle their silent dust! Vergniaud, become dumb, seems to have forgotten Robespiere, and an insignificant insect devours the heart of a king of France!

These sorrowful and shocking reflections distressed my whole frame, and a secret horror made me shudder; such are the powerful effects of an affrighted imagination. From the gaping apertures of the monument, my disordered mind beheld a group of bloody and hideous spectres; they hovered round the colonnade, sought each other eagerly, assailed each other furiously, and retreated with indignation. All of a sudden, they rent the air with a horrid yell, and the vision disappeared.

Having recovered from this illusion, I endeavoured to continue my walk, after paying to those mournful shades the just tribute of grief and pity; when some lengthened and plaintive sounds attracted my attention, I listened, and feared a new delusion from my

excited imagination; it was not an error; after a moving prelude, whose interrupted notes bespoke the deepest melancholy, I heard, in a voice without method, but animated by sentiment, the following stanzas;

Un brillant parterre de fleurs
Fesait ma gloire et ma richesse;
Le soleil teignait leur couleurs,
Zephir leur donnait ses caresses!
La rose sur le sein du lys
Inclinait sa coupe vermeille,
Et leurs calices réunis
Du partère fesait la merveille.

Mais dans la brulante saison,
Un jour le plus terrible orage,
Soufflé par un noir aequilon,
Sur mes fleurs porta son ravage;
La rose sur le sein du lys
Inclina sa coupe flétrie,
Et leur calices réunis
Ensemble perdirent la vie.

Pour moi qui mettais mon bonheur
A soigner leur douce culture,
Depuis cet instant de douleur,
Rien ne me plait dans la nature.

Je vois encore près du lys
La rose expirante et flétrie.....
Puisqu'ils moururent réunis,
Devais-je conserver la vie !

The last lines were pronounced with an accent which excited tears; and whether grief, exhaled in doleful tones, had something in it more penetrating and communicative; whether the silence and solemnity of the night, the sight of the last mansion of man, and the predisposition of my lacerated heart, had prepared the way for the most tender emotions; I felt tears trickling down my cheeks.....and I also, exclaimed I, must mourn for the tender flowers levelled by the tempest. Charming rose, thou art no more for me! And thou, precious bud of this alliance, hast since inclined thy lovely head over the abyss of death.

The voice had ceased, unmindful I continued my walk round the temple, and arrived before one of its lateral doors. Above the wall, which was here very high, I observed the undulations of some poplars, whose tremulous silvered foliage was contrasted with the dark and motionless fir trees. All seemed in

unison to render this a scene of mourning; the area of the place is extensive and square, it resembles a tomb covered with the mantle of night, as with a funeral pall, over which the moon scatters its sepulchral rays.

The door, before which I stood motionless, opened. I discovered a man above the middling size, whose head was covered with a large brimmed hat, and whose body was wrapped in an ample loose mantle; he started at my aspect, and the sight of him communicated the same emotion to my frame. He soon composed himself, and advancing towards me.....Your presence here, and at this hour, said he to me, in a mild and agitated accent, tells me plainly, that I am discovered. I give myself up without resistance, because I am guiltless. Government cannot punish the tears of pity, as it might the regrets of conspirators. These last words led me to believe, that he who addressed them, supposed he was speaking to one of those agents, always cunning, often perfidious, placed every where like powerful pumps, by the hands of administration, to suck, as it were, the last drops of

the secrets of society. I soon undeceived him, and assured him, that, chance alone had intruded me upon his confidence. But, added I, I will no longer allow myself to abuse it; depend, sir, on the most inviolable secrecy; and I had already taken leave of the unknown man, when seizing me by the hand in a lively manner, and squeezing it with a peculiar expression, he begged I would remain. He, said he to me, who like you at the dawn of life, takes pleasure in meditating on tombs, cannot be a wicked man; there is nothing to apprehend from him. Happy, in those sublime and perverse times, the man, who shuns the vanities of grandeur and the charms of voluptuousness, to come and rest on the ashes of the dead, to warm them with a few tears, and to forget, in their silent conversation, the perpetration of crimes and misfortunes; cultivate his natural faculties, and nourish the hope of immortality! Oh! answered I, such have always been my sentiments. I still love the living, though they have injured me much; but they have compelled me to reserve my esteem for the dead. During the day, I enjoy the fruits of their genius, and

often at night, come to indulge reflection in their last mansion.

Well young man, pursued the stranger with a graver and almost prophetic tone, if such is your desire, follow me. Let us cross this avenue of broken columns, let us pass under this demolished vault, whose arches threaten our heads; here lie the dead; let us enter and pray!

I had followed my guide by the vacillating light of the moon; I had examined the body of the church, whose dreary walls echoed the noise of our footsteps. A door had opened, and from the spot where I stood, my eye plunged through the extent of a vast churchyard.

A few walks of young poplars traversed it in various directions. An extensive carpet of a moist and dark verdure covered its surface; round several mounds of earth scattered in an irregular manner, some groups of yew trees had been planted, some fir and cypress trees, mingled with a few weeping willows, added to the sadness of the scenery. Five or six colossal statues, placed here and there, in a weeping attitude, seemed

appointed to guard this last asylum of rest, where the wind rustling through the agitated bushes added a melancholy modulation to this scene of mourning.

I was silent and stood still. The stranger took me by the hand, I allowed him to lead me, my feet reluctantly pressed this turf drenched in blood, methought the earth trembled under me. Thus then, thought I, Providence, after presenting death to me face to face, would not allow it to level me among its victims. I stand, I tread under foot beauty, opulence and virtues, villainy and talents. If the universe is a book, in which God has written his sovereign will, what a terrible page of it is this enclosure, where so many heads formerly inimical lie low and appeased!

After a few turns the stranger stopped. Do you know, said he to me, fixing his eyes on mine to what company I have introduced you? We are not here among the vulgar of the dead; these tombs are inscribed with the names of celebrated men, and with their last breath, commenced their immortality. There lies Malesherbes, so great at court, greater in

his private life, a philosopher in the closet, a citizen minister, worthy by his life of universal esteem, by his death of our admiration and regret. Near him the Cicero of France is at rest, the illustrious Vergniaud, who seems to have entombed with himself the eloquence of France. A little farther the Socrates of the revolution, the wise Bailly, who saw the same hands entwine crowns for his brow, and erect a scaffold for his head. Hard by are deposited the mortal spoils of Lavoisier, the father of that philosophical chymistry, which ravelled out thread by thread the immense web of the universe. Two steps further finally, the earth has restored to its native elements the celebrated Roucher, who often wrote with the pen of a Thompson, and sometimes with that of a Racine. The crowd of dead men, which surround these, would be too great to enumerate. But I cannot refrain from inviting your attention to those neighbouring mounds, shaded by Babylonian willows; under this turf lie the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his family.....You behold the dust of some of the masters of the world !.....

My leader, whilst enumerating the names of the first martyrs, whose ashes we trod under foot, spoke in a melancholy accent; but a deep sigh interrupted the last words which he uttered. If I am not mistaken, said I to him, with whatever interest the dead, who surround us, may inspire you, those, who once wielded the sceptre of France, make a deeper impression. I will not deny it, answered he, I was unknown to them, when they were armed with the supreme power, and resplendent with the eclat of rank, and when they ruled the destinies of Europe. It was during the severe commotions, which threatened the throne, that chance made me acquainted with the king. I have seen him unfortunate; I have seen his family bathed in tears; I have seen him expire on a scaffold!..... History may relate whether he was guilty, for my part I owe a tribute of tears to the unfortunate.....This debut, and the tone of the stranger, having, in a lively manner, excited my curiosity, our conversation was directed to the subject, which alone could satisfy it. Some words, which had escaped him, made me sensi-

ble, that he was possessed of many secret anecdotes respecting the arrestation, captivity, and death of the unfortunate Louis. Louis was but a man; but this man had seen twenty millions of subjects prostrated before him at his nod! This man was the legal heir of sixty four of the first and most powerful sovereigns of Europe! The blood of Henry IV. flowed in the veins of this man, and he had descended from the throne, where he commanded, to pour it on the scaffold!!! How many urgent motives to awake curiosity! What an inexhaustible subject for reflection!

The remarks which it suggested did not displease my interlocutor, and merited me his entire confidence. There are in ingennous hearts certain fibres easily moved, and which correspond in some manner with those of hearts, which resemble them; when that analogy is once established, the most cordial sympathy is the result; the instruments are not always in perfect tune, but the tone is the same; playing on the same key, they produce the same harmony. I trust this comparison will be forgiven, it explains the recip-

rocal moral state of the stranger and myself. If musicians understand me, those possessed of a feeling heart will guess at my meaning.

After conversing for half an hour, my leader informed me, that his name was EDGEWORTH DE FERMONT, that he was known in the annals of the revolution for having officiated near the king in his last moments. At this name, which recalled to my mind devoted virtue, disinterested piety, and heroic courage, I could no longer conceal mine. Those sublime words, so well known, and worthy of being more so, "Go, SON OF ST. LOUIS, ASCEND TO HEAVEN!" rushed on my mind, with the additional solemnity and veneration inspired by the presence of the man, who uttered them, the view of the tomb of him, who had heard them, the proximity of the place where they had been spoken. But continued the confessor of the last monarch, it was not merely in that capacity, that I had an intercourse with Louis and his unfortunate family. After they were arrested, I never forsook them. I have had my eyes on them during their

calamities. I have often consoled them by my presence and counsels, and, when their chief ended his languishing captivity, he died in my arms. I never abandoned the sad remains of the rest, before they had become the victims of the scaffold. I have done my duty in affording a feeble prop to those trees overwhelmed by the tempest. It was not the monarch, whom I succoured, it was the man, whom I pitied. A ferocious government thought fit to exile me, I murmur not, but he, who has been daring enough to speak the language of his religion before his destroyers, cannot be suspected of conspiring in the dark. If Louis committed some political errors, I wish not to justify them; I have neither the power nor means of accusing or absolving him; but, while my eyes can yet shed a tear, let me be allowed to moisten with it this funeral turf, which I have already faded with my trembling footsteps.

The respectable clergyman wiped his eyes; then proceeding in a more calm accent, forgive, said he to me, this effusion of a heart, long fed on bitter afflictions. Grief and my years have rendered me prolix,

and I require some indulgence. A retrospective view of past events will enable me to class my ideas better, and I shall be more precise in my recital. But the facts, which I shall impart to you, are complicated, some of them are known, the most important are not. The spirit of party and the influence of public opinion have adulterated truth. As it respects Clery's Journal, although feelingly written, it is not strictly true, and it is far from being complete. Perhaps its mutilation was made in France, when the work received a second impression. As to my narration, besides the interest excited by the subject of my choice, which I do not wish to depreciate, it will possess another interest, still more mine, that of truth.

It is the same narration which I penned, as fast as it was confided to me, and which I now publish. Under an inquisitorial administration, I was obliged to be silent; I can now speak, under a government friendly to freedom and generous actions. When to the spirit of a total destruction, has succeeded that founded on a deliberate calculation, and a regular plan, it will be worthy of record to see a citizen, whose political prin-

ciples have always been opposed to fanaticism, anarchy, and royal superstition; to see him paint with the sacred character of truth the misfortunes of a man once a king. To whatever party the reader may belong, whatever opinions he may entertain, if he questions the liberality of the government, it will suffice to convince him, to invite him to read this work; since I am allowed to write it, I feel that my liberty is no longer a chimera.

# FIRST NIGHT.

WHAT lamentable and awful recollections those scenes afford to the mind! continued M. DE FERMONT. Every stone in the edifices which surround us, each of those trees seem consecrated by some solemn event. In order to paint the numerous subjects which constitute the interesting gallery of the revolution, history will take her seat within this limited circle in a mathematical point of view, and so extensive in the contemplation of the moral philosopher. The eye which casts a glance over it, can easily survey its whole circumference, the most vast conception could not enumerate its infinite moral points. It is thus, that from the summit of a high mountain, our sight may encircle, at one glance and in an instant, the whole surface of the starry hemisphere; but when engaged

in classing the different luminous bodies, in calculating unknown worlds, the most fertile mind cannot accomplish the simplest addition. If by means of this mound we climb to the top of this overthrown *chapiter*, the moon will present to your view this magnificent square called formerly that of *Louis XV.* since that of the *Revolution*, now that of *Concord.* There the demon of discord preluded the judicial massacres by the fatal accidents, which cast a gloomy veil on the nuptials of Louis XVI. What a sinister connection! It would seem as if the victims of mourning, who perished on that day, had come to prepare the king a place near them in this churchyard, where their bones were deposited!.....Behold the avenue, through which the intimidated monarch was dragged in a popular car. Why did he continue to command a people, who no longer knew how to obey? This gilded cupola, which you discern in the distant horizon, appears like the beacon of insurrection. Under those vaults, some unskilful and unknown hand concealed a variety of instruments of death and vengeance, they became the means of independence, but subsequently of carnage.

Our eyes, insensibly, after casting circuitous glances from the quay of the *Theatins*, rendered famous by the apotheosis of Voltaire, resting awhile on the windows of the former prison of the royal family, turned again towards the national bridge, and indulged in the perspective of the enchanting groves of the Tuileries, which had often been the rendezvous of conspirators, and finally, on that superb palace, the magnificent and dangerous theatre, from which the monarch and the revolutionary chiefs, who succeeded him, descended to mount the scaffold. Not far from thence, I observed the celebrated riding school, from whence, as from the cavern of Eolus, the passions, which have devastated the republic, broke loose. It was on that forum of assassination, that the axe quelled them all, and we tread on the sod which devoured their organs. May those, whom Providence permitted to survive, listen to the eloquent lessons, which their coffins inculcate! May they be convinced, that that government alone has stability, which renders a people happy!

But let us reenter the mansion of the dead, and if the coolness of this charming night injures you not,

let us go and take a seat at the foot of that mournful statue, partly concealed under the drooping boughs of the weeping willow. Then I will impart to you the sad recital of the sufferings of a family, whose greatest guilt was that of being seated on a throne.

The noble and majestic features, the regular and interesting physiognomy, the moving and melancholy tone of M. DE FERMONT, and not less than all that, the moral sensations, which he had awakened in my soul, had plunged me into a tender, delicious, and inexpressible revery. A sweet delusion made me fancy myself transported to the summit of those massy mountains, inhabited by spirits, whose concerts were echoed by the harp of Ossian. What a sublime night!....What an impressive silence! The exhausted moon had poured the last drops from her luminous urn inclined towards the clouds, whilst the mantle of night strewed with the numberless suns, which fill the firmament, sparkled with unusual splendor, a soft breath of wind undulated the poplars, gently agitated the yielding boughs, and excited a modulation through their foliage not unlike the dying sounds of a soft flute. Had not

the bell metal, which announces the periodical return of time, warned me that I was still watching, I should have fancied myself abused by a delusive dream. The recollection of horrid crimes, the presence of the victims, had excited my indignation; the voice of the virtuous Fermont revived in my soul emotions of pity. Angelic pity, the tears which thou provokest embalm the wounds of a broken heart; revenge, with its heart of steel, its brazen forehead, softens before thee; one of thy glances loosens the chains, which anger had rivetted on its victims, and thou compellest the most bitter enemies to fly into each others arms, at the moment that the drawn dagger meditates the most foul designs. Angelic daughter of Deity, guide my pen through this recital, and inspire the hearts of my readers. Let us cast the weapons of revenge on these tombs. The manes, which inhabit them, no longer thirst after blood; the only sacrifices that we owe them are innocent flowers bedewed with our tears. When we were seated, M. de Fermont proceeded thus;

My intercourse with the royal family of France commenced at the end of December, 1791. Being

born an Irishman, and having no living in France, since the episcopal see of Paris, of which I was vicar, had become vacated by the forced retreat of Bishop de Juigné, but being retained in this country by my friendship for the son of lord Fitz Asland, whose education I had undertaken, I was not restrained by any of the obligations imposed on the clergy by the new laws. Louis XVI. opposed, through conscientious motives, to those ministers called *constitutional clergymen*, was deprived of the services of those, whom a jealous constitution strictly refused him, because they had not taken the oath. When the too famous debate, which he occasioned, was agitated, although I was a stranger to it, as well as to the country, I had thought proper to publish certain sentiments calculated to unite public opinion, and conciliate all pretensions. My effort was ineffectual; for what can avail the voice of a moderate man crying for peace, amidst the vociferations of a multitude crying for war? Nevertheless, chance having placed my pamphlet before his Majesty's eyes, and as my signature indicated my residence, he thought fit to send for me, to express his gracious approbation of

my sentiments, and of the manner in which they were expressed.

One morning, whilst I was engaged in giving a lesson on astronomy to my pupil, who was seated with me near the fire, a gentleman in ordinary being introduced invited me in the name of the monarch to follow him immediately. Having a taste for solitude, and having devoted my whole life to the cultivation of the muses, I was sensible that I was not calculated for the resplendent sphere of high life. The air of a court, above all, seemed contagious to my soul. Although I lived in the vicinity of the Tuileries, I had accompanied my pupil but three times to court. The message of Louis disconcerted me for some moments, I had only an hearsay knowledge of that prince. All granted to him the most precious qualities of an excellent heart, frankness and goodness; but it was also observed, that they were obscured by a roughness of temper, which sometimes amounted to rudeness. My first thoughts were, that I had offended him, but having taken a retrospective and rapid view of my past conduct, I felt confident of my innocence. During this

short review of my life, I had entered my closet to assume a suitable dress. A carriage waited for the gentleman at the gate of the hotel. We stepped into it and in four minutes were before the grates of the royal palace, square of the Carousel. As I ascended the great staircase, I could not help contrasting the obscurity of a poor clergyman like myself, with the eclat of the monarch, before whom I was summoned. What a distance between him and me! My whole attendance consists of an old and faithful servant; he is surrounded by hundreds of glittering young men. Is he better served? Is he happier than I am?

Having reached the head of the first stairs, we were obliged to traverse a long hall filled with armed men, at the end of which we entered a narrow passage, that led to a secret staircase very steep and circuitous, which we immediately ascended. Wait here a moment, said my companion, opening for my reception a small cell, the walls of which were covered with geographical maps, you will soon be admitted. The moment after a door was opened, and my name being

mentioned, I was introduced. Could you guess what was the apartment, which presented itself to my view? It was a locksmith's shop, where Louis in his shirt sleeves, his bosom bare, and his hair dishevelled, but having withal an open joyous countenance, was engaged in turning an iron bar then heating in his forge. Advance, sir, said he to me with a goodnatured look, come and aid me with your advice respecting a spring of my invention. But before all, speak to me conscientiously. What do you think of a king employed in forging? Sire, replied I, when the king has been engaged in discharging the great duties of state, when he has laboured for the happiness of mankind, I think that the man has a right to do something to promote his own. Henry IV. used to recreate himself after fulfilling the duties of the council chamber, by walking on all fours, with his children on his back. Very well, very well indeed! exclaimed the king, I see I have not been mistaken, if M. de Fermont knows how to write, he knows also how to speak. Sir, said he, coming nearer me, it is not about a spring, that I wish.

to consult you, you are destined to give more weighty counsels, and upon more important matters. Follow me, if you please.

The king briskly slipped on a morning gown, and descended the secret staircase. I went directly after him, followed by the gentleman, who had introduced me; after traversing again the long hall of the guards and two of his majesty's saloons, the king condescended to open for me the door of his apartment.

I should be too prolix, were I to attempt to give an account of all the observations made by the king on this occasion. I shall endeavour to recollect the most interesting; but allow me to barely express, if I may say so, the substance of the facts.

When the clouds, arising from party spirit and prevention, and at times from wickedness, which have been cast over the life of Louis XVI. and even spread over his tomb, shall have been dispelled by time and truth, impartial history will confess, that he never was possessed of those qualifications, which produce great kings. Louis had not that vast, profound, and universal *coup-d'œil*, which embraces at once, all the springs of

the political machine; that watchful genius, which gives birth to circumstances, or which, at least, improves them; that decided character and fortitude, which, acting constantly like the main spring of a watch, impresses on what surrounds it, a regular and uninterrupted motion. He knew not how to dive into the human heart, and possessed not the more difficult art of compelling minds to bring forth, to use the expression of Socrates; and he was, in a word, alike destitute of that vastness of conception, and of the talent of giving a rapid and powerful execution to his determinations. But while we deny him the virtues of a hero, history, which exhibits public men in an undress, will shew him in the bosom of his family and household, where his extreme goodness of heart diffused universal happiness. Under that view alone he is worthy of a parallel with Henry IV. for you are aware, that he never wielded his sword, even when every motive pressed him to unsheath it. Let us not anticipate events, but let us remark only, that all the public actions of the king could not rise superior to that intrinsic goodness, so much admired in a private

character, but which is sometimes a fault in a sovereign, and is the cause of his misfortunes. Alas! Louis is an undeniable proof of it. This frailty of heart, which prevented him from being just, allowed him only to be weak, and wrested from him his crown and his life, hurled his family from the throne to the scaffold, and gave up France to the fury of ambition, anarchy, and civil war.

As he conceived public happiness inseparable from public tranquillity, and as the effervescence caused by the law, which enjoined an oath on the clergy, afflicted and offended him, he wished to ask my advice upon the most eligible means to allay it. He was accused of favouring those, who refused to comply with that law, as he has since been accused of holding the revolution in abhorrence, and of having made incessant efforts to check its progress. This judgment would not be erroneous, if it was founded upon the appearances of actions, and their result. But it is an egregious mistake, if as justice requires, those actions are tried by their motives. The easy mind and wavering disposition of Louis never allowed him to adopt decided

measures. With the most sincere inclination to do good, he never selected the means to effect it. When he saw the torrent of the revolution swelling to an alarming degree, and threatening to sweep away his authority, he knew not how to avert or resist it. He yielded to its impulsion, which he disapproved; he became the sport of factions, and never knew how to render them abortive, or how to make them subservient to his wishes. Buffetted by the unruly will of the multitude, and the fears of the court party, if he had deserved the love of some individuals, he never secured the general esteem. The nobility hated him, because he did not countenance their pride and vices, paid no attention to their ridiculous pretensions, and because he inclined towards the middling class. While he was on the throne, he did not enjoy the affections of the people; because his forbidding and rude deportment prejudiced them against the goodness of his heart. He experienced finally, that the worst character, which renders its possessor unhappy, and those, who depend upon it, miserable, is to have none. We shall see hereafter, that Louis never began to be great,

until he had ceased to be a king. The prince has excited the disgust of all Europe ; but all Europe will admire the august prisoner in the Temple.

To resume the account of my first interview with the monarch, he consulted me, as I have already said, on the means to prevent an open separation between the Gallican and Ultramontane spiritual powers. During this conference, the king, who had condescended to give a close attention to my publication, unveiled his heart to me ; I observed in him an unconquerable weakness, but notwithstanding this radical defect, how many precious qualities I had an opportunity to appreciate ! Unlimited benevolence, sincere piety, universal indulgence, sentimental confidence, a kind and moving disposition ! I could not refrain from tears, whilst contemplating the first monarch of Europe, stripped of the magnificence of royal pageantry, conversing familiarly with an obscure individual, and reasoning upon the civil war about to ravage his whole kingdom, with as much composure, as if he had discussed the private concerns of his household. This mixture of greatness as to the object, and want of energy respect-

ing means; this vast and devouring conflagration enkindled on the one hand, and the false and feeble measures projected to extinguish it on the other, and which had rather a tendency to render it universal, and give it more activity; and finally, the jarring contradiction between his wishes and his duty, lacerated my heart; I then concluded, that the king was debased, and the kingdom lost!

After discussing the question of the worship and the oath, Louis XVI. turned my attention to the revolution in general. The king, having conversed upon this subject for a considerable time, asked me, what I thought of his conduct from the beginning, and whether I should have acted as he did, had I been placed in his situation? To these questions, which from a survey of the subject, I thought difficult to answer without openly contradicting the monarch, I made no reply. I understand you, said he to me, you do not approve my conduct. Fear nothing, I think as you do. Every evening I condemn myself for what I have been doing all day. But such is the fatal impulse, which determines my will, that I cannot forbear

doing what displeases me most. I feel as if in me existed two distinct individuals, the one advising with wisdom, and the other executing without prudence. My God! the vulgar call kings the happiest beings on earth! There is not on it a more wretched slave than I am! I experience too much, that the greatest curse, which can befal a public character, is to want decision and energy proportionate to the station which he occupies. Louis XIV. on my throne!....Here Louis paused. Judging from his silence, that he was desirous to know my sentiments, I took the liberty to express them to him with frankness and respect. Permit me, Sire, to differ from you on this point. Had Louis XIV. lived in this age, he would either have abjured his despotic power, or made efforts to preserve it, which would have excited public indignation, and prompted the people to resistance. However powerful kings may be, they are less so than the times and public opinion, those sovereigns of ages, to whom every thing must yield. Under the reign of Louis the Great, the arts, those children of imagination, impelled all minds to admire the monarch, and

revere his throne, because the arts seldom excite any other sentiments than those, which have a tendency to support their patron, on all occasions which may promote their own advancement. At present, on the contrary, the prevailing habit of reflection, and that which men have acquired of analizing their sensations, lead them to inquire into their own conduct. By the study of metaphysics, which unfold the heart and mind of man, by the maxims of morality, which ought to direct them, they have, as it were, sifted thoroughly the principles and attributes of power. Thanks to the free circulation of thought, which your majesty has permitted. People have discovered, have defined, and separated what constituted the essence of authority, and what was deemed its abuse. The latter was for ages as blindly respected, as the former has been wantonly attacked in modern times. In this struggle, visionary, designing and ignorant minds, have made incessant efforts to confound them together. Your majesty ought to have proved to the deluded their error, by the legitimate exercise of authority, and to the designing, their crimes by suitable examples.

Possessed of the goodness of the Great Henry, why are you deprived of his firmness ? What would have been the conduct of this monarch under similar circumstances ? He would have directed their course to his advantage. Unable to resist a powerful torrent, and unwilling to become its victim, he would have placed himself at the head of parties, and would have given additional force to his authority, by the very means invented to subvert it. Thus the skilful pilot displays his knowledge during a storm, and exhibits new resources proportionate to the dangers which threaten him. Chance and fatality are the usual excuse of weakness or imprudence. A courageous man gives birth to chance to improve it ; he subjects his enemies alone to the necessity of fatality. A man, possessed of a great heart, a firm mind, and an elevated soul, commands fortune, or rather fortune is the assemblage of those powerful qualifications. But as their eclat inspires fear in vulgar souls, and irritates envy ; happy the man, who can temper them with that moderation, which will entitle them to indulgence !

The lively interest, with which the situation and confidence of Louis XVI. had inspired me, had carried me beyond all bounds; I was not sensible of my imprudence until I had concluded my remarks; I had probed the wound! The King, who had walked about briskly, stopped on a sudden, and looking at me with an air, which manifested as much surprise as displeasure, exclaimed, I never was addressed in such language, M. de Fermont; you are of opinion then, that I am not fit to reign? This apostrophe addressed in a severe tone disconcerted me; it is probable, that my countenance betrayed my emotion; for the king altering his voice, said, you seem embarrassed, you are very wrong, my tone frightened you, suffer it not to affect you, but read in my heart. My dear Abbé, the man, who speaks thus severely to any man, but especially to his king, has a strong affection for him. I shall meditate on your lessons, and I confess to you, that I am in great need of them. Here ended the first conference.

His majesty ordered, that I should be provided with the necessary card to give me access to his apartment,

and he even sometime after honoured me with the brevet of confessor to Madame Elizabeth.

The next day the public papers announced my interview with the king; they misrepresented its object, and substituted for the conversation certain projects of which his majesty or myself had not even thought. Among those false publications, which dealt largely in exaggeration and calumny, those, in which Louis and myself were the least spared, were edited, one by *Durosoy*, and the other by *Marat*. The first asserted, that I had advised the king to abdicate the throne of the old monarchy, and to receive in exchange the little bell of the permanent presidentship of the jacobin club, and honoured me with the appellation of a thoroughpaced demagogue. The other exhibited me in a caricature, in which he attempted to represent me as a *counterrevolutionist*, and pretended, that I was sent hither as a foreign agent to advise the massacre of the patriots. Both demanded my death, and differed only as to the mode in which it should be inflicted; the first doomed me to the gallows, the last to the guillotine. Judge then

of the good sense and probity of those trumpets of fame!

About the middle of January, 1792, the king and his august family prepared to receive the holy sacrament of our Lord's supper, and I was destined to administer on that solemn occasion, but secretly, for the suspicions, generally inspired by the conduct of Louis, becoming more and more alarming, it would have been dangerous openly to have offended the prejudices of the people, by receiving the sacrament from the hands of a priest, who had not taken the oath. A small closet on the same floor with the king's apartment, and which communicated with his chapel, was prepared and decorated for that ceremony. I went towards evening to the place, where I heard the confessions of their Majesties and of Madame Elisabeth. At half after twelve I celebrated mass before a few confidential servants, who accompanied the royal family. It was an awful and deplorable spectacle, to see the most powerful sovereigns obliged to envelop themselves with the mantle of night and secrecy to discharge the duties of their

conscience, while their enemies, in open day, called loudly for their degradation and destruction.

In the notes destined for the future historian, have already been collected those interesting events, which shall one day be recorded in their chronological order, and examined with a philosophic eye, and which filled the space from the time I mention, to the 10th. of August. They are not only foreign to my present subject, but I must confess, that I am in some measure unacquainted with them. I know not what means were used to induce the king to remove me from his person, no doubt my counsels, and the sincerity and truth, which dictated them, inspired fears. Be that as it may, having been refused admittance to the king three different times, I never presented myself for seven months after. In a letter, which I took the liberty to address to him, I simply thanked him for the kindness which he had shewn me, and gave him assurances, that I would improve every opportunity to convince him of my gratitude; one offered very soon!

On the eve preceding the 10th. of August, young Fitz Asland and myself had left Paris with an intention to spend a few days in the country. For a long time, no doubt, the impending storm, which gathered around the royal power, had been heard at a distance, but I did not expect to see its effects immediately.

We soon learnt with what violence it had burst forth. Although we lived retired on a small farm in the forest of Fontainebleau, the report of the terrible disasters on the 10th. of August reached our retreat on the same evening. The blow inflicted on the king, whom I loved, chilled my heart with horror. I determined to set out immediately, and fly, if not to his relief, at least to give him a proof of my devotion. I feared, that a monarch hurled from the throne had not a friend left, and I could not endure the idea, that he should rank me among those, who only wished to bask in the sunshine of his prosperity.

I yielded nevertheless to the entreaties of my pupil, and deferred our departure to the next day. On the 9th. of August I had no need of a passport to leave town; on the 10th. I could not enter the city

without one. We were arrested at the barriers, and conducted, at least with civility, to the townhouse at the office of travellers.

As we turned the corner of a small street, our escort, consisting of six fusileers, was impeded in its progress by two carriages chained together to obstruct the passage. On the threshold of a low door, a young man of a common appearance was smoking carelessly, and cast glances alternately on us and on the carriages. All of a sudden, he accosted one of the soldiers of our escort, called him by name, took hold of his hand and embraced him. They seemed delighted in each other's company.

The soldier soon gave up his musket to the young man, and left us with the new guard, the carriages were removed, and we continued our route.

The new comer examined us attentively; his close attention directed to the young nobleman gave me some uneasiness. I, in my turn, began to examine the stranger. But, as he was possessed of one of those mild and engaging physiognomies, which delight the eye of the beholder, my suspicions were succeeded

by a sentiment of benevolence. You will soon see, that my presentiment was not without foundation. Gentlemen, said he, you do not appear to be strangers; no doubt you are acquainted with the new decrees of the communes, and are provided with a passport? No, sir, answered I, we know nothing of the decree to which you allude, and for an absence of a few days, and at a short distance we did not think..... Our interlocutor interrupted us, and putting his hand in his pocket, I believe, said he, that I have several copies of it about me. There, sir, added he, addressing himself to me directly, read; I opened the paper which he presented, and was struck with astonishment on observing its contents, when I found a description of my person clothed with all the necessary formalities, in a word it was a passport. I gave the tutelary angel, to whom I was so much indebted, looks of the sincerest gratitude; he had placed his finger before his lips, and with his left hand, presented me another paper, it was a passport for my pupil. My emotion was equal to my surprise, and I never felt so sincerely the sacrifice which reduced me to silence.

The *Place de Grève*, on which we entered, and the steps of the townhouse, which we were obliged to ascend, were covered with a tumultuous and immense crowd, who vociferated, as soon as we appeared, *A l'Abaye! A l'Abaye!* The people, intoxicated with fury, victory, and blood, exercised, in its full latitude, the terrible right of the conqueror over the vanquished. We penetrated notwithstanding through the interior of the yard of the hotel of the communes, where, whilst waiting for an introduction into the office, I saw several men scraping the dirt off their shoes on the nose of the prostrated statue of Louis XIV. this statue had a rope round its neck.

A door was opened, and we were called. The man who commanded our escort, made his report, after which, the administrator, who was a small, lean, rude man, asked us in a stammering voice, why we were not regular? I must confess, that the aversion which I have always entertained for a lie, tempted me to own the truth; but the idea that I might be useful to the king, and the fear of exposing the unknown man who had obliged us, determined me to dissimulate. I made

the municipal officer no answer, but presented my passport, and Lord Fitz Asland did the same, and I inquired in my turn, whether such papers were not regular? The public agent having looked at them, and said, I believe.....after verifying the signature of Colombeau, returned the passport with a peevish air and angry gesture. Then addressing the commander of the escort; "Corporal," said he to him, with an oath, "hand this order to the chief of thy post; he is a coxcomb whom I mean to trim soundly to teach him his duty better." After saying these words he dismissed us. Our escort left us, and we had hardly a chance to express our gratitude to our deliverer by a gesture and furtive look. He smiled on us with an air of melancholy, and I observed that a sigh escaped him as he raised his eyes to heaven. All this was an enigma for me, but time has since unravelled it.

However singular this conduct might be, it had happened under so extraordinary circumstances, that amidst the crowd of events, which succeeded each other every moment, it left but a slight impression. The fate of Louis XVI. detained in close confine-

ment, engrossed all my thoughts. I led my pupil home, and turned my footsteps towards the Tuileries. I was crossing *Pont Royal* from one foot walk to the other, when I felt myself seized by the arm, I started, looked, and saw Mr. Aubier, a gentleman of the chamber ; M. de Fermont, said he to me, how happy I am to meet you ! It is an hour since I called at your lodgings, where I was informed, that you were in the country. I was afraid, that you had been enveloped in the proscription, which attended the last disturbances. He then informed me of what had happened during the two preceding days, and closed the interview by handing me a billet, directed to me, wholly written in the king's own hand. I have it in my pocket book, and will attempt to decypher it, if the light of the moon renders it legible ; I have read it so frequently, as well as many other papers of Louis XVI. that I remember its contents ; here it is.

LETTER OF LOUIS XVI. TO ABBE DE FERMONT.

(VOUCHER No. 1.)

*AT THE FEUILLANS*, AUGUST 10,

Eleven o'clock at night.

"I AM more sensible now than ever of the wisdom of your counsels, and I was to blame for not following them. Will you punish me, my dear Abbé, because your king and friend is unfortunate? Will you imitate those, who shun him, as if he was a guilty man? The thought of it would give me excessive pain, but I will not indulge it. Attend to your own safety, and for my sake, do not expose yourself, it is my order, do you hear my dear mentor, and, if it is necessary, I intreat you to obey my injunction."

I bedewed this letter with tears, I pressed it to my lips, and on my heart. I had pitied Louis, when he was clothed with power, judge what I felt, when I saw him miserable. O Providence! I was about to murmur against thee, when I recollected, that those events, which appear the most disastrous, teach those impressive lessons, that regulate the destinies of the world. The hand, which placed the sun above, and

gives motion to the system of the universe, levels sometimes a throne, obliterates empires, and at others elevates like dust an obscure individual to the summit of grandeur ; thus to shew the world, that in the eyes of the supreme Architect, mortal man, empires, thrones, heavens and suns, are as if they were not.

I left Mr. Aubier to run to the Feuillans, he checked my impatience, observing, that in my present dress, not only the entrance of the king's retreat, but even that of the national assembly would be interdicted to me. I felt the force of this remark, and hurried home, where I added a club to my short hair, and substituted a coloured coat for the cassoc, which I usually wore. Under this novel attire, I easily passed the grates, which open on the quay of the Tuileries in the garden. I entered it, and surveyed it rapidly. Groups of men distributed here and there covered its surface. The spring walk and the terrass were unusually crowded ; I approached several of these groups, and penetrated the thickest of them, the better to collect the public opinion, and to hear the

observations of the bystanders. They varied extremely and were all exaggerated. They were replete with invectives against the royal family, and each one devised some plan for its destruction. The royalists, as well as the moderates, and a few individuals, attached from motives of affection and gratitude to the illustrious victims, were conspicuous by their melancholy silence, and by their affrighted and mournful looks. All I heard gave me much anxiety for the future destiny of the royal family, and I could hardly breathe, when I directed my steps towards the hall of the legislature.

I was descending the stairs constructed to shorten the distance by the passage of the Feuillans, when the howlings of a furious mob, heard at a distance, first arrested the general attention, and immediately excited the curiosity of the crowd towards the spot, from whence the tremendous noise arose. Swept, as it were, I was compelled to retrograde, and soon reached the interior of the Tuileries. There I beheld a cohort of armed men bareheaded, whose arms were stripped and bloody, whose ferocious countenances

were sullied with dust and perspiration; they had come to demand the residue of the Swiss prisoners, taken on the preceding day. I shall ever remember, that among those savage tygers, I observed a young man of the national guard, of an interesting physiognomy, who lavished the powers of a captivating voice, and improved the exquisite sensibility excited by circumstances, to move the hearts of his companions. He appeared like an angel surrounded by demons. But they answered the pathetic accents of his moving eloquence by the most horrid yells, and, if I am not mistaken, he owed his own safety to a precipitate flight. I had much trouble to rid myself of the innumerable multitude, which poured incessantly around me. Convinced, by this time, that my zeal was fruitless, and that I could not gain access to Louis, I wandered round the less confined groups, which crowded the arrass of the Feuillans, and finally made my escape through the gate of the riding school.

A more lamentable scene than I have before witnessed, awaited me in L'echelle street. At the foot of the fountain, which divides it from St. Louis' street,

they had just found a corpse, pierced with a thousand wounds, mutilated and covered with mud and gore, already in a state of putrefaction. They were about to remove it, when a young woman, who had anxiously looked for her husband for four and twenty hours, ran and rushed through the crowd of spectators, attracted by this interesting sight. Her hair was dishevelled, her clothes torn off, her eyes inflamed, and swoln with tears, and her whole countenance stamped with despair. I have since learnt, that one of her friends, led this way by chance, having recognised in the corpse the husband, who filled the poor woman's soul with anxiety, had indiscreetly informed her of his discovery. The wretched woman had come to ascertain the fact. At the sight of the bloody and disfigured corpse, she fell into a swoon. The surrounding multitude proposed to remove her to a coffee house, when she recovered. Then trembling violently she approached with a ghastly countenance, bent her knee, unaffected by the disgust, which the view and putrid state of this mangled body must naturally have excited; she raised his head, wiped his face with her handkerchief, but not

recognising in his horrid disfigured aspect the person, whom she sought, she siezed his right hand and after rubbing it some time felt a ring. A piercing shriek accompanied this discovery. This unfortunate wife had no longer the consolation of doubting, she was pressing to her bosom the sad remains of her murdered husband. She embraced these spoils of death, fell down motionless, shed no tears, nor heaved a sigh; there she remained; the bystanders were alike appalled and moved in beholding this funeral encounter, but their feelings were much more excited, when attempting to remove the woman from the scene of her frightful and cruel enjoyment, they found her deprived of all colour and motion. A victim of conjugal affection, she had been unable to survive her husband, and had expired in his embrace.

How many agonizing sights had festered the wounds of my heart, you may more easily conceive than I can express. I had seen the face of this busy and lively city, in less than four and twenty hours, become a scene of cruel desolation. On all sides, the rubbish of the throne, drifting through torrents of blood,

crushed indifferently, in its rapid course, friends and foes; like a furious and overwhelming tempest, which agitates the most secret abyss of the immense deep, whose dashing waves sweep the inundated shores, and heap far and wide awful monuments of tremendous destruction. Human wisdom could not see the ultimate consequence of this political tornado. Whilst indulging those melancholy reflections, I crossed a part of the city. I know not what of horror and despair I could read in every countenance. The tremendous fall of a throne firmly seated for ages appalled every mind. Even those, who first assailed it, those, who from the bottom of their hearts, either from an attachment to republican forms, or from ambition, rejoiced at its downfal, could not conceal the terror, which accompanied their success. They could not grow familiar with the idea, that a few hours had been sufficient to level and annihilate, with a breath of popular fanaticism, the colossal power, which had so long triumphed over them. On their side the tyrannical demagogues, factions newly sprung up from the dust, and the restless pupils of anarchy, who, with a view to

share among themselves the shreds of the royal mantle, had let loose the multitude, already trembled, lest that people should insist on the full sway of their newly recovered sovereignty. Devouring in their imagination that power, which constitutes its essence, at the same time that they loudly proclaimed liberty, they more firmly than ever rivetted their own shackles. The arrestation of talents, which licentiousness called dangerous, and of virtue, still more fatal to it, was already in contemplation. The knives of September were sharpened in silence, the axe of '93 was uplifted, the executioners were ready to seize upon the inheritance of their victims. The fate of a family, hurled from the first throne in Europe into the depths of misery and captivity, excited also an universal uneasiness. But however sincere the last sentiments might be, they were buried in the hearts, which entertained them. Louis XVI. was pitied, the fate of his family lamented ; but the throes of pity were smothered, the rising sigh stifled, and the moanings hushed in secrecy. The tears shed in the dark were fruitless, as if the alarms, resulting from a deep impression, had

compressed all hearts, and the national character inclined more to pity, than to relieve the unfortunate. What would induce one to believe the last assertion was the conduct of the French during the whole revolution, particularly that of those, who emphatically styled themselves the king's friends before the 10th of August. The bulk of these, a few excepted, who have rendered their names illustrious by an absolute devotion, have seen their master secured by enormous bolts, languishing in a dungeon, and expiring in ignominy, without making one single effort to rescue him from his impending and horrid fate. Forgive the prolixity of these reflections; what subject can inspire more? But I resume my narrative.

Plunged in the most melancholy reflections, disheartened by the most inauspicious prognosticks, I was not sensible that I had progressed towards the Luxembourg. Having entered the garden unawares, I was astonished to observe the calm, which reigned over it. The air floating under a spacious arch of lofty trees was serene and perfumed; under the leaves a charming bird warbled his song of love, repeated by a throng

of feathered choristers perched on the neighboring boughs. I seated myself on a bench, at the end of the middle alley, having a full view of the magnificent dome of the Pantheon, whose cupola, surrounded by a circular row of poplars, opposed the superb convexity of its form to the enchanting bower, which it closed, and the splendid richness of its invaluable marble to the soft shade of the chestnut trees. Around me, over a large carpet of turf, affectionate mothers, collected in solitary groups, enjoyed the delight of a familiar conversation, while their playful and thoughtless offspring crushed unmindful the newborn and tender flower, and rent the air with their joyous acclamations. What a picture of innocent joy! But alas! Whilst calm and sportive mirth diffused pleasure in this peaceful abode, carnage and death dealt their destructive blows on the other shore.

The contrast of those images added to the melancholy, which filled my soul. In vain did I snuff the purest fragrance of the flowers, as it dropped from the wings of the zephyrs, my mind involuntarily led me back to the loathsome cell, where groaned the royal

family. Those women, whose tender looks were rivetted on their sporting children, recalled to my mind the unfortunate queen, whose power was but a few moments since unlimited, and who could not now afford even those innocent recreations to the royal princes. O greatness, how detestable must thou be, since thy splendor will not afford happiness, nor its eclipse consolation !

The monotonous notes of a cymbal partly diverted me from this solemn meditation ; I cast my eyes towards the spot, from which I heard the noise ; I beheld an old man shabbily dressed, whose hair and beard were grey. He had attracted, by the sounds of his voice, accompanied with this instrument, a great number of children, who diverted themselves in mimicking him. The old man approached me without interrupting his music. Sorrow must have been strongly depicted on my countenance, for addressing me, he observed, you seem, sir, to be very unhappy, and, if I dare confess it, the times too much justify you. But I must assert that you cannot be more exquisitely affected, than the beautiful Mary Stuart, whose

lamentations I sing. She had lost all but hope, but while that remains, and it ought always to remain, it is a great support under misfortunes. There, sir, you may have it for two pence, and in the bargain I shall sing it for you accompanied by my instrument. You must confess, that the opera is cheap. The singular appearance of this being, and his remarkable tone, the spirit of that Orpheus of the Luxembourg, inclined me to listen to him. I added the value of the song, of the instrument, and of his steps, and put the amount into the hands of my virtuoso, and begged of him to treat me with a rehearsal. He complied immediately, after presenting me the words printed on a coarse paper, "*with permission of the mayor*," he sang his verses.

While my beggar was singing, I thought of a project, which I at first rejected, as whimsical, but which soon grew familiar. Would it be so very painful, said I to myself, to be clad in rags, to wear a rusty grey wig, to daub my face, and to proceed to the windows of the royal prison, with my cymbal on my back, and in that attire, to find out whether I can again become

useful! You are acquainted with Blondel, this worthy singer of Richard; I determined to become the Blondel of the captive king. Zeal blinded me, and prevented me from perceiving the imprudence and inutility of such an attempt. Being filled with ardour, I rose and requested him to follow me; I left the Luxembourg, and led him to my house, and, without being discovered by the porter, introduced him into my apartment. There we soon completed our bargain, I gave him what he asked for the cymbal, a good suit in exchange for his tatters at the expense of my wardrobe, and that of my old servant, and after liberally rewarding the condescension of the ballad singer, I dismissed him satisfied.

I was not less so, for at the first dawn of a new project, the imagination gratified with its own efforts seduces the mind, and renders it blind to all consequences. It is seldom, that such projects are submitted to judgment before another day.

I could not wait so long, I counted impatiently every moment, which retarded night, and to fill up vacant hours, tried some preludes on my new instrument.

A slight knowledge of the piano enables one at once to perform on the cymbal, whose unvaried sounds are uninterruptedly supported by an incessant and monotonous humdrum. At this favourable moment, when day retires, and night has not yet returned, I prepared to act my part. I will not mention how long I was dressing, nor the agitation which seized upon me, when I passed the porter's cell; I luckily escaped, and sallied out humpbacked, with a besmeared face, my head covered with a rusty wig, and an old hat, leaning on one crutch, with the cymbal on my shoulder, hobbling along through the street of the university, and progressing more composedly towards the famous terrass of the Feuillans.

It was, as during the day, covered with people. By the bright light of the lamps, I could discover a great variety of expression on the many countenances, as great a diversity of attitudes, and features distorted by every kind of sensation. My dear friend, it is when the passions are let loose, that it is horrible, but interesting to observe man; we can then trace the sinuosities of this inextricable labyrinth, and contemplate

the pantings of ambition, the projects of future aggrandizement, the burning thirst for glory, the ravages of hatred, and the insatiability of avarice. Thus would Vesuvius appear, if its bowels were laid open to the affrighted sight of a curious inquirer, if he could behold the devouring furnaces, when the combustible materials of a future and tremendous eruption are already accumulated.

Had my heart been capable of enjoying calmness and tranquillity amidst those scenes, at once imposing and burlesque, what progress I must have made in the study of man! Without mentioning what subsequently fixed my attention, how was it now engaged? Here an enormous individual, with a stentorian voice, wearing large, loose holland pantaloons, and a spacious cap one side of his head, whose countenance beamed with fury, whose inseparable and thick eyebrows hung over his eyelids, whose red curled whiskers covered half his cheeks, made in thundering accents the barbarous motion to prolong the commotions of the tenth for a week to come, and to direct their fury against the badly constituted authorities. There an extrava-

gant and ignorant orator, misapplying the writings of Montesquieu and Rousseau, insisted loudly upon having an assembly of twenty millions of voters, of whom the nation is composed, because, said he, no constituent enjoys the privileges of pure democracy, unless he represents himself personally. A little farther, a citizen of decent deportment, young enough to love a republic, and inclined to moderation, displayed all the powers of persuasion. Those men, mostly belonging to the various newly instituted clubs, were surrounded by others, who made incessant motions; and by a gaping, stupid, and admiring crowd, by men hired to applaud, and by a multitude either indifferent, alarmed, idle, foolish, or cowardly.

When I had fully recovered from the agitation, which the execution of my project, and the fear of its failure, had excited in my breast, I sat myself down on the steps of the stairs, which face the passage of the Feuillans, and commenced a prelude on my cymbal; its tone collected a group of people around me. I was about to sing the lamentations of Mary Stuart, which I had just played, when an ill looking fellow

pierced through the crowd that surrounded me, and harshly ordered me to go and sing farther off. That was the very thing I wished to do, but my joy was excessive, when that man ironically added, "Go, my old fellow, and rejoice with thy accents the ears of the *Cidevant;* while listening to thy melody, he will fancy, that tomorrow is St. Louis' day."

This was at least a pretence to justify my measures, in case I should be called to an account; I crossed the passage, and entered the yard. The only guard in the interior was a single sentinel, posted under the window of the apartments occupied by the royal family. By the light of a lamp, which shone on the sentinel, I discovered that his physiognomy was interesting, and, that his general appearance was in his favour. I ventured to ask him, if there would be any harm in my playing a tune? He answered, that he had no orders to prevent it; consequently having seated myself against one of the columns of the peristyle, which surrounds the Feuillans, opposite to the king's cell, I sang, in a smothered voice, the two first verses of the following romance.

MARY STUART.....A ROMANCE.

D'un pouvoir usurpé malheureuse victime
La noble Stuart gémissait;
Le don de plaire etait son crime,
De ce don aufond d'un abime,
Sa rivale la punissait.
Sceptre, léclat qui t'environne
Ne merite que la pitié;
Et je préfère à la couronne
Un doux regard de l'amitié.

Dans la tour où languit cette reine charmante,
Le souvenir d'un tendre amour
Soutient sa force chancelante;
Et sa voix plaintive et touchante
Redit à chaque instant dujour;
Sceptre, léclat qui t'environne
Ne mérite que la pitié;
Et je préfère à la couronne
Un doux regard de l'amitié.

I had finished this stanza, and was playing the symphony, when the second window, opposite to my station, opened slowly. This part of the yard being obscure, I could not distinguish the person who opened it; but to manifest more fully my intentions, whoever it might be, I continued thus;

Ce n'est point la splendeur d'un royal hyménée
Que jamais désira monœcur ;
En me nomant sa bien aimée,
Lancastre de ma destineé,
Sans etre roi, fit le bonheur ;
Sceptre l'éclat qui ténvironne
Ne mérite que la pitié,
Et je préfère à la couronne
Un doux regard de l'amitié.

I paused awhile, and the sentinel, drawing near me, observed to me in melancholy accents ; I am afraid that these princes are more wretched than Mary Stuart. If they have any friends left, where are they ? At least they have one left.....they have two ; but what can the friendship of a poor musician and of a solitary sentinel avail them ? The musician may sing romances, and the sentinel may guard them. Go on, old man, those bars are firmly fixed, and it will require stronger hands to remove them. The sentinel turned round peevishly, and I resumed my song.

Cher époux, cours aux pieds de ma sœur de la reine,
Elizabeth t'écoutera ;

Et cette auguste souveraine,
En brisant pour jamais ma chaine,
Ainsi que nous répétera ;
Sceptre l'éclat qui t'environne
Ne mérite que la pitié ;
Et je préfère à la couronne
Un doux regard de l'amitié.

I must confess, that whilst I was singing, I meditated on the words of the sentinel, I observed his stately but decent gait, the strong expression which accompanied his remarks, their extensive meaning, and concluded, that he was devoted to the royal family. I then arose and advanced towards him with a view to make myself known, and to consult with him on the means to relieve the prisoners. At that instant a woman at the window repeated, in sweet and tremulous accents,

Sceptre l'éclat qui t'environne
Ne mérite que la pitié ;
Et je préfère à la couronne
Un doux regard de l'amitié.

Do you understand, said the sentinel, taking hold of my hand eagerly? Very well, answered a harsh voice from the dark. Gentlemen royalists, proceed.... We are lost, exclaimed the sentinel; come, my friend, said he to me, raising his voice, let us deserve the honour of dying for so noble a cause. He was yet speaking, when the yard was filled with armed men, advancing by the light of a number of torches. The man, who had driven me off the terrass of the Feuillans, came up to me, told me I was his prisoner, and bid me follow him. The sentinel, being relieved, was placed by my side, and we were escorted by a large party of armed volunteers, preceded by a number of flambeaux, and led through St. Honoré's street, through that of the Pont Neuf, and from the quay of the silversmiths to the depot of mayoralty.

Were I inclined to interest your feelings in my behalf, I should not want means, by describing the sufferings which resulted from this and my subsequent arrestation. But I have no wish to divert your attention from a family much more to be pitied than

myself, and shall only introduce my name when it is indispensable not to break the thread of events.

My first care, as soon as I entered the mayoralty, was to write to my pupil, young Lord Fitz Asland, whom I warned against two things principally; first, the calling on me; secondly, the taking any steps to procure my release. We were not yet acquainted with the ways of tyranny, and were quite ignorant of its practice. I believed, for my part, that my liberty would immediately follow my detention, and was so sincere in my belief, that I did not hesitate to sign my real name to my billet, not suspecting, that the inquisitorial eye of the police would examine its contents.

There were thirty two persons detained in the prison of the mayoralty of all ages, sexes, and ranks. There were several gentlemen of the chamber, some dignified noblemen, among whom I recognised Mr. Rohan Chabot, several clergymen, five or six women, and a few foreigners. When we arrived, the conversation was animated, but it ceased immediately. All

eyes were intent on us. I perceived that the appearance of a beggar, whose garb I had preserved, excited astonishment and disdain. It was natural to suppose that an honest beggar was not a suitable person to be admitted into such company; for the reverses of fortune which subdue the heart, do not eradicate prejudices, and there are many, who will own as royalists those only, who wear red heel shoes and blue ribbons.

I shall not fatigue you with a description of my new abode, where, after all, I remained but three hours. I was then summoned to appear before an administrator of the police, who, after examining me in due form, ordered that I should be transferred to the *Force prison*. I attempted to object that a poor beggar could not excite suspicions, and could not be dangerous. But the man in authority looked angrily at me; this deception, said he, ill becomes you, if you are an honest man, lying and imposition ought not to be in your mouth. I am willing to grant that you are a beggar, a cymbal player for a credulous public, but through this ragged veil the eye of the police can discriminate the truth. You are Abbé de Fermont. So decided a

declaration admitted of no negative answer. I endeavoured to justify my conduct by the purity of the motives which had inspired it, and asked the liberty to change my dress. I was answered that my request would be granted at the *Force*. Two gend'armes invited me to follow them, and made me enter a carriage which waited for me, and we proceeded to the *Force*.

Here M. de Fermont made a pause. The night was almost spent, we separated after appointing a rendezvous for the next night at eleven, near the third column of the portico of the Magdalen. The scene which my eyes had witnessed, the narration which I had heard, deeply moved my heart, and engrossed my thoughts. I realized again in my sleep those passed sensations, and my dreams impressed them fully on my mind. The next evening I kept my word. The Abbé soon joined me, and having entered the churchyard, he resumed, as we walked about, the conversation of the preceding night.

## SECOND NIGHT.

MY leaders, who probably had received orders to remain silent, gave me up at the first gate of the *Force prison*, to the safe keeping of a jailer, and having taken a receipt for my person, they disappeared. Then by the light of two smoky lamps, a turnkey, wearing a fur cap, accompanied by two monstrous dogs, led me through a long passage, whose windings were narrow, and conducted me to a small yard, where he opened the second door. I entered through the iron gates, and was obliged to bend forward, and force my way in; after passing through nine of them, he introduced me into a little cell, where under a mouldy ceiling, I found a straw bed, with a ragged blanket. My keeper, in a harsh and grum voice, wished me a good night and good courage; then having called his

dogs, he closed upon me the heavy doors of my dungeon, securing me with three bolts and three locks.

Once more I will abridge, and resume those details which will most interest you. As the stratagem, which I had put in execution, to inform Louis, that he had one friend left, supposed some invention, I had the honour of a solitary confinement, in which I remained till the third of September, that is to say, twenty one days, without the least intercourse with any man, except the jailer; having no other nourishment than a detestable soup, a few half done kidney beans; but still more awake to the trying situation of the dethroned royal family, than to my own.

The first days of September will ever excite the abhorrence of posterity, on account of the foul crimes, which indelibly marked this fatal epoch. When history retraces those diabolical deeds, she will dip her pencil in blood, she will represent murderers carelessly seated on their lifeless victims, and from this horrid seat, ordering new massacres. My design is not to give you a recital of them, I shall only mention what relates to myself.

A faint ray of light glimmered through an aperture in the close grates of my dungeon, where I sometimes applied my eye. The sight of the prisoners, who walked promiscuously in a vast yard, and the consolation of viewing a few green trees, solaced my misery, and seemed to cheer the living tomb, which enclosed me.

During the morning of the second of September, I thought I beheld on the countenances of the prisoners, the expression of a lively alarm. I observed them meeting in small groups, conversing eagerly, and those, who seemed the most engaged in speaking, occasionally walking about with great agitation, striking their foreheads, whilst others remained motionless, deprived alike of colour and voice.

Towards twelve o'clock, a general officer entered the yard, accompanied by his wife, a jailer, and turnkey. All the prisoners having crowded around him, he seemed to be speaking to them. Each prisoner soon entered the prison, and it was locked up; the yard was entirely deserted. This arrangement and

the fear depicted on their countenances, inspired me with the liveliest anxiety.

Very soon some distant and stifled shrieks augmented my apprehensions ; among those pitiful supplications, I thought I heard some vehement and passionate expressions. The clashing of arms, and the sound of five or six strokes of the bell, wafted by the wind, redoubled my agitation, and I know nothing comparable to the terror, with which the silence that succeeded, inspired me.

It was soon interrupted by the arrival of the jailer, who, in doleful accents, called several individuals. I saw them advance, some precipitately, and with a wild look, others slowly and as pale as death. During four hours, the rooms poured out their prisoners, who were led through the central gate ; they all went out, but none returned !

My mind was in a state of fermentation, and I could not class my ideas. I was so remote from truth in my conjectures, that the idea of a general jail delivery occurred to me as the most natural. Alas ! it was

but too true ; the axe had severed the chains of each prisoner, and set him at liberty for ever ! This calling of prisoners was interrupted from five o'clock till night ; then the lamps in the yard were lighted, but contrary to the usual regulation, the dogs were not let loose. You will soon see that those trifling circumstances had been calculated.

Silence prevailed again until eleven ; the clock had hardly struck, and I was about leaving my stand to indulge in rest, when a loud noise again attracted my attention. The central gate was opened with great clatter, and in an instant the yard was filled with armed men, preceded by lighted torches. Their speeches were angry, and expressed in coarse language, threatening, and interlarded with horrid oaths. I remarked amongst the rest a man, whose appearance, dress, and attitude, chilled me with horror ; he seemed to me like crime personified. His lank, tall and crooked body was supported by legs, and coupled with arms without proportion in their form. Under a squalid cap, round which hung a few locks of curly reddish hair, he displayed a hideous face ; his complexion was

livid, and rendered more terrible by a thick hanging black eyebrow; his eyes red and inflamed, and the movements of his mouth convulsive. This monster, covered with a short jacket without sleeves, exposed to view his hairy and crimson chest; the blood dropped from the lance on which he supported himself; and his naked arms were covered with clotted gore. The view of this villain, who seemed to have a command over the rest, let me into the secret of their horrid deeds, and gave me to understand what new crimes they meditated. I then fully believed, that the days of the massacres had arrived, and that my funeral hour was fast approaching. I soon felt that I must arm myself with courage and resignation. After all, the idea, that the royal family were involved in the same destruction with myself, rendered that moment the most bitter of my life.

The dungeon, from which I observed those scenes of devastation, was too distant from the place, where the cannibals exercised their fury, to permit me to hear them. But I judged by their fiery looks, their furious gestures, that they insisted on the jailer's

delivering up the rest of the prisoners; but this honest man opposed the most virtuous resistance to their obstinacy.

The contention soon seemed to grow warmer. I heard a tumultuous confusion of voices; I distinguished occasionally some of their horrid imprecations; the murderers had become furious; but the more they threatened and yelled, the more the jailer mustered resolution. Then the miscreant, whom I have just described, advanced towards him exasperated with fury, his eyes darting fire, and his mouth all of a foam, he seizes the jailer with a nervous arm, prostrates him, and trembling with rage, retreats with his horde of fiends.

When they had disappeared, the jailer rose, entered quickly the basement story, and came out again with more precipitation; he locked the doors, gazed around him with affrighted looks, and went away; for the third time the yard was again deserted.

I then left my stand, fell on my knees to offer to my God the sacrifice of my life, for I no longer hoped to preserve it. The rattling of keys, the screaking of

hinges, warned me of the approach of my last moments. I started up, and saw two men enter, one of whom was Bault the jailer, leading the other by the hand, whom he endeavoured to compose. Resume, if possible, your tranquillity, sir, said he to him; you are in the most unknown part of this prison; it must be totally demolished before you can be discovered; believe me, this dungeon is the most secure place, and I will leave you in good company; good night, gentlemen, this tempest is horrible, but it will cease. The door was locked again, and I found myself in the dark with an utter stranger.

On similar occasions an acquaintance is soon made, and a conversation easily ensues. Besides, by the help of the jailer's light, I had been able to cast a glance on my companion, whose face did not seem unknown to me. This furnished me a pretence to address him.

It was M. de Chamilly, valet de chambre to Louis XVI. he informed me, that early in the morning a kind of tribunal, formed nobody knew how, had taken its seat within the first wicket of the *Force prison*, and

had organized a regular massacre. He was about to appear before the bloody tribunal, where he would have been condemned and executed, had not the humanity of the jailer Bault snatched him from death. M. de Chamilly enlarged on some details of that horrid day, he was but partially acquainted with the whole, yet he knew too much not to appal with their recital a heart possessed of any sensibility, and enough to excite tears of blood.

We remained in the most cruel agitation until sometime after two o'clock in the morning. The awful silence, which reigned around us, was occasionally interrupted by lamentable cries, drowned by tumultuous vociferations; it appeared to us possible by attending to the groans, that we could ascertain the number of victims, and as the *Force prison* consists of several buildings divided by spacious yards and stupendous walls, we judged that the murderers spared nobody, and that death met every where new victims to devour.

It was about this time, that four cut throats, half-naked, intoxicated with wine, rage, and carnage, and

drenched in blood, penetrated into the yard, rending the air with their abominable imprecations. They dragged by the hair a turnkey, a virtuous old man, who had snatched several victims from their fury. As they passed near our grate, we heard them distinctly pronounce the name of *Rhulières*, and swear that they would deprive him of life by the most cruel tortures. The turnkey having introduced them into a small cell of the basement story, they seized upon that unfortunate officer; they at first stripped him naked with the most shameless brutality, then mangling his body with strokes applied with the flat side of their sabres, they made him run before them until he could no longer endure his torments. His blood, which flowed abundantly from the hanging shreds of his mangled flesh, rendered him at once an object of horror and of pity; but, oh! excess of savage barbarity! these cannibals mixed their sacrilegious peals of laughter with the dying groans of their victim. Finally, after a courageous defence and the most terrible agony, this unfortunate man found the term of his torments in death. M. de Chamilly and myself, appalled by these

horrors were fast locked in each others convulsive embrace, and far from being able to say a word, we could hardly breathe a sigh. Ah! let death prostrate me now, I have seen it in such horrid forms, that I can no longer fear it.

We remained the rest of the night in a stupor, and devoid of all motion, tormented, as it were, with a fatal dream, longing for the consolation of a speedy awakening, and afraid to breathe, lest we should betray ourselves. The dawning light, which was reflected from the wall, that faced us, the coolness of the morning, and the balsamic vapours of the dew, restored our sensations. I made an attempt to rise from the miserable litter, where fear had rivetted me; I drew near the grate, and, with a trembling eye, attempted to survey the yard, the scene of so many recent horrors; alas! the mangled corpse of *Rhulières* was stretched lifeless on a patch of grass, moistened with his blood, while at a small distance the thoughtless birds warbled their morning songs under the undulating foliage of the elms.

At eight o'clock, the jailer entered our dungeon, he assuaged and calmed M. de Chamilly's fears, and informed me that I must leave him for a few moments. Ah! for this time in spite of Bault's protestations, I thought all was lost, but mustering all my resolution; it is in vain that you conceal, said I to him, that I am summoned before the usurping tribunal, about to give me up to my executioners. Honour me enough to declare the truth, as terrible as it is, I am ready to hear it. Bault declared that he had already said it without reserve, and swore by his head, that far from my having any thing to apprehend from the murderers, they had not even whispered my name. After going through the gate of the centre, which had remained open since the massacre, he carried me along the contiguous buildings, and made me cross a narrow yard that led to a secret staircase, which I ascended behind him. On the second floor we found a dark entry at the extremity of which he opened a door; it admitted me into a well furnished room, in the middle of which lay a collation. Bault offered me

a chair, invited me to refresh myself, and insisted on my drinking a glass of wine, and, after apologizing for leaving me alone, he went out and locked me in.

What was the drift of his polite attention, what were his designs? I was still meditating on those questions, when the door being opened, I saw the jailer, preceded by a man wearing a tricoloured sash, whom he treated with much respect. M. de Fermont, said he, as he accosted me, this gentleman is the attorney of the communes, to whom you owe your life, and who wishes to speak with you in private. I bowed before M. Manuel, and expressed my gratitude in less lively terms, than I might have done under different circumstances, when I might have enjoyed more calm; but M. Manuel was aware of my embarrassment, and was perfectly satisfied. The jailer went away, and we were left alone.

I must interrupt my narration, to make you sensible of a reflection which occurs to my mind. More than one credible writer, and more than one estimable man, have not only declared, that Manuel had believed and propagated the extravagant doctrines of the

revolution; but even, have accused him of having had a direct influence over the crimes, perpetrated in the beginning of September. It does not belong to me to be his apologist, but I must consider him in a very different light, since the various interviews which I had with him. I will mention them in their order, and you will judge whether I am correct. This is nearly what he said to me. The first reflection, that ought to occur to M. de Fermont, finding himself in company with Pierre Manuel, is that he is with a man, who has declared himself the open enemy of kings, and the friend of republican institutions. But you are possessed of too much reason to suppose, that an opinion beyond control, resulting from a feeling which moves, and a conviction which impels, would be a justifiable motive for enmity. It would amount to nothing more than a pretence, and a man of a decided character would not make it the basis of a decision. Let us then remain under the persuasion, you, that a monarchy is calculated to promote general happiness, and I, that a republic alone can secure liberty; and let us see whether there can exist between us a

medium, which by modifying opinions may bring us to one point, and crown each of our wishes to promote universal felicity.

Let us first lay down a principle. Philosophy, which has, in a manner, inundated the age we live in, has demonstrated the insignificance of grandeur, and the dangers of superstition. The vacillations of Louis XVI. have aided in the full demonstration of what I assert. A king, who suffered himself to be debased, was no longer worthy of a crown. It was not the 10th. of August, which wrested the sceptre from him; for ever since he has been a king, the hand of intrigue and of crime have gradually undermined the foundation of his throne. He has not therefore descended from it, but it has crumbled under him. Never could a more favourable occurrence offer to establish a republic on the basis of moderation and virtue. Louis was prostrated, and not one of his base friends made an effort to raise him from his fall. He ought to have been left in the enjoyment of his slumbers, and to have been forgotten.

But ambition on one side, and political fanaticism on the other, have directed the commotions and the murders of the 10th. of August, which have sullied that day, and have improved their results. Now I shudder to think of it! Anarchy let loose knows no curb; or rather, like a sweeping torrent, it broke down its sluices, and dragged through its bloody current men and monuments. Oh! crimes before unheard of! continued Manuel, as he rose walking vehemently across the room. Opprobrium of my native land! what will wipe the stains imprinted on thy virile robes! At this moment humanity no longer exists, cannibals, seated on heaps of dead bodies, drink brimful cups of blood, and their homicide lips pronounce new sentences of extermination!

It is with a view to dull the instruments of assassination.....Manuel at this instant was interrupted by the jailer, who darted into the room in a tremor, exclaiming that the massacres still continued, and that Madame de Lamballe had just been brought in. The attorney of the communes sallied out, and I was left

alone. He stayed away ten minutes; when he returned despair was depicted on his countenance, his eyes were swimming in tears; trembling all over, quite out of himself, and unable to speak, he threw himself into an arm chair, covered his face with his hands, and exclaimed in doleful accents, and in a choked voice....Oh the barbarians !....the barbarians ! .....I stood before him in profound silence, burning with impatience to question him, and yet afraid to hear his answer.

When he was a little more calm, M. de Fermont, said he to me, laying hold of my hand, we tread on the crater of a volcano; let us fly this poisonous soil, which devours its inhabitants. The revolutionary ebulition has raised a scum, which is about to pollute and drown every one ! In the burning deserts of Africa, tygers alone tear in pieces the limbs of travellers to satiate their devouring hunger; but here men feast their cannibal cravings with the flesh of their fellow men. The blood, which they have lavished during two days, excites their burning thirst; they swim in that element; their arms exhausted with

murdering rest themselves by new murders. They have this moment assassinated the interesting Madame de Lamballe.....I have seen her beautiful head severed from her outraged body, and carried about upon a bloody pike ! I saw a cannibal tearing her heart from her chest, and pressing its blood into a cup, I saw him quaff this execrable liquor with a diabolical pleasure ! Oh ! the dreadful repast of Atreus will no longer be accounted a fable, and all the horrors of mythology have become historical facts !

With what horror I was seized on hearing this ! Madame de Lamballe ! She, whom a bounteous God seemed to have created as an emblem of goodness, under the features of beauty, had perished in torments and ignominy ! Whilst her murderer loaded with gold, and decorated with the first offices of state, insulted public morality, and evaporated his wine on the sacred seat of justice !

Manuel, more composed, related to me the particulars of the tragical death of that lovely princess. She had, said he to me, just been ordered in at the lower door, which leads to the room where the murdering

tribunal was sitting, when I appeared. Clad in a plain white gown, her hair dishevelled, she exhibited the image of innocence traduced before the tribunal of crime. My presence caused a sensation difficult to describe. I had already presented myself, and my earnest solicitations had suspended the work of destruction. It had resumed its horrid activity, and once more I came to suspend its fury. My presence appalled these butchers of the human race. Two of Madame de Lamballe's satellites dropped the swords pointed at her breast. Through a door partly open, the agitated president inquired, what was the matter? What is the matter, exclaimed I, you must leave to the regular constituted authorities the punishment of the guilty, the pardoning of those, who are in an error, and the release of the innocent. Ye citizens, who are the organ of the law, I might tell you, that it prescribes that conduct; but in the name of humanity I entreat you. How! disarmed men, infirm old men, weak children! Are those the enemies worthy the exertion of French courage! How then! shall it be said, that while your brothers in arms are facing the Prussian columns, you

are trying your bravery, and displaying your whole strength against a woman? Could you be savage enough to dip your hands in her blood? Remember, citizens, that the blood of the murdered cries aloud to heaven, and that it makes an indelible stain. Attorney of the communes, answered one of these butchers, thou art not here at the bar, and all thou sayest, although very fine, is not worth a straw. The woman Lamballe has betrayed the country, she is the accomplice of Antoinette, she must die! "*Yes, yes let her die*" was heard on all sides. Justice has slept too long, we must give it full sway. The noise at this moment became tremendous. I attempted to speak, but my voice was drowned by the horrid yells of this motley crew. Meanwhile, Madame de Lamballe, as pale as death, trembling among those executioners, could hardly stand. Her head was inclined forward, and her closed eyelids were bathed in tears. What heart of adamant could have remained unmoved at this sight? But those of her murderers acquired a new temper of ferocity, for rudely laying hold of her by the shoulders, they dragged her before the president, vociferating

"*Do thy duty.*" I started at the same moment, and loudly protested; calm being in some measure restored, the president endeavoured to commence an examination. The princess made an effort to answer him in a faint voice. "If my love for the queen is a crime, I must confess myself guilty; yes, I have given to a corrupt court, to an age of infamy, the rare example of sincere love, between a queen and her subject. I have lived for her, and I do not repine at dying." You shall not die, exclaimed I, should I even perish! Barbarians, added I, choked with my tears, and laying my breast bare; if you thirst after blood, spill mine, and spare, Oh spare this unfortunate woman! I had not ended these words, when, after a signal given by the president, Madame de Lamballe was borne off, carried to the outer door, and assailed with the strokes of sabres; her blood stained my scarf! The agonies of her torments, the view of mangled heaps of carcases, swimming in blood and filth, made her frequently faint, and she died several times before her eyes were closed for ever! Her executioners, mingling with the horrors of this butchery

the infernal brutality of debauchery, sullied her chaste remains in a manner too horrid to relate, until satiated, they tore and divided among themselves her yet palpitating limbs!

We could not resume our conversation for some time. I trembled, and M. Manuel shared my fears, lest the fury of the villains, fed on the blood of inferior victims, should fly to the temple, where I had just learned, that Louis and his family were confined. The attorney of the communes was determined to save them, and as you will see, to restore them part of their lost authority. But as the present circumstances were not favourable to project so important a plan; he simply handed me a small book of letter paper, on which several hands had written the following notes.....Here M. de Fermont, to whom I had made myself sufficiently known the preceding evening, to inspire him with some confidence, handed me this book, which he could not read on account of the obscurity. I examined it on the next day, and, with the leave of that worthy ecclesiastic, I copied it, as it is inserted in these memoirs. It will form an historical

document of the revolution; it is one of the least known, and one of the most interesting. It is now printed for the first time.

(VOUCHER No. 2.)

LIBERTY, PEACE AND HAPPINESS.

"That government is the best, which secures the happiness of the greatest number of individuals."

"When the constitution of a state secures, to each and all, the enjoyment of their rights, without permitting them to abuse them, it has given the solution of the great problem of the social compact."

"Powers ought to be distinct from each other, and well balanced; but to prevent this balancing from becoming a swing, there ought to be a regulator to preserve the equilibrium. The legislative power enacts laws; the executive governs by them; the judiciary applies them."

"The only good laws are those, which are constitutional; the only good execution of the laws is that, which agrees with them; the only good application of the laws is that, which is conformable to their spirit."

"Every thing, that has a tendency to ameliorate society, is a virtue; every thing, that tends to its detriment, is a crime."

"Punishments ought to bear a proportion to delinquencies; they ought to be salutary to the delinquent, and useful to society; but whilst crimes are punished, virtue ought to be rewarded."

"Happy that people, whose national character is moderation. This qualification supplies a want of virtue, and palliates crimes, it is the mother of peace, the security of felicity."

"A revolution, which lasts more than four and twenty hours, is at the same time a political crime, and a political monstrosity, as a tempest, which would extend its ravages beyond a day, would be a dire phenomenon in the order of nature."

"If the day of a revolution is devoted to destruction and vengeance, the next day, ought to be consecrated to repairs and to justice."

"Manners are measured by the principles, the doctrines, and the conduct of a government; be the latter humane, the former will be mild."

" Extreme opulence, and extreme indigence estrange individuals from the great family. He, who can exist independent of society, is at least indifferent, if not inimical to it. He, who cannot live in its bosom, becomes its executioner. Therefore one of the principal claims of government ought to be to do away the influence of colossal fortunes, and to unite the interest of the rich man with the soil of the country."

" Such are the maxims, which are destined for the education of prince Louis Charles, eldest son of Louis XVI."

These notes were written in the same hand; those, which follow, were written in three different hands.

*In the first.*

" Louis XVI. consents to abdicate the crown in favour of his son Louis Charles."

" The king will preserve the title; he must have an income suitable to his rank, and the use, during life, of the palaces built at Nancy by king Stanislaus, the last duke of Lorraine and Bar."

" Prince Louis Charles will receive an education suitable to a prince destined to govern a great nation."

" M. de St. Pierre, author of the studies of nature, shall be appointed his governor."

" The king shall not exercise the executive power alone before he is twenty one years old. Prince Louis shall be examined before a council of fifteen members, who shall declare and attest, whether he is capable of discharging the duties of a king."

*In the second hand.*

" The provision for the queen and the relations of Louis XVI. shall be sufficient and honourable."

*In the third hand.*

" There shall be a body of regulators to direct the action of powers."

" A legislative assembly not very numerous, whose functions will consist in proposing laws, and another, whose functions will be to give them sanction."

" The judiciary functions to be perpetual."

" The administration to be perfectly central."

" The sovereign powers to be organized for the greatest good of the people, to whom they are now surrendered."

*On the last page was written.*

" The king's council, composed of Messrs. Malesherbes, Servan, Condorcet, Roland, Angran d'Alleray, &c. has the consent of the powers that be for this project, which will not be bloody, unless the Orlean faction should oppose it."

After delivering into my hands this sketch of a plan, which required mature deliberation, observed M. de Fermont, the attorney of the communes had left me in possession of the room where we had conversed. He had requested me to add to the book those reflections, which its contents might suggest, and promised to see me again on the next day. Before he parted with me, I informed him fully of the situation and extreme anxiety of M. de Chamilly ; he promised to think of him, and assured me, that he was out of danger.

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I read the notes again very attentively; I felt inclined to approve some of them, many more I would have rejected. But under actual circumstances, I was sensible that some sacrifices were necessary and even unavoidable, and, that we must trust to time for indemnification. I only thought, that one of the principal preliminary conditions ought to be the liberty of the king and his family, and noted this opinion at the bottom of the book.

Manuel returned according to promise, and was the bearer of a letter from my young pupil, lord Fitz-Asland, who after a few days of extreme anxiety and useless researches, had at last learnt, that I was in the *Force prison*, and that I had survived the massacre. The attorney of the communes informed me, that the fury was not totally satiated, and had extended its ravages from prison to prison. He mentioned, that the capture of Vendun, and the entrance of the Prussians into Champagne, had afforded a pretence for those horrors, and as Manuel added, had been a motive to excite the revolutionary fanaticism. After all,

neither the provisionary government, nor the communes had made the least exertion to stop the deluge of blood, but a secret caucus, met at the mayoralty, had even encouraged and directed it.

It is probable, observed the magistrate, that most heads had been numbered and devoted, and that funds had been provided to pay their respective prices. Execrable traffic! which has introduced under our mild regions the barbarous customs of Guinea. It is in the age rendered illustrious by Beccaria and Rousseau, that a market house of human flesh has been opened, and that the price of blood and carnage has been regulated!

When Manuel had cast his eyes upon the previous condition, which I had proposed for the emancipation of the royal family; it meets with my ideas, said he, but it would be an act of temerity to attempt to bring it about openly. Prudence, and if I must say so, cunning alone, can render this plan successful. You have made use of it to serve the king! we must continue, no other means will answer. Although I am the second magistrate of the communes, my influence is neu-

tralized by a seditious faction, who avowedly discard all propriety of conduct, and outrage every sentiment of honour. We must not expose ourselves to their vengeance by an ill timed frankness; the stroke aimed at us would reach Louis and his family, whom we wish to save.....This evening at dusk, a faithful agent will come, and put an end to your captivity. Follow him with confidence; he will lead you among your friends; here is a token by which you will know him.

Manuel, as he closed his discourse, gave me a small medal of gilt brass, on one side of which was engraven a sphere as a symbol of good order, and on the other, these words, *Liberty*, *Peace*, and *Happiness*.

I waited the close of day with impatience, and watched the declension of the sun, when the jailer introduced a young man, who without saying a word to me shewed me a medal, similar to the one I had received, and made me a sign to follow him. At the sight of Bault, the doors were thrown open, and I left my prison after a confinement of twenty three days. The lane, which leads from the *Force prison*, was yet drenched in blood, I shuddered as I crossed it.

The hackney coach, which we called for in St. Anthony's street, carried us to the street of the Dry-tree, opposite to a house, of which my young guide, who was deaf and dumb, had a written description. He conducted me up a pair of neat and simple stairs, and introduced me into a room on the second floor. I remained there alone some time. A man came in and accosted me in a friendly manner. I recognised M. Manuel, he took my hand, led me through a small glazed gallery, and opened the door of an apartment, where I saw seven or eight gentlemen seated round a table, who appeared to be engaged in serious deliberations. As soon as I entered, they all rose. M. Manuel having mentioned my name, the oldest of the gentlemen, who seemed to enjoy the greatest consideration, paid me a compliment on the devotedness, which I had manifested for the dethroned family, and congratulated me on my escape from the daggers of the assassins. I answered, as I ought, acknowledging, that my safety was due to M. Manuel, and renewed my protestations of gratitude for this signal favour.

The deaf and dumb young man having entered at that moment, one of the members got up, and went out with him, but soon returned announcing Messrs. Clery and Chamilly.

I embraced the latter with a very lively emotion, seeing him as well as myself delivered from the jaws of death. As to the former, I renewed the acquaintance made with him in the apartments of the prince royal, to whom he then belonged.

Judging of the individuals, who composed this society, by those who were introduced among them, it was natural to believe them either attached to the monarchy from principle, or sentimentally devoted to the king's person. But the attachment of some was of a different nature. They had not united so much on account of the same opinion, as on account of having formed the same design. Some of them, in fact were famous for their republicanism, others for their philosophy, the smallest number were devoted, not to monarchy, but to Louis or his family. But they were all determined to save the king, and coincided in the design of giving France an energetic and parental gov-

ernment, equally secured from the hurricanes of democracy, and the lethargy of monarchy, which might establish on a secure foundation the glory of the state without and its tranquillity within. You will understand this combination of views better, when I inform you, that Vergniaud was seated by the side of Malesherbes; Condorcet near Roland, Petion opposite to me; and at the end of the table Manuel, Clery, and Chamilly, whom I have already mentioned. I ought to add Ducos and Valazé, deputies of the Gironde, since assassinated by the revolutionary tribunal. I cannot, without an unpardonable prolixity, give you an account of all the topics discussed during that sitting. Excepting Messrs. Clery, Chamilly, and myself, who made our first appearance there, each had suggested some part of the notes, which you may read at your leisure. The final result was; 1st. to save the king and his family from the daggers and the poison of the communes, and from the judgment premeditated against them by some of the electoral assemblies, which was to be passed by the next convention; 2d. to convey the prince royal to Marseilles or Bordeaux to surround

him with the partisans of the new order of things, and from that centre, to endeavour to secure upon the solid foundation of reasonable liberty and permanent tranquillity, the empire now devoured by factions. The means proposed to attain this end were, 1st. to judge, punish, and disperse the assuming communes; 2d. to effect the destruction of Orleans, and of the party rallied under his bloody standard; 3d. to reform the future convention, and to convoke the sound part of the members, who were to meet in the town chosen for the residence of the prince royal. Before this plan was adopted, which to me appeared a mere palliative, the discussions were lengthy, and I may say wise and eloquent.

M. de Malesherbes mingled in this debate his natural good nature with animation; Condorcet analyzed the measures with a metaphysical scrutiny; young Ducos enlivened the subject with the brilliant sallies of his poetical imagination, and his southern fertility. The wise Petion, without warmth, and yet earnestly, pointed out occasionally, with a sure hand, the plain path of truth; but above all, Vergniaud decorated it

with the irresistible charm of persuasion, and clothed it, if I may thus express myself, with the vivid flashes of his unparalleled eloquence. It seemed, that nature in forming that orator had united the transcendant genius of Demosthenes, and the irresistible talents of Cicero. I thought I observed him occasionally holding before us the torch of the latter to throw light on our doubts, and occasionally wielding the hatchet of the Athenian to lop off exuberancies. But a more bloody axe silenced for ever this melodious and moving orator, who could have awakened justice, or enkindled pity in the hearts of his executioners, had they but listened to him !

Clery, who had been admitted into the temple since the end of August, to serve the king, the attorney of the communes, and myself, were appointed to inform his majesty of the result of this deliberation. I, in a particular manner, was intrusted with the care of presenting him the notes of the project, and of obtaining his signature to them. My entrance into his prison was postponed until the next day, to enable me to

consult with my new colleagues how to facilitate my admission.

When the assembly dispersed, I devoted the first moments of my liberty to my pupil. It would be necessary to know him as I do, to judge of his feelings, when he saw me again; the sequel of my narrative will fully prove it.

Lord Fitz Asland, who knew very well the interest, which animated me in the king's cause, had divided between the unhappy monarch and myself his extreme solicitude. But all his efforts to make a tender of his services had proved useless. He had learnt however, through the Countess of Sutherland, ambassadress from England, his relation, that Louis XVI. had expressed much anxiety, and had inquired the cause of the silence of Abbé de Fermont, for whose safety he had trembled. This new mark of affection from the king, determined and encouraged me in the resolution of sacrificing myself, if necessary, for his release.

This was about the seventh of September, when the precautions taken by the communes, under whose

safeguard Louis had been placed, were not so rigid, as they were afterwards. The tyranny of this monstrous body was in its infancy ; thrice happy France ! had it been stifled in its cradle.

Manuel, whom I met at the appointed time, told me, that if I would follow him with a book under my arm as a clerk, I could gain access to the interior of the tower. I prepared to assume this new part.

The tender affection, which my pupil had for me, and the lively sympathy, which he felt for the royal prisoners, determined me to intrust him at least partially, with the attempt, which I was about to make to serve Louis XVI. Lord Fitz Asland thanked me for this mark of confidence, and, to justify it, brought me on the same day, four *rouleaux* of fifty guineas each, as a homage of lady Sutherland to the royal family. I was not less moved by the attention of my pupil, than by the generosity of this English lady. I felt an inward pride, when I reflected, that I had cultivated this young plant, which under the corrupt influence of this perverse age of selfishness, had preserved the full sap of its native sensibility.

M. de Fermont put off, to the third night, the recital of his entrance into the temple, and of the first interview which he had with the king and his family in that dismal prison. I will divide this work as this excellent man divided his narration. May my pen present it to the reader with some share of the interest, which it excited in my breast, when I listened to it.

## THIRD NIGHT.

MANUEL, continued M. de Fermont, introduced me into the temple at six o'clock at night. They had already begun to fortify it. The ditch of circumvallation, which was to surround it, and which could only be crossed over a draw-bridge, had been marked and partly dug. I observed a curious crowd, walking under the rotundo, opposite to the tower, whose eager looks sought to meet those of the prisoners. With respect to those, who guarded the external parts of the temple, they had a very different aspect. They wore, for the most part, deep, thoughtful, and severe faces, covered with black whiskers, and darted threatening looks; and in general, their conversation suited their squalid appearance.

The guards of the interior looked the worst. At each door, of which there were three, I met two strapping fellows with faces covered with carbuncles, having on their heads enormous fur caps, carrying broad axes on their shoulders, and a bunch of keys suspended by a leathern girdle. They were employed as jailers. The sight of the attorney of the communes, under whose immediate orders they were placed, softened a little their harsh language and threatening looks.

While the apartments of the great tower were preparing for the royal family, they were confined in the little tower. The second floor was occupied by the princesses and prince royal, and the third by the king himself. We went directly up to that, and the door being secured behind us, Manuel entered first, I followed him, keeping at a distance.

Madame Elizabeth was then reading audibly an interesting book, to solace the august family. Louis XVI. holding his son on his knees, gazed tenderly on the princesses, the queen smiled with affection on her surrounding family, and was employed at her needle,

and made signs to the children to be silent. Clery, standing behind the king's arm chair, attentively and respectfully, reflected on the vicissitudes of a family precipitated from a throne, and reduced to this severe captivity.

The noise of the doors and our entrance suspended the reading. The young prince having looked at us, knew me again immediately ; he darted from his father's arms, and exclaimed, M. de Fermont ; Louis XVI. astonished looked round, he could hardly believe his eyes, the princesses were not less surprised.

Yes, sire, said Manuel, as he approached the king, he is one of the most faithful friends of your majesty ; he now comes to pay the homage of his devotedness, and to make a tender of his services. The king condescended to rise, and tendered me his hand, assuring me that my visit was extremely grateful to him. The queen and the tender hearted Elizabeth made me sensible, that they shared in the king's satisfaction.

Their majesties being desirous of hearing what concerned me, I satisfied their obliging curiosity ; gradually the conversation was turned to its principal

object. Manuel proposed to the king to retire into his closet, that we might converse with more safety. But the attorney of the communes had hardly imparted the project, when the king desired, that, previous to proceeding any further, the queen might be called. Manuel, who had already formed an idea of the disposition of this princess, was apprehensive, that her lofty sentiments would make her object to any arrangement, and that his plan would be defeated; but Louis, accustomed never to deliberate in matters of importance, without the concurrence of his wife, insisted on her being called. She therefore came in, and the magistrate of the people explained our mission.

He began in a circuitous and dexterous manner, to establish as a principle, that weakness of character was the inseparable companion of a good heart, and while he highly praised this precious gift of nature, he decidedly blamed its unhappy consequences. He proved, that, if they were not dangerous in a private character, they were extremely so in a public man, especially in the first magistrate of a community. After adducing some general examples of the correctness of this

reasoning, it became indispensable to apply it more directly. Let me repeat it to the honour of his heart and talents, Manuel displayed a prudence, circumspection, and address unparalleled, while treating this subject. He smoothed his expressions with polite language, preserved, for the illustrious victims, all that decorum, which delicacy could suggest; and, no longer able to respect the crown upon a brow deprived of it, he at least, respected the character imprinted on that brow. Finally, he treated Louis XVI. as a skilful surgeon would treat a man deeply wounded. He did not, if I may be allowed the expression, probe the wounds, but merely applied gentle fomentations and palliatives, to diminish the anguish, which his reflections were calculated to inflict.

Until then, the king had listened with attention, I could even discover in his composed features a tacit approbation. The queen did not appear so placid; her impatience gave her a great deal of animation; I could discover, by turns, stifled anger, excited sensibility, and at times both impressions blended together. But when Manuel uttered the word *abdication*, Marja-

Antoinette's physiognomy totally changed. A fiery redness succeeded the paleness of death, and her knitted brow, and contemptuous looks, displayed all the pride of the Cesars. The first glance, which she darted on Manuel, was a flash of lightning, and forced him to cast down his eyes in silence.

The king soon renewed the conversation. Finally, said he, heaving a deep sigh, the die is cast; I am no longer wanted; the heir of sixty five monarchs is about to become a subject! Rather die, exclaimed the queen, stamping angrily with her foot on the floor..... After all what is life when honour is lost!

I observed, that she muttered some words, and I heard distinctly *Maria Theresa*, probably an inward comparison between the heroic courage of that sovereign, and the excessive weakness of Louis.

No, madame, said I then, you shall not die, nor shall honour be sacrificed; when persecuted by public opinion, it retreats within the heart, and waits in that sanctuary the auspicious times, when it shall again be enabled to enforce its laws. But so imperious are the actual circumstances, that you must feign to renounce

it, to secure it. The king's abdication is a mere measure of precaution, and cannot last. Who will believe it to be his voluntary act, when it is notoriously made while he is in irons? Besides, madame, you must think of saving the life of your august consort; secure the crown to your son; and to yourself, madame, and your family, future peace and safety. Will you hesitate in making a momentary sacrifice? Do you wish to become the accomplice of those, who conspire against you?

I added many more inducements, which Manuel proped with his talents. Louis first consented and resigned himself; he sacrificed his sceptre to his son. Perhaps he was aware, that, whatever election he might make, he was in the power of the party, which had resolved on his destruction, or dependant on that, which wished to prostrate him, and, that under this alternative, it was preferable to submit to the conditions imposed by the one, than to the scaffold prepared by the other.

When the king found himself alone with us, he indulged human nature with a flood of tears. Heavens

hear me, said he to us, I do not regret the loss of the crown, nor of the prerogatives attached to it, neither is it the lustre, that beams from it. I have long since appreciated their true value; and this crown, adorned with gems outwardly, I have found lined with thorns. But to see myself rejected from a throne, rendered illustrious by my grandfather, Henry the Great, as if I was incapable, either through ignorance or bad intentions, to render my people happy, this, this inflicts on my heart a mortal wound. I will not claim, as services rendered, the duties, which I have discharged; but have I not done, for eight years past, all the good in my power? Have I not prevented or punished all the evil actions, which came within my knowledge? At the very day, on which I ascended the throne, I gave up to the people, still my own, because I preserve for them the same affections, the usual duty paid at the time of an auspicious coronation, because I was sensible, that thus only I could heap blessings on the dawn of my reign. I would no longer permit infamous tortures to compel the accused to calumniate himself; and, for the torturing cross and wheel, I have substi-

tuted the fair means of persuasion. A nation, oppressed by British avarice, desirous to shake off the yoke, made a magnanimous effort to recover its lost liberty; having inherited the principles of my father, I have aided that generous nation; I have assisted them in establishing themselves as an independent people among the powers of the world; and, sensible of the protection which I afforded them, the Americans, become free, have placed my picture between those of the Franklins, and of the Washingtons! Was not the navy totally ruined or rather annihilated, when Louis XV. died? I have, in fact, given it a new existence. I have abolished certain odious rights of the clergy, which had survived the piety of the preceding age, and the philosophy of modern times. At my voice, the slaves of Mont-Jura have been astonished to find themselves restored to the condition of freemen. Abjuring all maxims of despotism, the first among kings, I have acknowledged the national sovereignty, and that obedience, which the monarch owes to the laws; I have rendered an account of my administration to the people; I have summoned their representatives;

I have surrounded myself with them; as a father, I stood in the midst of a cherished family, and as much as in me lay, I have taken Antonine, Henry IV. and my father for my models. Yet, to reward this love and solicitude, I have been fed with bitterness for four years; they lacerate my heart in its most tender parts, by imputing to the queen the most odious motives; those, whom I have set at liberty, have loaded me with chains; those, who were not base enough to forsake me, have been massacred, as well as those who were not perfidious enough to betray me; and this long series of calamities concludes with my expulsion from the throne, which perhaps I could not render illustrious by great virtues or splendid deeds, but which I intended to have consecrated, as the altar of public felicity.

Louis delivered this speech, of which I give rather the substance, than the words, with the most pathetic accent accompanied with a flood of tears. Oh! instability, exclaimed I within myself, while hearing and contemplating the king! This is the monarch, who not long since was so powerful, and so universally respected, who once seated on the throne, from which

he dictated his laws, is now cast into an obscure and small tower, where he must submit to the petty regulations imposed upon him. A modest seat supplies the pomp of the throne; this dishabille, the pageantry of royal robes, and the prince, who commanded absolutely twenty millions of subjects, cannot now find an individual willing to obey him!

Manuel answered the king, that the overwhelming torrent which swept every thing, had covered the monuments of his noble deeds, but that it would finally dry up, and would leave to gratitude and truth an opportunity to raise their voices, whose sound was now drowned by the roaring waves of the times. Improve then, sire, added the attorney of the communes, the favour, which my office procures you; I must soon leave this post to take a seat in the convention. I shall return to my constituents your majesty's answer, you will not object to render it authentic by your signature. Until that time, M. de Fermont will remain with you, in order to consult upon the most proper means to secure your future tranquillity, your happiness, and that of your family.

Now that we are alone, said the queen, when Manuel had left us, and when we had returned to the king's room, where the princesses and prince Charles had remained, tell me frankly, M. de Ferment, your opinion upon the project just laid before the king. Do you think it, I will not say admissible, but compatible with our dignity and character? Madame, said I, if I only considered in this project what it seems to be, I should agree with your majesty in its total rejection. But I think it admissible under present circumstances, because I view it as leading to, and having a tendency to bring about a new order of things. It is under the same views that I consider it, answered the king, and it is only under that restriction, that I give it my sanction. What is the plan, inquired Madame Elizabeth? No less, answered Antoinette, than to substitute for the legitimate power of the monarch of the blood of St. Louis, certain nondescript arbitrary powers, resembling those of the mayors of the palace, while some new Ebroïm, or a modern Charles Martel would reign instead of your brother; the plan is to appoint a regent over him, and to keep him shaven, and in pris-

oned within the walls of some convent. Madame, answered Louis XVI. things will not be carried so far. But should I now refuse the terms offered, what ought I to do? Die, or reign, replied the queen, with an imperious haughtiness. There is no other alternative for a man, whose brow has borne a diadem. As to me, while I despise the Thierrys, the Clovises, and the Chilperics, and this tedious list of idle kings, whose names have disgraced the first dynasty, I do not disdain the fate of Charles I. he was unfortunate, but he was great under his misfortunes. The splendour of royalty accompanied him on the scaffold. The axe alone, which severed his head from his body, made him cease to reign. Here is a model for oppressed kings; will you not render yourself worthy of imitating him? What do you advise me to do then, said Louis, as he stifled a sigh? Must I for my interest, or even for glory, if you will have it so, and for the fortune of one family enkindle a civil war? Shall I not be accountable to God for the blood spilt in my defence? Ah, dear sister, exclaimed Madame Elizabeth, too much has been spilt already. Is not a throne purchased at

too dear a rate, even at the expense of the life of a single individual? What principles, answered Antoinette! What language! What pusillanimity! What a gross error nature committed, when she placed the one on a throne, and the other on its footsteps. How fortunate it would have been had you been born in an obscure cottage and destined to lead a timid flock of sheep. Such subjects, at any rate, would not revolt, and their leader might do without courage or determination. Oh heavens! an obscure dungeon confines the offspring of St. Louis, and of Henry IV; unworthy fetters chain the hands of the daughter of the Cesars; and France, and Germany, are silent! Trembling Europe is appalled; Kings instead of arming, in the noble cause of the Lillies, the vile slaves, whom they often wantonly expose to avenge the cause of a mistress, feel their heads, to ascertain whether their crowns are firmly fixed. We are then left to ourselves! A few among the many nobles, whose destinies depend on ours, are still faithful! Then let us improve those means, weak in appearance, but which well directed will soon increase. Our persecutors

have arisen from the scum of the fermentation of the dregs of men. Heaven has planted our friends by their side. Let the hands of the latter subdue the others; by those noble means, they will cut the way, which will raise again the prostrated throne, and seat us on it more firmly than ever.

Louis XVI. begged of the queen to explain herself. I will said she, my plan is simple in its principles and in its means; time will shew its efficacy by its stupendous effects. The king wished the children to retire before he heard Antoinette; no, said she, let them remain, misfortunes have a ready taught discretion to my daughter; as to my son, added she, lifting the young prince in her arms, and applying on his forehead a maternal kiss, I am happy to implant my principles early in his mind. Destined to reign in turbulent times, he cannot too much or too soon know mankind, and calculate events. Alas! had this science been well studied, we should not now languish under bars and bolts!

The queen was about to impart her project when the door was opened, and we observed two municipal

commissioners decorated with tricoloured scarfs; sir, said one of them, as he approached me, although the authority of the attorney of the communes may justify your presence here, you did not intend to remain here all night. There is a room prepared for you below, have the goodness to follow me.

The royal family separated. The queen, her sister and children descended to the second floor, where they lodged. Clery accompanied them to put the young prince to bed. This valet, who had succeeded M. Hue, returned afterwards to his master, near whom he lodged in an adjoining closet. For my part, I was conducted into a low and damp room without furniture, where I found an old fashioned bed in which I laid.

I am far from indulging superstitious notions, I therefore give little credit to visionary dreams; not because I do not believe, that God has sometimes taken this method to manifest his will, but because I think, that he has employed this kind of miracle in favour of some extraordinary men only; as it may appear in the following historical instances; viz. The

familiar demon of Socrates; the nymphs of Numa; the prediction made to Cesar; the spectre, which appeared to Brutus in the Phillippian fields.

But whether it proceeded from a disordered imagination, or from a prophetic revelation, I was visited by a dream or vision, I cannot determine which; its singularity kept me awake the rest of the night, but what astonished me more was to see subsequent events conform to it.

Did I sleep, was I awake? That I cannot determine. Be it as it may, I had hardly entered my bed, when I fancied myself on board a large vessel, whose deck was covered with passengers. They were of both sexes, and of all ages and conditions. Consternation and anxiety were depicted on their countenances. I saw some women, who, trembling and alarmed, concealed the heads of their infant children in their bosoms. I approached an old man, whose physiognomy, alike calm and serene, commanded attention and respect. I inquired of him the cause of this prevailing agitation, which I marked around me. He looked at me with astonishment; this question, said he, con-

vinces me, that you are a stranger, and that you never were on board before. Look around you, and you will easily discover the universal anxiety. I observed at first the sky, it was covered with clouds, whose centre was black, and near the edge they resembled brass, and overspread almost the whole horizon. At a distance, I discovered a strip of the blue sky, but the calm was very distant from us, and the tempest over our heads. Casting my eyes on the sea, which surrounded us, its agitated waves seemed to me to be streaked with blood, and to toss about mangled human limbs. This sight made me shudder. What frightens you, said the old man, is only a prelude of what threatens us, if the tempest does not subside. Read our destiny on the physiognomy of the pilot and sailors. I lifted my eyes and turned them towards the helm. A man of a middling stature rested his right hand on it, and his left was armed with a bloody dagger, with which he kept off ten or twelve men, who wished to steer the vessel. His features were low and contracted by ridiculous frightful contortions; his squalid countenance was here and there sprinkled with blood,

and I heard him speak of a general massacre to save the vessel. The sailors answered his voice with loud clamours.

Meanwhile a rumbling noise announced the near approach of the tempest; the clouds heaped on each other hung over our heads like huge mountains, and were furrowed by successive flashes of lightning; the vessel, yielding to the agitation of the sea, rose on the top of the surging billows, and plunged again to the bottom of the abyss. The shrill whistling of the wind was drowned in loud peals of thunder; our vessel cracked horridly, the boiling waves dashed furiously over it, and what was worse than that, the sanguinary clamours of the pilot, and the ferocious applause of the crew, completed the confusion. All of a sudden, this vile horde assailed us with drawn knives, and, without distinction, inhumanly stabbed old men, women, and children, and consigned to the deep their yet convulsed limbs. The tempest increased, the thunders roared incessantly, and yet this was the least of our concern. Death was seated among us, and surrounded by its victims. Oh! desolation, Oh!

frightful image. I have seen on the deck of our agitated vessel rivers of blood, in which floated the mangled heads and detruncated bodies of my fellow-creatures. But among those desolating scenes, I had the consolation to witness traits of the most heroic virtue; a distracted and frantic virgin cast herself on the body of her lover, and with open arms offered her chaste bosom to the rage of the butchers. These savages plunged their daggers into it, and at one thrust pierced two hearts united by the ties of love. A tender wife plunged into the vast ocean to die in the embrace of her murdered husband, and they closed in a common death this struggle of conjugal affection. A father offered himself under the name of his son, to the knife of the assassins, and enjoyed the melancholy consolation of saving what he valued more than his own life. And thus among the monstrosities of nature, providence had displayed impressive and moving examples of the most exalted virtues.

Through the most miraculous intervention of God, I had escaped the daggers of the assassins, but more than once they had surrounded me, and brandished

their bloody weapons over my head. But, as if they had beheld on my forehead a supernatural stamp, they had each time retreated, uttering the most blasphemous imprecations.

The more the tempest increased, the more the furious pilot and his satelites accomplished the work of destruction. All at once, the tempest was hushed, and a deep silence hovered over the vessel, when a vivid flash of lightning struck our devoted ship; the pilot wishes to escape, but perishes in the attempt; most of the sailors seek refuge in the sea. My fright, at this moment, restored me to my senses, I found myself covered with an universal perspiration. My hair stood on end, my pulse throbbed in quick succession, and I awoke in one of the cells of the Temple.

I was bolted in; the next day, a municipal officer whom I had not before seen, called for me, and conducted me near the prisoners; as we ascended the stairs, he took hold of my hand, and squeezed it very significantly. Yet I was afraid of some deception, and looked at him with surprise. Assure their majesties, said he to me, that there are still hearts, which sym-

pathize with them. But added he in a low voice, they do not confine their attachment to empty professions only. He had not time to say more before we entered the king's room.

Louis saw me again with pleasure, as he was alone with Clery, he improved the absence of the queen to present me with the act of abdication, which Manuel had requested. You see, said this unfortunate monarch to me, what sacrifices I make to public tranquillity. I shall not regret the crown, if the nation is happy. However you must exercise the greatest circumspection in making use of this paper, which I would not confide to any one except yourself, or M. de Malesherbes. Many ambitious men wear the mask of patriotism; study countenances, and study to serve both your country and your king.

Although this act of abdication could not be brought into operation, at least without the conditions annexed to it, yet I have scrupulously preserved it, as a precious historical document, and as a monument of the upright intentions of Louis for the happiness of the whole. I give it here.

## ABDICATION OF LOUIS XVI.

(VOUCHER, No. 2.)

" Louis XVI. of the name, king of France, to the people of the kingdom, to the kings of Europe, and to posterity, DECLARES, that desirous of securing, in a solid and durable manner, general tranquillity too long disturbed by the spirit of faction, and to deprive all parties of the pretended right of claiming or persecuting his person, HE HAS, by these presents prepared of his own free will and accord, made abdication of his hereditary and acquired right to the crown of France, as well as of its prerogatives; under the special conditions; 1st. that a council of regency, nominated by him, and approved by the national assembly, shall exercise the administration of the supreme executive power, until the legal age of Louis Charles, his son, prince royal; 2d. that his personal establishment shall be honourably provided for, as well as that of the queen, his consort, that of Maria Theresa his daughter, that of Madame Elizabeth his sister, and that of the other individuals of the royal family; 3d. that the

said council of regency shall consult him upon the great measures of the administration, until peace is made, and that, he will use his influence with foreign powers to effect it. He also DECLARES the present act of abdication null and of no effect, if the conditions herein contained are not fully complied with.

"*Done at Paris, September 8th.* 1792.

"LOUIS."

I had hardly done reading this paper, when the queen entered, accompanied by prince Charles and the princesses. After an exchange of caresses, breakfast was served, and their Majesties insisted on my sharing it with them. Clery appeared to serve them with much zeal. Two municipal commissioners, one of whom was the same, who had spoken to me, when I ascended the king's stairs, were present during that meal. When it was ended, they retired. Antoinette then resumed the conversation of the preceding day, and imparted to the king her ideas and hopes in the following terms.

"You have just seen, in the youngest of those municipal officers, a person, on whom we have the great-

est right to rely ; he is, at the same time, the centre, soul, and organ, and I might add, author of my project ; at least he is the man, who has made me resolve to attempt it.

" On the latter part of August, when I was sadly seated near the grated window of my apartment, I was indulging the most melancholy thoughts, the most killing reflections. I was reproaching fate for having given me birth near one throne, placed me on another, and finally destined me to perish in a dungeon," as I raised my eyes bathed in tears towards heaven, I met those of the commissioner appointed to guard me. Different from his rude colleagues, he was standing, and seemed penetrated with grief and respect. I have seldom observed more expressive looks than his were, his honest and ardent soul was depicted in them. He did not speak, but how eloquent was his silence ! I ventured to interpret it ; by a language, which was more energetic, as it was dumb, I gave courage to his timidity. I relate to you these details without concealing any thing, and I have been astonished at the recollection of this scene. If I believe my reflections

and appearances, pity was not the only sentiment, which interested him in my misfortunes. He is at the happy period of life, when each movement is an emotion of the soul, and when passion gives even to virtue its warmth and glow. In an heroic soul, the sight of a queen in a dungeon must have caused a deep agitation, at the same time that the view of a woman in tears moved his tender heart. But of these two affections, that which was better suited to the respect, which it inspired, dared alone manifest itself. The daughter of Maria Theresa might with propriety receive a service as an homage, proofs of devotedness as a duty, without being obliged to reciprocate such sentiments, without being put to the blush.

"Toulan, the municipal officer, continued to gaze on me with a veneration mingled with tenderness. I soon observed an alteration in his countenance, he raised towards heaven his sorrowful eyes, then lowering them gradually, surveyed me again, and shed tears; at that instant, I involuntarily arose partly from my seat, and extended my hand towards him. Without leaving his place, he kneeled down, and laid his hand

on his heart, and immediately made me a sign to be silent. This scene was hardly closed, when his colleague entered to supply his place. I went to indulge the reflections, which this interview had suggested.

"The same evening at supper, Toulan placed himself opposite to me, and kept his eye on me, but with such an air of indifference, that none except myself could remark it.....Mama, said the young prince, I took notice of it.....And you said nothing to me about it?..... You have taught me to be discreet.....Receive the reward for the past, and an encouragement for the future, said the king, as he kissed his son.

"But when dessert was served, continued Antoinette, Toulan's eyes betraying uneasiness alarmed me, I grew cautious, and observed him better to understand their meaning. A basket of peaches was presented, and you, Sire, took the first. As you prepared to cut it with your knife, I saw Toulan grow pale, and ready to faint as he leaned against the side board, and I observed, that he mustered all his resolution to give me a sign of his despair by a gesture. Without understanding

him fully, I guessed enough to extricate us from the threatening danger. I joked you on your selfishness for taking to yourself the finest fruit, you very eagerly offered me one half of it. When poor Toulan saw the peach stone on my plate, he recovered his colour, and his strength ; he smiled, as if to deride himself for his fears, and gave me plainly to understand, that the peach stone covered an enigma. I slipped it on my lap, and having taken it in my handkerchief, I put it in my pocket.

" When I went down, I shut myself up, and eagerly opened the peach stone, which would have cost Toulan very dear, had any but myself opened it. I found in it this billet, which you behold, in a very small hand, and on very fine paper."

*First billet of Toulan to the queen.*

(VOUCHER, No. 4.)

NOTE. This paper was found among those preserved in the pocket book of Maria Antoinette ; we shall find out hereafter, that she gave it herself to abbé Fermont.

"MADAME,

"If your majesty has condescended to observe my looks, she must have read in them, besides the tenderest veneration for her misfortunes, my ardent desire to terminate them. Without having all the requisite means, I possess, at least, those of alleviating your trouble.

"The blood, which the usurpers have just lavished, has agonized all hearts, but they will soon palpitate again. People will compare epochs; they will regret the calm, and the transition is but short from the regrets to a desire of exhausting their source.

"Provided then, that the king and your majesty give up every idea of revenge, all minds will be subdued, all hearts restored to you.

"This is the prop of my project. With regard to its object, it is two fold; its first aim is to liberate you from your captivity, and the second to reinstate you. It will then depend on the king to provide for the security of his person, and that of his government, as well as for the liberty of his people.

"As to my means, allow me, madame, to improve some other opportunity to submit them to you. May your majesty rest assured; that they are worthy of the design, and very possible and practicable. I hope you will pardon me, if I employ for your future instruction obscure conveyances. Those at present are the safest, and the best calculated to improve the fidelity of her faithful....."

(Signed) X.

"What a fermentation this letter excited in my fiery imagination! I cannot ascertain what sentiment was predominant in my soul; whether my gratitude for Toulan, or the anticipation of obtaining a complete triumph over my enemies, and the foretaste of our liberty restored, engrossed it most. I will confess it, amidst these soothing delusions of approaching happiness, my heart enjoyed the pleasure of the possibility of complete revenge. I vowed to repay generously the torments inflicted upon us by our persecutors. But this overboiling of hatred was short; I thought I heard the sweet and soft accents of my tender and unfortunate friend supplicating a pardon for her murder-

ers ! I yielded to the vanquishing sounds, and leaving to justice the care of discriminating between errors and crimes, I no longer wished to allow revenge to stain our victory with blood."

" Ah ! sister, exclaimed Madame Elizabeth, as she rose and embraced the queen, how noble and how worthy of you are such sentiments ! You never appeared so great to me on the throne, amidst a brilliant court admiring your powerful charms, as you now do in this sad mansion. It is benevolence, sister, which brings man nearer Deity ; kings become its image, when like the merciful master of the universe, they know how to forgive. Tears of joy ran down the cheeks of the virtuous Elizabeth, young Maria Theresa had her arm round her mother's neck, while young Charles bathed with his tears, and covered with kisses the hands of his aunt. Louis as he enjoyed this scene addressing himself to Clery and to me, exclaimed, with a moving *naiveté*, What have I lost then, since I remain in possession of these treasures ?"

" I saw no more of Toulan for some days, continued Antoinette. When his duty recalled him to the tem-

ple, and when he saw me he blushed ; I soon thought, that considering our former understanding, it was necessary to embolden him by an obliging familiarity. Therefore I spoke to him first, but at a loss how to shape my conversation, and not thinking it safe to inquire concerning his health, I thought I would ask something respecting his wife. The municipal officer, who accompanied Toulan, was very much astonished. The latter answered me with hesitation, that he was not married, but, that if he had mentioned any sick woman, to whom he was attached, it must have been his cousin ; you may judge that I fell in with him. She was very grateful for the honour you have done her, madame, continued Toulan, and felt well enough to execute the commission, which you had intrusted to me, and for which, I must confess, I was not so well calculated ; there is the result, added he, taking from his pocket a small oval box, which he opened, and in which were contained six little spools wound with silk ; then presenting it to his colleague, I believe, said he, we can safely hand it to the lady ; these threads are too slender to lead her out of the

labyrinth ; sir, replied I, with resentment, offended as I was at the comparison, although I fear the Minotaur, I would have you believe that I am not Ariadne. He fixed his eyes on me, and seemed to express, that I met with more than one Theseus. His municipal colleague, a stone cutter by trade, and who had not comprehended a word of the conversation, took the balls in his hand, felt of the silk with his rough fingers, and presented them to me after satisfying himself that they were not suspicious.

" Had I believed my presentiment, or my wishes, I should have concluded, that as Toulan had brought them without my request, they must cover some new communication. I could not gratify my curiosity and relieve my anxiety before night. I eagerly unwound the first spool, but could not find a scrap of paper under the silk ; I tried the next, and was again disappointed ; I began to feel angry, and having found nothing under the third, I flew into a violent passion ; I thought I was imposed upon by a hypocrite, and repented, that I had permitted him to espouse our

cause; I believe that I even cried for spite. I went to bed in that frame of mind.

"As under my present feelings I could not sleep, I indulged my reflections; they were varied as it is usual, when we are much agitated. My imagination having wandered through a vague maze of discordant ideas, a thought darted across my mind like a flash of lightning; it dazzled me, and having dwelt on it, I determined without delay to ascertain, whether my instinct had misled me.

"I started out of bed; by the light of a nurse lamp I examined the spools I had unwound. I handled them a thousand times, and accidentally pulled the end of one of them, the upper and under part slid over each other like a pincase, and I discovered, that a paper adhered closely to the sides. My embarrassment increased, I could only read broken parts of sentences; the other spools must, no doubt, contain the full sense, said I to myself; I examined them, and found as many broken parts of the billet. I sorted them with some trouble, and at last made out the following words."

*Second letter of Toulan.*

(VOUCHER, No. 5.)

"Courage must be your watchword, as fidelity is my motto. Things succeed beyond my expectations. Sixteen presidents of sections, thirty three commanding officers, and more than one hundred orators are for us. So much for Paris, without mentioning accessaries in their power, and which can agitate the whole mob in less than three hours. Twenty eight influential deputies, a majority of those not much known, but who can vote, some of the chiefs in each branch of the ministry, twelve members of the communes; such are now the resources, which we can depend upon. We shall, no doubt, meet with obstacles, but we possess means; a subscription opened to accomplish our views, fills a pace. The trustees announce already several millions; what is astonishing, many of the subscribers are decided jacobins; God be praised, there are honest men of all principles. If your Majesty honours me with an answer, and condescends to give me her orders, she will improve the same means which I have."

I cut a sheet of paper in small shreds, on which I wrote:

"THE QUEEN'S BILLET TO TOULAN."

(VOUCHER, No. 6.)

"We express badly what we feel so sensibly. I heartily approve what has been done, and what remains to be done; should the project fail, the bare attempt is a reward; should it succeed, I reserve to myself to present a reward worthy of the service. Farewell, *fidelity* may depend on *courage*.

"The next day I returned to Toulan the empty spools, with directions to have them filled again; that was on the 5th. of the month, and I have not seen him since.

"In order to understand how difficult the management of this intrigue, which appeared simple, was for him, who had undertaken it, and how interesting it was for me, it is necessary to remark, that it happened between the 30th. of August and the 4th. of September, that is, during the most tumultuous times, and while the reign of crimes threatened us with every kind of danger.

"Now, sire, what will you determine upon? It must depend upon a slight examination of the state of things.

"It is demonstrated, that of the two factions, which have overwhelmed France, that of anarchy, which has swept the throne by floods of blood, will perpetuate its empire by terror and pillage, which mark its course. I know not whether its last result will be to give us up to the fury of a hired mob, but it is evident at least, that it has condemned us to drag the remainder of our days in captivity and humiliation.

"With regard to the republican party, I am willing to allow, that it is partly composed of virtuous and feeling men; but they will not extend their sensibility to a family once on the throne. Their opinion has been to erect a free government upon the ruins of yours; it is their interest to consolidate their plan. They will be sensible, that to give it full effect, they must keep us in abject dependance. Thus on one side, we must fear a perpetual captivity; on the other, a suggestion still worse than that. It is true that a small faction, detached from that of the interest of the

rest, makes you at present proposals for an accommodation. But what right have they to do it? What power to support their doings? Where is the guarantee for the execution of their promises? And what is finally their proposed plan? An infamous capitulation, the responsibility of which rests on us in the eyes of Europe, of posterity, of our son. Perhaps it may be said, we were deprived of liberty, when we sanctioned it; the excuse of deceit or weakness. Bolts cannot confine the soul; and a free, generous, and proud will can break asunder the heaviest fetters. Is there no other road to escape wretchedness but that of ignominy? Some hearts unite in our cause; faithful subjects arm themselves, if the standard of crime is displayed, virtue is about to wave her banner, and we will try the force of the former. But no, the chiefs of anarchy and pillage have no force, nor resources of their own. Are those statesmen, whose sole resources are daggers? Since they reign by terror, they will easily be frightened; deprive them of the power of assassinating, you deprive them of their genius. The

sceptre, which speaks in the name of the laws, is more powerful than the sharpened poignards of crime."

At this speech, which the queen pronounced with vehemence, the king appeared to hesitate, but could not come to a decision. Antoinette, at that instant taking her son in her arms, presented him to Louis. The queen, said she, no longer advises you, the mother entreats you. Will you consent to see this precious shoot of a long and illustrious race sicken and languish in the obscurity of a dungeon? If you choose to yield your crown to public tranquillity, have you a right to immolate this child? O! my son, under what fatal star hast thou received thy breath, if the executioners of thy family are not thy worst enemies? See his tears, added the queen, falling on her knees with her son before the king; read in them his tender affection, and learn your duty. If you have the bowels of a father, can you doom this royal prince to become a subject; a subject!.....Ah! unfortunate fruit of a miserable Hymen! What would become of thee should the regicide axe, suspended over our devoted heads, separate us from thee for ever! Perhaps, once in

the power of our murderers, thou, to obtain a morsel of bread, wouldst be condemned to kiss the hands stained with our blood! Perhaps, the son of emperors and kings would perish miserably as a poor brute on a dunghill!

This horrid perspective, too much realized in the sequel, this lacerating image, delineated by a frantic mother, excited our tears. Those of the amiable Elizabeth flowed spontaneously; she cast her pious looks towards heaven, entreating God to avert the dreadful fate so pathetically prophesied by the queen. The unfortunate family mingled their bitter sorrows, and sought consolation in caresses, interrupted by sobs. Louis XVI. consented to wait the effects of Toulan's efforts, and to defer giving Manuel an answer.

But in order to stimulate the former, and to counteract the suspicions of the latter, I was intrusted with a negotiation with both. I was to keep a faithful record of their projects, their actions, and conversations; so that, if possible, they might hereafter be reconciled. In fact, their principal design being the

same, and only differing in means, there was reason to think, that by some slight mutual concessions, they could be made to act in concert, which would, at once, deprive the demagogues of several important names, on which they plumed themselves; and thereby secure to the side of the royal captives, virtue, which alone can form chiefs, and talents, which make proselytes, fame, which dazzles the vulgar, money, which seduces them, and force, which keeps them in subjection.

Their Majesties closed their instructions, the king by giving me a letter for the assembly in the street of the Dry-Tree, and the queen by intrusting me with one for Toulan. I had delivered to Clery the guineas sent by lady Sutherland to the royal family. Madame Elizabeth desired to thank her individually, and intrusted me with her billet. Louis, the princesses, and the children, and especially the lovely Charles, entreated me to come often; Antoinette, with that grace, which wins the heart, said to me, M. de Fermont, since you entered this dreary tower, we have experienced, that the presence of virtue is the sweetest

consolation of misfortune. Madame Elizabeth and the king condescended to squeeze my hand. I left the Temple, deeply moved and impressed with the goodness of the royal family, and an absolute devotedness to serve them faithfully.

# FOURTH NIGHT.

FITZ-ASLAND, my pupil, said abbé de Fermont, as he commenced the recital of the fourth night, has nothing of that phlegmatic disposition attributed to our countrymen. If you feel interested in the history of the misfortunes, which I relate to you, and wish to hear it all, you will be obliged to become acquainted with him; he bore, as you will see, an important part in those memoirs, though not much known. You will inquire of yourself, when you associate with this young man, how it was possible for him, with his volatile disposition and gay habits, to carry on for any length of time serious intrigues, in which the lives of men and the destiny of a throne were involved? And perhaps you may answer yourself, as I have, that a man with a feeling soul is capable

of the greatest actions. Extreme sensibility, and, at the same time, extreme petulance are the grounds, on which the character of my pupil ought to be delineated. When he saw me, after I had left the Temple, his first question was, is the queen as beautiful and commanding as ever? Is Madame Elizabeth deprived of that fresh *embonpoint* so much admired, no doubt, because she is a princess, but which I, who eyed her as a woman, did not much fancy? And young Madame, oh! my dear papa, how handsome she was. Has the shade faded this beautiful rose bud? Edwin, answered I, you are a heedless fellow, I would even say more, did I not fear to mortify you too much. How is it possible, when I have just been contemplating the most unfortunate and the most august personages, that you carelessly inquire about their freshness, their beauty? Are there none but women among the prisoners of the Temple? Louis XVI. the first monarch in the world, his son, the heir of the most brilliant crown, languishing and dying under chains and bolts, are not those objects worthy your recollection? Good God, exclaimed Fitz-Asland, how gloomy

that tower must be, since you are even more sad than when you escaped from the massacres, which were not very diverting. I do not forget the good papa king, nor his little dauphin, one of the finest children I have ever seen; but after all they are of my own sex, and politeness requires, that I should first inquire about the ladies. Come you have not answered concerning them; only two words about young Madame. After that nonsense my pupil went on, and kissed me to obtain the recital of my interview. I gave him that account, but with prudence, and told him what I had seen, but not what had been confided to me. Edwin wept and laughed at the same time; was incensed at the cruelty of the executioners, and did not much admire the courage of the victims, not that he was incapable to appreciate it, but because he himself possessed it.

When I had done, let us speak seriously, said he to me; it is not so important to bemoan the misfortunes of the royal family, as to endeavour to afford them relief. That I know was the principle, which guided you, I am determined to adopt it, and to shew

myself worthy of being your pupil. I am young and rather heedless, I own it, so much the better, my actions will not be so closely criticised. I shall not be noticed, and can become useful with impunity. Obtain for me permission to accompany you to the Temple, the first time you go there again. Perhaps you will not repent, perhaps even others, besides yourself, will be obliged to me for this attempt. My dear papa, let us trust something to chance; it regulates one half of events.....When I heard my beardless boy speak so wisely, I promised him to mention his intentions to the king and the royal family. But Manuel's consent was indispensable.

The name of this magistrate recals to mind the conspiracy, which he had organized; I saw him the next day, and mentioned to him the king's reluctance to sanction the project submitted to him; after all added I, I am the bearer of a letter, which his majesty addressed to your friends; let us go, and see them, they will take it under consideration, and afterwards deliberate.

We went to the Dry-Tree, where we met but two of the conspirators, Ducos and Vergniaud. A short circular, conveyed to the rest by the deaf and dumb messenger, brought them on in less than an hour. Here follows the letter of Louis XVI. it was directed to Mr. Malesherbes.

LETTER OF LOUIS XVI. TO MR. MALESHERBES.

(VOUCHER No. 7.)

"I shall first, gentlemen, thank you for the interest, which you manifest in behalf of the state, and in behalf of my person. Amid public crimes and calamities, it is grateful to my soul, still to find French hearts. Your glory will be worthy of envy, if you save the kingdom from threatening dangers; and whatever may be your destiny, it must excite admiration.

"I have maturely considered the proposals, which you have made me through Mr. Manuel. I have since consulted my family on the subject, as well as Mr. de Fermont, who is worthy of your confidence.

I will impart, gentlemen, the reflections, to which they gave rise.

" I take pleasure in believing, and am even persuaded, that public good is the motive of your actions, but as yet nothing makes me certain of it; nothing will secure me for time to come. You have originated, and wish to accomplish by your own authority, the plan, which you have communicated to me. What other power have you but your good will? If I have acknowledged the national sovereignty, when I accepted and put in execution the constitution, can I yield to your invitations, which oppose and overthrow it?

" You may observe, that in tumultuous times, people cannot regulate themselves by ordinary maxims, that the pilot, who saves the vessel, no matter by what means, is praiseworthy. I admit the principle, but must confine it to absolute and demonstrated necessity.

" Now let me ask you whether the manoeuvre, which you propose to save the vessel of state, is, I

shall not say, the only practicable method, but one of the best, one of the least exceptionable? I do not believe it is, if I must speak my sentiment. I fear that the degradation, to which you subject me and my family, will produce a series of evils, no ways inferior to those, which you wish to remedy.

"Were my person alone interested, I should hardly mention it. I never was dazzled by the brilliancy of the crown; I even found it irksome, as soon as I was deprived of the power of doing good; I must therefore be believed, when I assert, that my personal fate is the least of my inquietude.

"But will France, which so many ages of affection, or, if you prefer it, of habit, have attached to the blood of St. Louis; will Europe, accustomed to place the kings of France in the first rank of its monarchs, hear of my abdication with indifference? Can it be concealed, that I was a prisoner, and to speak frankly, that I was your prisoner, when I signed it! Besides, although I do justice to the political principles, which you manifest, are you not apprehensive, that the little consideration, which you shew to the prince royal,

will ruin his authority? Believe me, gentlemen, consult on this subject Mr. de Malesherbes, to whom I address this letter. The more effect and latitude you give to the executive power, the more independent you make it; the better will the state be governed, provided nevertheless, that it is governed according to the constitution and the laws.

"Reflect, gentlemen, on my doubts and objections, and attribute them entirely to the desire of seeing order firmly reestablished; when you shall have found means to remove them, I shall deliberate on your proposals with pleasure; but the sight of misfortunes and bolts, will in no case influence me to betray my conscience and my duty."

(Signed) LOUIS.

*Done in the small tower of the Temple,*

*September 8th.* 1792.

This letter made a deep impression upon the assembly, not so much on account of its principles, as on account of the firmness of mind, which it seemed to display. I was myself astonished, that Louis XVI. had written it. To prevent myself from imputing it

to the queen, I was obliged to recollect the moderation of the style, that in general the king had always preserved some consistency in all his conversations, and had betrayed weakness in his actions only.

Vergniaud was about to discuss this letter of Louis, when a packet was handed to Petion, and turned their attention upon a different subject. One of the commissioners, sent by the communes to the camp of *Grand-pré*, wrote to the mayor of Paris, that the progress of the Prussians was as rapid as alarming; that they however had experienced a check at the foot of Biam in the defiles of Argonne, but that their rapid advance in Champagne, on the other hand, led them directly to Paris, and threatened the capital. The commissioner entreated M. Petion to communicate this intelligence to the national assembly, to the executive council, and to the communes, that they might adopt measures to avert from Paris the misfortunes of a foreign war, which would be the more intolerable, as a civil war must inevitably ensue.

Danger is the touchstone of the soul. It was upon this occasion, that I had an opportunity to ascertain the

greatness of the men, who surrounded me. Far from being dismayed by this alarming news, it seemed to have inspired them with a new degree of energy. The meeting was adjourned, and the company separated. Vergniaud hastened to the national rostrum to electrify the representatives with the flashes of his eloquence ; Petion hurried to the communes, where some days since he had lost his influence ; Roland met the executive council, and left M. de Malesherbes, Manuel, and myself alone.

Let our colleagues, said Manuel, employ the resources, which their authority or talents may offer them, and let us attempt to make use of those offered us by circumstances. I think them superior to all others, if we rightly improve them. M. de Fermont and myself will go to the Temple ; we shall inform the king of what we have heard, we shall in a lively manner represent to him the dangers of the country, those which surround him, and conjure him to avert them by adopting our project, and procuring its adoption by the king of Prussia. What do you think ? M. de Malesherbes would have thought differently, and

I should have been of a different opinion, had we had time to deliberate coolly. But under the pressure of circumstances, the most prompt remedy was the best, I agreed to Manuel's proposal and we went to the Temple.

You have already observed, that the invariable custom of Louis XVI. was never to deliberate, or decide on any thing without the presence of the queen. She remained with the king to hear our communication. As Manuel disclosed the intelligence, the queen's countenance, which always was severe and stern, brightened and beamed with joy, and the lofty smile of pride was seated on her lips. Oh! exclaimed she, when Manuel ceased to speak, I breathe at last! Tremble cannibals, Europe is raised, the fetters, with which you bound us, will bind you next. Madame, interrupted Manuel, those more than indiscreet words are not dangerous in my presence, but remember, that you are still a prisoner, and that your destiny is in the hands of those whom you dare. Sir, replied the queen, rather say, that theirs is in our hands. We never were more secure, let them pluck a hair from our heads,

Paris will answer for the audacity. Madame, said I to her, let not your mouth utter sentiments, which are not in your heart, but rather recal those, which you can so eloquently express. Unite with us for the honour and preservation of the king, for the safety of your son, for your own, Madame. Determine his majesty to open a negotiation, with the king of Prussia, favourable to France. You ceased to be an Austrian, when you became queen of France; you are the spouse of her sovereign, and he may yet reign over her. But, above all, remember you are a mother, and, if my voice has no influence over you, let me borrow that of your amiable child to find the way to your heart.

Ah! M. de Fermont, said Antoinette, as she stifled a sigh, how much ascendency you possess over me! how angry I am with myself for my facility. Well, sire, continued she, addressing the king, convince the rebels of their black ingratitude, and of the excess of your goodness; write to the king of Prussia, since it is so determined, procure for your executioners an impunity, which they will requite by nefarious at-

tempts. No matter, said the king, I shall have done my duty. I am as much a Frenchman as a monarch, and under each capacity, I ought do all in my power to rid my country of its enemies. Louis entered his closet, and wrote the following letter, of which I preserved a copy.

LETTER OF LOUIS XVI. TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

(VOUCHER No. 8.)

" It is with the deepest grief, cousin, that I learn the entry of your majesty into the kingdom of France, and the triumphs daily obtained by your armies over those of the French. The injustice, to which I am sacrificed, has not obliterated my love of country; I tenderly love that country, and see with deep sorrow, that you treat it as an enemy. If it is my quarrel, which you have espoused, I thank you, and am grateful for it. But, cousin, I must tell your majesty, that I have not requested that service. Whether I am sacrificed by factions, or dethroned by common consent, that is my own concern. In the first supposition, I shall die a martyr. Hearts truly French will weep for my destinies, allowing that they do not unite to save

me, a hope, which I cherish. In the second supposition, have you a right to prescribe laws to a foreign nation? Ought you to shew more zeal, than I shew regrets, if I choose to submit?

"The frank and open manner, with which I address your majesty, will convince you, that, although a prisoner, I still retain the liberty of my soul. I make use of it to conjure you to remove your triumphant armies from the French territory. There are things, which I cannot confide to paper, too often exposed, but the person, who will hand you this despatch, is charged to inform you of my private intentions. Since your majesty has taken possession of the city of Verdun in my name, I expect from your devotedness, that you will fulfil the object nearest my heart by using your powerful influence, with his majesty, the emperour, to put an end to a disastrous war, and to restore tranquillity to Europe. Upon which, cousin, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping, and to render your reign long and prosperous."

"*Done at the Temple, Paris, September 9th.* 1792."

(Signed) LOUIS.

This letter did not wholly answer Manuel's wishes and expectations, but it might be of immense service at this critical juncture. Therefore the attorney of the communes, after reading it, asked for no more I was pleased with it in every respect, I viewed it as a middling term, which might aid in limiting the pretensions of the conspirators, and might alleviate, in part, the sufferings of the prisoners.

In writing this message, it had been the king's intention, as he had announced it, to have instrusted it to a confidential and faithful messenger. When a choice was proposed, Manuel observed, that in order to guard against all events, the person selected ought to be deserving of his majesty's esteem, ought to be acceptable to the king of Prussia, and entitled to the consideration of the republic. M. de Malesherbes would have answered every purpose, but his extreme old age was an insurmountable barrier. I designated another, who was approved, and who at this day does honour to an office of high trust. The result of the negotiation, which he opened with the king of Prus-

sia, has manifested his wisdom, and the conduct, by which he was then, and has ever since been regulated, gives strong proofs of his patriotism. He is one of those men, as fortunate as they are rare, who, being a stranger to all parties, has survived their successive destruction, and who, under the monarch and under the republic, preserved a French heart. You would think my praises short of his merit, were I at liberty to mention his name.

After this conference with the king, I asked permission to present my pupil to him. His majesty looked inquisitively towards the queen, and Manuel was polite enough to assure her, that she might freely express her wishes. Antoinette improved this gallantry to inform me, that the king as well as herself would see Lord Fitz-Asland with pleasure. We appointed the next day for his introduction.

It was on the same day, that the person destined to the secret embassy in Champagne, obtained a private audience of Louis, and received his instructions. No one was admitted to this interview, not even the queen,

whose curiosity Manuel baffled ; I shall not enter on the details of this subject, it will be fully known at the appointed time.

You may recollect, that I was intrusted with a letter from the queen to Toulan, a municipal officer, who was the chief of the royalists. I called on him, and unbosomed myself. Delighted with my communication, he repaid my confidence by an unbounded and unreserved sincerity. Toulan was an accomplished and polite young man ; I had not been long with him, before I was convinced of the solidity of the queen's suspicions, and I saw plainly, that he was in love with her. Love much more than royalism, whilst it consumed him, had bewildered his mind. He saw nothing in the object of his passion but a most lovely woman, chained by the talisman of some perverse genius, whose influence he thought he alone could dispel. His warm imagination transported him to the age of chivalry, during which languishing beauty was held captive in enchanting castles. As disinterested as courageous, he wished for nothing to reward the zealous services rendered Antoinette, but the honour and con-

sciousness of having performed them. He did not display less constancy than greatness in pursuing the project, which he had conceived, and he swore by all that was sacred, that he would employ every mean to accomplish it. Of all those, whom he had associated in this conspiracy, the result of his love, there was not one, who, besides his attachment to the former order of things, had not some private and personal motives. Some were in hopes of aggrandizing their fortunes, others dreaded a change of circumstances; some were impelled by their spirit of intrigue; others by the ambition of obtaining great honour; the smallest number were actuated by a love of glory, or to speak more properly, the vanity of acquiring a name. I was neither surprised nor sorry for that selfishness; under all circumstances of life, it is the most powerful and the most durable tie, which links men with events, by rendering a general cause, in itself indifferent, a personal cause, which individuals have at heart.

Toulan who was constantly writing the memoirs of the conspiracy, read to me the last pages of that work to convince me how rapidly his plot ripened and suc-

ceeded. Among the means, to which he and the chiefs of his intrigue had resorted, that which next to the distribution of money, had succeeded best, was the publication of periodical pamphlets. But not to give offence to the existing authority, none had been circulated in Paris. They had excited an interest in favour of the royal prisoners in some of the western departments. I must do Toulan the justice to say, that the love, which had fascinated his eyes, had not corrupted his heart; he was a sincere friend to his country. He was determined to oppose the foreign faction, which sighed after the destruction of France, and, when during the conversation he learnt, that I was an Irishman, I had much ado to convince him, that I was not his enemy, and to persuade him of the rectitude of my intentions.

I asked him his opinion of Manuel, Petion, and of those, who composed the party, whose mysteries had been revealed to him. He answered, they are honest men, if the ambitious can be so. They despise the king, and detest the queen, whose magnanimous character they dread, and desire without waste of blood

and without public commotions, to remove them for ever from the throne. They do not profess the abominable doctrines of the disorganizers; but as they are possessed of talents and virtue, and bear respectable names, I fear them most. I wished to find out whether he was acquainted with their conjuration, but he did not absolutely know of its existence, and only judged of these men from their principles, their actions, and the general tenor of their observations; I did not think myself authorized to give him further information.

After naming a day to meet him and the principal agents of his intrigue, I left Toulan. I retired to meditate on the means of uniting both conspiracies in one. Their maxims were so different, and their views so diametrically opposite, that I despaired of accomplishing my design. The queen alone offered more insurmountable difficulties, than her whole family. Toulan exerted all his faculties and the force of his party for Antoinette; Petion and his associates aimed principally against her; how was it possible to recon-

cile black and white, and to find even a pretence for an accommodation?

However, after unwearied reflections, I thought, that the obstacle would offer the means, if the queen really loved her husband and her son enough to aid their views. With her absolute sway over Toulan, she might determine him to do for them, what he wished to do for her alone. By thus renouncing voluntarily her unbounded wish to govern, and the suggestions of ambition, she could facilitate the union of both parties, whose objects were nearly the same, and who did not differ materially.

But who could attempt to propose to the proud Antoinette this delicate accommodation? I thought of several individuals, whose views and motives, I concluded, would not answer. My thoughts rested at last on the generous Elizabeth, whose chief care was to forget herself to study the happiness of others. At court, she had been a model of goodness; at the *Temple*, that of patience and resignation. Pious without superstition, philosophical without pride, she was learned without wishing to appear so. Study and

friendship constituted her happiness. During the days of her prosperity, her bounty relieved suffering objects; since she has been a prisoner, she has possessed no other treasure than her heart, which she divides between her brother, her sister, and their children. Therefore I resolved to address her.

A variety of circumstances postponed for three days the introduction of my pupil into the Temple. Since he had received assurances that he should be introduced, nothing could govern his joy and impatience. Not to awake suspicions, and to screen the attorney of the communes, Edwin was to follow us in an undress, which would make him appear as a scrivener in some of the offices. I apprehended, to tell the truth, that his want of reflection might make me repent my condescension. But on expressing my fears, he swore with repeated caresses, that he would assume a language and a deportment suitable to circumstances.

Without being remarkable for size, or the beauty of his form, my pupil is possessed of an amiable physiognomy, expressive of refinement and wit. His

mode of dressing his hair, which was very elegant, the taste, which he displays in his dress, enhance extremely his physical gifts. I only mention them, because they had a powerful influence, and because the consequences of those gifts were interesting. At the time I mention, he did not value them more than common. I only recollect, that being forbidden the display of brilliancy and riches, Fitz-Asland, in an ordinary dress, was determined to be admired for his elegance.

In fact, hardly had we entered the apartments of the king, where as on a former occasion I found the whole family together, when the young lord attracted an universal attention. I presented him to their Majesties, to the young prince and princesses, who gave him a most gracious reception. I even observed, that when addressing him, the queen had softened her looks and the tone of her voice. My pupil appeared delighted; his natural graces were the more engaging, as they made a striking contrast with the austerity of a prison, the roughness of jailers, and the impolite deportment of the police agents.

Notwithstanding the presence of the king, and that of Manuel, the ladies addressed to the young lord many questions. Those of the queen, or rather the tone in which they were asked, occasionally embarrassed him. Madame Elizabeth, not less sociable, but more timid, was more reserved; young Maria Theresa, in the attitude of innocent admiration, gazed silently on Edwin.

The attorney of the communes improved the time of that conversation to solicit Louis XVI. to accept the project proposed to him. Things have arrived to that pitch, said he to him, that this perhaps is the only medium to secure your own safety. If the convention meet, and, if the soldiers of anarchy recruit their battalions, you will no longer have to fear for your crown, but for your liberty, and perhaps, who knows? even for your life. Waste not in uncertainty a precious time; save yourself, sire, save the state. Louis promised, that when the messenger despatched to the king of Prussia should return, he would give a decisive answer.

I had taken care to give a summary account of my interview with Toulan to Madame Elizabeth. I also informed her of the substance of my conference with the assembly in the street of the Dry-Tree. I shewed her the pretensions of both parties in a correct point of view; she soon comprehended in what particulars they differed, or rather how diametrically they were opposed. But at the same time that I pointed out the evil, I hastened to offer the remedy. It is in the hands of the queen, said I, if the honour of her consort, the interest of her son, if her own glory move her, she will not hesitate to apply it. The French will be affected by this heroic disinterestedness. A long time since, I must not conceal it, they have ceased to love, and even to esteem the queen, to whom they impute all their misfortunes. Let her adopt the conditions proposed, and she will again revive the love of the people. Royalty, though limited, will be more firmly established. The people, enamoured with reasonable liberty, will prefer it to the convulsions of anarchy; they will be the first to sacrifice the tyrants, who mislead and flatter them. Elizabeth

seemed to concur in my sentiments. If the king's consent alone was requisite, said she, it might be easily obtained; the splendour of the throne never dazzled my brother; he never calculated the dignity of his power by its extent; he has often repeated, that a king cannot, and ought not, to reign, but by the public will, expressed by definitive laws. He will ask, I am sure, an unlimited authority to do good only, and wishes not to possess the power of doing evil. I have always coincided in his sentiments, and my trials have confirmed my opinion. But how will it be possible to persuade the queen, that the sacrifice of her authority, of her greatness, and above all, that of her influence, is indispensable, or even necessary. You are not aware of the pride of that house of Lorraine, which has filled so many thrones, and rules at this day the German empire. It will be very difficult to make an archduchess of Austria relish a private station; it will be more difficult to rid her of her political habits. My sister carries on her countenance, and feels in her bosom the majesty of a great soul, but, when she displays her energy, she cannot conceal her pride. She

prefers the glory of dictating to the power of pleasing, in spite of the gifts which nature has lavished on her, she often forgets, that she is a woman, but never, that she is a queen; if she condescends to let herself down from her lofty station, it is only when her heart is deeply affected. You believe, no doubt, M. de Fermont, continued Madame Elizabeth, that I do not spare my sister, and that I do not represent her under favourable colours. Before any body else, and under different circumstances, I would endeavour to soften the strong shades of this portrait; but, when I consider, that the result of the important negotiation, in which you are engaged, involves the safety of the state, of the throne, and of the whole family, I should esteem myself guilty, were I capable of dissimulation. After all, the pride, which the queen inherited from the Cesars, has not stifled in her the voice of nature; she is alive to sympathy, her heart is capable of friendship; she is sincerely attached to the king, though not excessively so; she has an unbounded love for her children; and young Charles is her idol, she reveres in him the heir of two great dynasties; and I

believe she loves me also. I have received peculiar marks of her affection, since destiny has united us in misfortunes; finally, if any one has a right to make her a proposal like yours, and can indulge the hope to see it approved, I must be the person. I pledge myself to do it with zeal. The safety of France, the honour of my brother, and the happiness of his children, justify the attempt; what powerful motives to animate and increase my exertions! Filled with respect and admiration, I left the virtuous Elizabeth; the circle again became general, and Manuel having given us the signal, we tendered our homage to the prisoners, and took leave of them.

Before we left the attorney of the communes, he informed me, that on the following day there was to be a meeting, in order to consult on the most powerful means to determine Louis XVI. Although I had an appointment with Toulan on the same day, at a different hour, I promised to attend at the Dry-Tree.

When we returned home, several letters were delivered to Edwin, and some to myself. One of them was from Ireland, and franked by Lord Fitz-Asland,

my pupil's father. Edwin broke the seal with impatience; but before he had read many lines, he became extremely pale, and was so faint, that he threw himself into an arm-chair; that paleness was succeeded by a sudden flush on his cheeks, and he could not conceal the abundant tears that trickled from his eyes, which he covered with his hands. Alarmed at his situation, and afraid to learn its cause, I offered him some vague consolation. I trembled to pick up the fatal letter laying open at my feet; but he soon seized it with eagerness, and presenting it to me, read, papa, exclaimed he, and tell me if I am not wretched enough! Without loosing hold of his hand, which I pressed in mine, with my eyes now and then fixed on him, I perused the letter rapidly, and read what follows:

LORD FITZ-ASLAND TO HIS SON AT PARIS.

"*DUBLIN*, August 17th. 1792.

"Paris is no longer a safe place for your worthy preceptor, nor is it suitable to the education which he gives you, or fit for you, my dear Edwin. It is distracted with civil commotions, and you are in the

midst of daggers. I am half dead since the fatal despatches of the 10th. If you love me, set out as soon as you receive this, leave that scene of horrors, and return to the bosom of your family, to wait for the calm....."

How sir, said my pupil, you read all this with a *sang froid!*....But, my dear friend, I do not yet see why I should not.....You do not see it, you do not observe, that my father recals me.....Well, my friend..... Well, sir, this command is my death warrant..... Explain yourself, Edwin.....Heavens! have you not understood me.....No certainly, what is the matter?..... The matter is, that your pupil is lost, if he leaves Paris.....Once more I do not understand you.....Young Fitz-Asland, seizing my hands, and tenderly pressing them, raising his eyes bathed in tears towards mine, said to me, Oh! my dear preceptor, why did you introduce me into the Temple?.....Edwin, Edwin, what is that you say?.....That I wish I had never been there, or, added he in the most affectionate manner, that I might have been permitted to remain there all my life.....Heavens! what have I heard!

It was now my turn to feel a real affliction. I stood motionless with my head down, gazing vacantly, inattentive to my pupil, who walked about in great agitation, and stopped to ask my pardon, so much was I preoccupied with sinister and melancholy reflections.

After the first moment of my surprise, the next having permitted me to reflect, I composed myself a little. I thought within myself, that one solitary interview could not have occasioned an irreparable damage, that perhaps Edwin mistook for a passion, the mere fascination of his bewildered senses, and that he felt the pang most sensibly, because he never had loved before; that supposing a deep and tender impression had been made on his heart, it was to be presumed, that it was not paid with a tender return, and that consequently the want of reciprocity would soon allay that new born flame.

But which of the three princesses had inspired him with love? Had I indulged my suspicions, I should have supposed, that it was Antoinette, whose charms habituated to new triumphs, met with an adorer in each man; I thought I had remarked, as I

have already observed, that the graces of that princess, who became more haughty, as she became more oppressed, had been softened for Edwin. Yet the modest delicacy of Elizabeth might have inspired his sentiments, and perhaps he was moved by the virginal blushes of the royal Maria Theresa. I was anxious to ascertain the fact, in order to improve his confession to give him the most salutary admonition, which my friendship could suggest. He answered as follows.

" My dear papa, I wish to repay with gratitude the indulgence you have shewn to my frankness. I have before to day experienced the power of love, but from this moment its fire rages through my frame, and with the more violence, as difficulty on the one hand, and hope on the other, supply it with additional fuel.

" Do you recollect the day, on which Lord Sutherland, my cousin, was presented at court, as British ambassador? I accompanied my beautiful cousin, lady Sutherland, who soon ceased, in my estimation, to be the loveliest of women.

" Through the pomp, which surrounded the monarch, among the noble beauties, who escorted his

consort so celebrated, my inquisitive eyes sought the charming queen. A flattering murmur succeeded by a respectful silence announced her; my heart beat with uneasiness and desire. She appeared, and on her dazzling brow, I beheld a rich and precious diadem, some diamond drops loosely chained undulated on her bosom, royal majesty itself was displayed in the long train of her robes. This splendour excited my admiration, but my heart was not moved. And, when I had fixed my eyes on Antoinette, and discovered pride seated on her features, and expressed in her protecting nod, I acknowledged a queen, but this queen was Juno, or if it was Venus, she had forgotten her girdle.

" At a small distance advanced a young person, as if it were to make an absolute contrast with the queen; she wore a garland of blue-bottle round her flaxen locks, which floated carelessly over her shoulders; she was beautiful without knowing it, and pleased without pretensions. I saw those looks attracted by the mother finally centre on the daughter; for before this time, you are apprized, that this charming person was Maria Theresa.

"At the sight of her, the brilliant scene before my eyes was eclipsed; in the centre of a double rank of women, equally remarkable for their youth, riches and beauty, I saw nothing but this simple innocent girl, who hardly dared to raise her timorous eyelids, and whose lovely cheek was now and then coloured with the blush of modesty.

"This picture of innocence and voluptuousness moved my very soul, and caused in me frequent absence of mind. Lady Sutherland was obliged to put me on my guard.

"When we left the court, I carried in my soul the image of Maria Theresa, and for some months it was deeply engraven on my heart. Time, absence, and your determination, not to present me to the king without special orders from my father, did not efface the impression, but rendered it more faint. I thought I had got rid of that fever, because I had but one fit.

"I was yet regretting the pleasing torment, which it had caused, when chance placed you near Louis XVI. and gave additional strength to my still burning flame. You interrupted your visits at the Tuileries,

and my hopes flagged. Would you believe, that the catastrophe of the tenth of August awoke my desires? I formed the project of snatching the royal family from the power of their satellites; an incident unknown to you favoured my project.

" Some days before, having passed about dusk under the arches, which lead from the street of *St. Thomas du Louvre* to that of Doyenné, I was accosted by an ordinary woman of middling age, decently dressed, who after saluting me politely, but in silence, handed me a letter. I asked in vain who had sent it, the only answer was, that the reading of the letter would inform me, and she left me.

" They were then lighting the lamps. Impatient to find out the contents of my *billet doux*, I came near the first lamp, and was able to read the following words; *Madame des Roziers, Seine street, No. 7, section of the king's garden;* and written in another hand, *visible from ten in the morning to four in the afternoon.*

" I did not know at first what to think of this billet. What can be the drift of sending me this direction, said I to myself; what have I to do with that Madame

des Roziers? I had heard of tricks introduced in this manner, and began to think, that this was practised upon me with some evil intention, and, as I thrust the paper into my pocket, I firmly determined not to attend this *rendezvous*.

"On the next day my servant, Tom, found it among other scraps on my toilet; I related to him my adventure, and imparted my suspicions. Tom observed ironically, that this billet portended more danger for my heart, than for my purse; that it was written by some pretty woman, who wished to become acquainted with a young British lord. I confess here I committed two faults at once, the first, to listen to Tom's remarks, and to receive his counsels; the second, not to have asked yours, my dear preceptor. Be it as it may, besides the anticipation of an acquaintance with a beautiful woman, I felt no little vanity at becoming the hero of an intrigue, therefore I determined to bring the adventure to a close.

"You allow me liberty enough to enable me to purloin occasionally a few moments, I soon found one for leaving the house under a pretence of a ride in the

king's garden, and Tom, driving my *wisky* slower than ever, in a few minutes brought me to Seine street, opposite to the house No. 7. I need not add, that I had not neglected my toilet.

" When I alighted from my carriage, my heart beat strangely ; I had gone up two pair of stairs before I was composed. Upon a door I read, *Madame des Roziers ;* Tom rang the bell, I attempted to stay his arm, but the shrill sound already vibrated on my heart, and warned me that I should be introduced, and my agitation and embarrassment became excessive.

" The door opened, a woman, whom I recognized for the messenger, that met me under the arches of St. Thomas, asked me, what was my pleasure ? I pronounced in a low voice the name of Madame des Roziers ; the maid did not understand me, and wished me to repeat ; Tom, displeased with my awkwardness, told her intelligibly ; *my lord Fits-Asland wishes to pay his respects to Madame des Roziers.* The woman dropped a courtesy, left us for a moment, and soon returned, and with additional politeness led me to the

door of an apartment, where she introduced me; Tom remained in the antichamber.

"The politeness of the maid, the neatness of the apartment, and above all the privacy of the visit, removed my fears, and emboldened me. I waited firmly for the issue of an adventure, in which I foresaw more gallantry than danger.

"A woman appeared, I judged her to be forty years old, yet she was beautiful, her deportment announced a woman, who joined to a respectable birth a fashionable education, after a mutual salutation she seated herself with dignity, made me a sign to do the same, and addressed me thus.

"The preliminaries of your admission under my roof must have surprised you, sir, and your astonishment will increase, when you are made acquainted with the motives which have determined me to invite you here. Perhaps you have been induced to calculate upon some pleasing adventure, and I must confess, that my means for procuring this interview might have justified such an expectation. But you will soon

be undeceived; nothing can be more serious than the object of this rendezvous.

"Have you never heard in the house of your father, where you lived in your infancy, the name of Clara Melwood?.....Lord Fitz-Asland has pronounced that name frequently in my hearing, and never did it without accompanying it with a deep sigh, and even with tears.....With tears!.....Is he then capable of remorse?.....No, no! the assassin of the woman who adored him, of a wife, is incapable of such feelings.....Madame, exclaimed I, as I rose, you speak of my father; have you called me here to hear him abused? No, my lord, it is to give him an opportunity to repair his own abuse. Sit down and hear me patiently.

"The imposing tone of this woman could not be disobeyed, and I complied.....Yes, continued she, I expect from your generosity the termination of my misfortunes, and the dawn of happiness, in favour of a person, who will soon be as dear to you, as she is to me; both are in the hands of a father, over whom you have an absolute sway.

"My name is Clara Melwood; I owe my origin, if not to that class, which is called the first, at least to that, whose alliance is always an honour to the gentry, and often sought by the great themselves. A careful education, acquired talents, and some personal charms, had enlisted in my train of adorers a number of young Irish peers; several asked for my hand, one only obtained my heart. How much Fitz-Asland seemed to love me, or rather how sincerely he loved me! For it is impossible to feign a passion so well, which is not felt.....And how tenderly I reciprocated his love!.....Is it possible to doubt the sincerity of those we love? In yielding my heart to your father, I resigned my person also; without reflecting, that Hymen might one day reproach us, we permitted love to anticipate on his sacred rights.

"Meanwhile the war, which was enkindled in the British colonies, compelled your father to depart. I bore with in me the pledge of our union; and I did not even think of asking for a legal security; I thought mine the most sacred in the eyes of nature and of

love. My lover left me, and left behind also the consoling hope of seeing him again, and receiving soon the embraces of my husband.

"But after six months of an epistolary correspondence, as regular as tender, I learnt, that the charms or coquetry of a more fortunate rival had expelled me from Fitz-Asland's heart. I was too proud to complain; had I been a mere mistress, I should not have been ashamed to solicit his favour, recollecting that I was a mother. The ungrateful man, when he forgot, that he was my lover, forgot also that he was a father. In vain did I bring this fact to his recollection. When that peace was made, which consolidated the independence of the colonies, he married his mistress, who came to Dublin, as it were, solely to insult my grief.

"I devoured its bitterness in obscurity. My disposition, till then flexible and tender, assumed haughtiness, and became hardened against adversity. My father was dead; I was his sole heiress; I realized my fortune; and placing the ocean between myself and a perjured man, I came to France with my daughter, whom, in consequence of the principles and the trea-

son of your father, I have brought up in the garb and habits of your sex.

"I might have lived peaceably, perhaps happy, had it not been for the series of catastrophes, which have overwhelmed this country for these four years. The wrecks of my fortune, which I had intrusted to government, have been dispersed; misery, besides aggravating my misfortunes, compels me to murmur and complain.

"I should never have done it, had I been alone. But the interest of my daughter silences my pride. It is for her, my lord, it is for your sister, that I implore you on this day.

"Read these letters, read the proofs of what I assert; why should I be reduced to exhibit to you, in your father's own hand, the proofs of his treason!..... With my eyes bathed in tears, I ran over the correspondence, which Clara Melwood had placed in my hands. In each expression of his tenderness, I discovered his perfidy, I condemned him openly, and pitied his victim. At that instant, a young man entered; Adonis could not afford a more seducing portrait. Come

daughter, said Mrs. Melwood, obtain from lord Fitz-Asland the felicity of embracing a brother, and lowering her voice, she added, entreat him to grant you his protection.

"I pressed on my heart this charming brother, or rather amiable sister; I wiped her tears. She united to the loftiness depicted in her mother's countenance, the softness of the looks of lord Fitz-Asland. A great intimacy succeeded my first interview with the ladies; I promised, and even swore to them, that my father should not only provide a fortune for Fanny, the name of my sister, but that I would use every endeavour to bring about a happy reconciliation between her mother and lord Fitz-Asland. We parted equally moved and satisfied.

"From that moment until the tenth of August, when we returned to Paris, I saw them but once; my intention was to introduce you to them, but events prevented me. Yet, my dear papa, you will be much astonished, when I inform you, that you are acquainted with Fanny.

" You have not forgotten the interesting young man, who, under a pretence of informing you, on the 11th. of August, of the decrees of the communes, gave you two passports, one for you and the other for me? Well, sir, that was Fanny herself. When we set out for the country, I had written a letter to her, to let her know it. Easily alarmed for the fate of her brother, and for yours, because she respects you much; by means of her acquaintance in the national guard, she had solicited and obtained without difficulty passports for each of us. She was watching for our arrival, when we met her. Luckily, among the soldiers of our escort, there happened to be one of her acquaintance. You know the sequel.

" What was now my design concerning the illustrious prisoners of the 10th. of August? When I learnt, that they were confined at the Feuillans, under the care of a feeble guard, I thought it was not impossible to rescue them. It was only necessary to have the guard composed of devoted men, or to attack and vanquish it, should it prove refractory. To accomplish

the first plan, Fanny, who holds a commission among the citizen soldiers, plotted so as to recruit thirty royalists, or constitutionalists, determined to make the attempt. In order to effect the second design, the same men were to make a silent attempt on the royal retreat, to spare blood, unless absolute necessity rendered it unavoidable to use force, and after rescuing the confined family, we were to aid in their flight. Both plans were organized, we had only to choose the most feasible, when the transfer of Louis XVI. to the Temple disconcerted our measures. Your long captivity, my dear master, and the massacres of September, frustrated our hopes; I yielded to sorrow, and all concurred to aggravate my grief, and nothing could alleviate its poignancy.

"But heaven, at last promised, that it should soon cease, and afforded me new means to see my princess, and to be useful to her. You are now acquainted with the motives of my eagerness to go to the Temple, with those of my rapture, when you gave me assurances, that I should be introduced, and with the cause of the

turbulent joy which I manifested, when I was admitted.

" I have seen the queen, whose pride seems much diminished, but I beheld also again this celestial beauty, whose candour and ingenuousness seem to have acquired new lustre ; O my dear papa, dared I but avow my feelings to her !.....My eyes alone have spoken ; I know not whether I rave, but methinks her eyes answered me. How happy, were I beloved !..... And my father bids me quit her ; might he not as well bid me yield my life ?".....The warmth exhibited in Edwin's words and actions, observed M. de Fermont, led me to judge, that any remonstrances would be ill timed at this moment. The passion, which devoured his soul, had filled his head, and disordered his understanding. To make him listen to reason, it was necessary to wait the end of his paroxysm. I embraced my pupil, and made him easy respecting his father's letter ; I took upon myself to obtain a delay, and entered my closet to reflect on the means necessary to meet so many complicated obstacles.

I at first cast a glance around me ; and on second thought, I was seized with fear and astonishment, on finding myself at once the confident, and as it were, the principal mechanician in three separate coexistent intrigues. Besides the objections to a part so ill suited to my principles, and to the character which I bear ; was there, I will not say an absolute certainty, but even a probability, that I should discharge its duties with justice to those, who had intrusted me with it ? What means could an obscure individual possess, without influence and without interest, to reconcile opposite parties, whose intentions were so different ? If I had not misconceived the character and designs of the queen, she would never submit to the conditions offered, and in that case, what would become of the king ? What would be the future destiny of their children ? Besides, how was it possible to induce men, such as those who met at the Dry Tree, to restore to the monarch his former authority, not to mention the constant weakness and want of determination in Louis XVI ? How much was a plan of this kind impeded by the philosophy of the present age, and by the progress of private

opinion? Was it possible to annihilate the one, and to bring the other to the standard of the times of Richelieu? How, I shall not say shackle again, but even reduce to a salutary restraint a people in arms, whose individuals think themselves so many kings, because they have hurled one king from the throne? This was, some may say, Toulan's project. Yet it was but the illusion of his heart, and not the result of his judgment. Toulan, who saw through the mist of love, did not see correctly, reasoned falsely, allowed his desires to be possibilities, and conducted, in a word, more like a lover, than a Frenchman, who devotes himself for his country. Besides, this conflict of conspiracies appeared to me much more injurious than useful to the cause; there was room to presume, that the different parties, instead of uniting, would aim at each other's destruction. And it was much more to be apprehended, that the royal family would become the victim of their struggles and divisions. I fully felt all those objections, they overwhelmed me, and filled me with grief. I entertained some secret hopes, that I might remove them; but must confess my energy

was much short of my good will. In my situation, a Monk, a Pinto, might have felt at full liberty. Such is the true genius of intrigue, that it converts obstacles into as many means, sports with difficulties, and even takes pleasure in giving them birth to add to its triumphs. But whatever resource the love of Fitz-Asland might offer me, I felt reluctant to employ it. I wavered in my opinions, afraid to attempt, burning with impatience to succeed, animated by my attachment for the king, checked by scruples, and buffeted between the hope of success and fear of disappointment.

After mature deliberation, I concluded to wait the course of events, as I had done before. To run in the hour of battle is rank cowardice, a base treason ; but as there is no merit, and as it even would be imprudent, to attempt to direct, as a leader, a plot, for the accomplishment of which, I possessed but subordinate talents, I trusted to Providence, to render them of some utility upon this important occasion.

I repaired to the assembly in the street of the Dry Tree ; I found every mind filled with agitation and

anxiety. The convention was soon to meet, and the auspices, under which it was to be assembled, were not favourable. What was, in fact, the state of affairs ? The legislators, still appalled by the cannons of the 10th. of August, had not recovered strength enough to break the daggers of September, but let go from their weak hands the helm of state. The usurping communes, let loose from hell, stained with blood, sullied with crimes, and branded with murder, kept under their iron sceptre the people, whom they deluded with the name of liberty. The executive council, divided between crime and weakness, perpetrated or tolerated horrid deeds, and suspended all punishment. A collection of strangers, in a disgusting dress, speaking the language of Grub-Street, acted as tribunes of the people to plunge that people into wretchedness and anarchy. It must be confessed, that the names and renown of some honest men were conspicuous amid those dreadful calamities, and appeared like august monuments among a heap of ruins. But would the tyranny of demagogues respect those feeble bar-

riers? Those demagogues made their boast of drowning virtue in the blood of her worshippers.

It was by this faint sketch, that the eloquence of Vergniaud commanded our attention. Oh! Louis XVI. how sensibly, and with what grief, I then felt how useful a decided character would have been for you, to avert or repair those stupendous disasters. Under this sweeping anarchy, what would have been the conduct of a Frederick? He would have stretched forth his powerful arm, and would have stayed the torrent. Sad parallel! Unavailing regrets! Louis was in the Temple; the dashing waves, breaking against the tower, threatened his own destruction.

We hoped, that we could check the torrent, when apprized of the answer of the envoy despatched to the king of Prussia. If, as we sincerely believed, the duke of Brunswick's army should evacuate the French territory, the motive for a permanent insurrection, the pretence for confiscations, imprisonments and assassinations, could no longer serve the purposes of the anarchists. Under the auspices of true and protecting liberty, the sincere republicans would establish a mix-

ed government, in which they would endeavour to define the rights of the people, and the power of the executive.

This smiling prospect, in which we beheld the future independence of our country, the prosperity of Europe, and the happiness of all, beguiled agreeably our seduced minds. Admire the enchanting spell of eloquence! Vergniaud dissipated our too well grounded fears, while we deliberated on the brink of a volcano, which he strewed with flowers.

All of a sudden a tremendous noise was heard in the gallery, which leads to the hall of the assembly. The faithful dumb youth enters; by animated and expressive gestures, he gives us to understand, that a party of armed men had arrived. Twelve rank and file, commanded by an officer, invaded the room; the table, round which we sat, was surrounded in the twinkling of an eye. We rose spontaneously. M. de Malesherbes, whose age had not subdued his spirit, inquired warmly, what right and authority permitted those armed men to violate the peaceful asylum of a citizen? The right of a watchful police, and the author-

ity of the law, was the answer. At this respectable name we pulled off our hats, and stood silent. Gentlemen, continued the magistrate, I have orders to conduct to the abbey those among you, who are not clothed with a public character; point them out if you please.

I immediately presented myself; M. de Malesherbes, Chamilly, and Clery did the same; Petion, Vergniaud, and Manuel, attempted to interpose their authority, or at least their influence; the one is not acknowledged, and the other avails not. We took leave of our colleagues, who swore immediately to remedy this arbitrary measure. A carriage conveyed us to the abbey, and for a second time within a few days, I heard the alarming rustling of bars and bolts in a prison.

END OF VOL. I.

THE

# MAGDALEN CHURCHYARD,

FROM THE FRENCH OF

## J. J. REGNAULT WARIN,

AUTHOR OF

*ROMEO AND JULIET, THE CASTLE OF STROZZI, &c.*

TRANSLATED

BY SAMUEL MACKAY, A. M.

EX-PROFESSOR OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE IN WILLIAMS' COLLEGE.

"Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
"A blow, which, while it executes, alarms,
"And startles thousands, with a single fall."....*Young.*

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1809.

THE

# MAGDALEN CHURCHYARD.

## FIFTH NIGHT.

ALTHOUGH this new confinement, which I was far from foreseeing, or apprehending, deprived the royal family of the only man, upon whose disinterestedness they could depend, and had broken the line of their communication with those plotting in their behalf, it was not long, before I had an opportunity to renew my intercourse, as you will soon see. But not to anticipate events, and to keep the order of time, before I mention the man, to whom I owe my liberty, I must give you an account of the return of the envoy, and of his interview with the king.

Manuel introduced him to his majesty. I will relate substantially the account, which this envoy gave of his mission. I made my minutes from those handed to Louis XVI. who intrusted me with them afterwards.

NEGOTIATION WITH THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

(VOUCHER, No. 9.)

" Sire,

" Conformably to the orders of your majesty, and to the documents of the persons enjoying your confidence, I accelerated my journey, and reached in less than twenty six hours general Dumouriez's camp.

" Having obtained from him a private interview, I did not conceal from the general, that I was the bearer of a despatch from your majesty to the king of Prussia, a despatch added I, the result of which must have a decisive influence, on the army, on France, and on Europe.

" The general after having asked me some questions respecting your majesty's situation, and that of your family, gave me a passport, and ordered besides, that I should be honourably escorted by two officers.

I thought I observed on his countenance some anxiety and a profound meditation.

" In spite of the brilliant successes, and the rapid progress of the duke of Brunswick's army, his Prussian majesty had not quitted the village of Glorieux, near Verdun, where he had established his head quarters, and where I met him.

" Being at first introduced, as if sent by Dumouriez, I was received with a familiarity, which astonished me.

" I began to believe, that the Prussians and French were not irreconcilable enemies.

" But when I had explained my mission, and handed your majesty's letter to FREDERICK WILLIAM, he looked at me with an astonishment difficult to depict; he took it, and read it silently. I observed his countenance, while he was reading. To this astonishment succeeded a slight, but visible expression of indignation, which again was followed by a very tender emotion. His majesty appeared to read the close of your letter several times. When he had done, he heaved a deep sigh, and I observed tears in his eyes

sadly raised towards heaven. Your majesty will soon have an explanation of this pantomime.

" Mr. Envoy, said Frederick, I am exceedingly affected by the letter of his most Christian Majesty. I can assure you beforehand, that I shall give it a favourable answer. But I must deliberate on the subject with my privy council. I shall give orders, that you be treated with that distinction, which you personally merit, and which shall be shewed you, as being possessed of the confidence of my cousin. To-morrow, at this hour, Mr. Envoy, you will be invited to assist, and hear the deliberations of my council.

" I should not mention the marks of favour and consideration bestowed on me by his Prussian majesty, were I not sensible, that by shewing them to a secret confident, with more eclat than is usual towards an avowed ambassador ; it was a homage to your persecuted majesty, forgive therefore the detail.

" Prince Louis de Lunebourg, aulic counsellor of Frederick William, and his aid de camp, came to inform me, that the king waited for me in the council, I hastened to obey the summons.

"All the members were assembled; I was astonished to find general Dumouriez among them. His eye having caught mine, he bowed to me as an acquaintance.

"The king, being seated, informed the assembly of the subject of their meeting. But before he submitted the question to the debate of the members, and before he asked their opinion, he declared, that general Dumouriez had requested leave to give important information to determine their judgment.

"I beg of you, sire, to see nothing in the recital, which I make of the speech of that general, but the proof of my attachment to your majesty."

He rose and spoke as follows;

"One must have studied to little profit the moral character of our history, or rather must have attended to it very superficially, not to attribute as a secret cause of the revolutions in France, since the reign of Louis XIV. the rivality, which divides the houses of Bourbon and Orleans. At the death of that monarch, when Philip entered upon the regency, the government assumed a new shape. During the whole ad-

ministration of that prince, he pursued a course absolutely the reverse of that of his predecessor. The general rule, which guided the latter, was that of concentrating power; the regent divided it among individuals, whom he grouped around him, so as to become the despotic centre within a popular circumference.

"Had this prince united firmness of mind to his extreme ambition, he would have rooted the feeble shoot of a rival dynasty, and laid the foundation of the French throne in his own family. But enervated by luxury, he left to his heirs the execution of that, which with him was merely a project.

"Louis Philip, father of the present duke, did not even dream of putting it into execution. The study of the sciences, and religious speculations, engrossed all his intellectual faculties. Those, whose flight is directed towards heaven, take but little interest in earthly concerns.

"The weak and pliable character of Louis Philip Joseph, his son, that kind of courage, and if you choose rashness, which he has evinced on certain occasions,

seemed to manifest, that he, more than any of his race, had the desired aptitude to accomplish ambitious designs. I own I have long believed so myself, and, if I must confess it, I was not sorry for it.

"By the genius and exertions of Richelieu, the kings had recovered their power; Louis the Great, during the longest and most astonishing reign of anarchy, had displayed that power in all its possible extent. But the sceptre had become a distaff under the reign of Louis XV. for he could only govern a hunting party or a debauch.

"His successor, with pure morals, brought good intentions to the throne, but, when the chrysalis, which concealed the worm, was fallen, nothing but the name of the monarch remained.

"Meanwhile the finances were exhausted, the administration was dislocated. The empire hung over a dismal abyss.

"The revolution broke out. Not being individually acquainted with the duke of Orleans, I believed, that nobly enamoured with glory, and his country, he wished to obtain one, by saving the other.

"Yet when I saw him neglect the most favourable opportunities to accomplish bold conceptions, my esteem diminished for his person, and I abandoned the hopes, to which he had given rise.

"Called since to the ministry, I observed closely, I followed attentively, and studied deeply, that personage, who, far from being the chief of his party, is only its effigy.

"More debauched than fond of pleasure, a slave to the mob, when he should only have been popular, rash without genuine bravery, easy even to weakness, prodigal without necessity, avaricious without calculation, active for his pleasure, lazy in his own business, always temporizing, not knowing how to speak and how to act, a tolerable intriguer, a detestable conspirator, such is the man, who conceals the soul of a sybarite in the vigorous body of an athlete.

"I know from very good authority, that he never would have thought of becoming the chief of a faction, if he had been left to himself. The delight of driving a curricle with dexterity, the glory of swimming with address, the honour of riding a race horse skilfully,

would have been the bounds of his ambition; but for the misfortune of France, chance had placed near him the woman, who undertook to inflame him.

"With all the powers of pleasing and means of seduction, Madame de Genlis is possessed of one of those burning souls, which are, not only, constantly and actively employed, but which give impulse to all those moving within their attraction. It is said, but I will not assert it as a fact, that having been refused the honour of being presented, she had sworn, that she would punish the queen for this affront. If this is not a false report, and, if Madame de Genlis has been instrumental in the martyrdom of that princess, she has kept her word faithfully.

"Be it as it may, from the moment, in which, either silently or openly, the duke of Orleans consented to display the standard of a chief of party, France was overwhelmed with disasters. The ambitious, whose revolutionary commotions had electrified the kingdom, and covetous men united. And it is worthy of remark, that among so many individuals, enlisted under one banner, none, or hardly one, recognised this chief.

Once more, it is because he was a mere shadow, and that the true anarchists, far from wishing a change of dynasty, that might have restored order, wished for a perpetual confusion, which would afford a full display to passions.

"I was frightened with these disastrous tactics. By my general observations, by my private inquiries, I had ascertained, that each day the duke quaffed new doses of poison from the same source. Sincerity was at an end, despotic royalty was universally abhorred; constitutional royalty was despised; a change of dynasty was deemed impracticable, and when a republic was mentioned, it was because this word, new for the people, could better be abused in their ears, and confounded with the excesses inherent to the anarchy held up by the demagogues.

"The party of anarchy was therefore that, which gained ground under the pampering hand, but without the protection of the duke of Orleans. Then all, that had a tendency to relax or dissolve the social compact, was furiously resorted to. By a chance fatal to republicans, the salutary reform, which they proposed, but

which they offered at an unsuitable time, was applauded and supported by the turbulent. So that the hatred for royalists necessarily extended to the republicans; an abominable, but exact calculation, whose consequences will perpetuate disorders.

"From that moment commenced those meetings of deluded mechanics, who under a pretence of having no business, excited each other to revolt. The galleries of deliberating assemblies were crowded with hired speakers, unknown to each other, who were renewed daily, and eagerly applauded every motion pregnant with disorder, and repulsed by noisy acclamations whatever had a tendency to restore order and peace. Girls of bad character were paid, not for having granted their favours, but in order to propagate by all the means in their power, a contempt for good morals, and a devouring thirst after lust. Human heads were set up at vendue; the monsters, who like the Indians exhibited scalps, received a regular premium. Theft was encouraged by the guilty connivance of an anti-social police, and impositions of all kinds had stipulated rewards. Those sinks, where an inconsiderate and

presumptuous youth is prompted to squander parental treasures, were publicly established. The public squares and walks, and even obscure streets resounded with incendiary motions, or with obscene songs. Some vulgar orators inoculated with their low dialect the *virus* of immorality, irreligion, and anarchy. The walls and columns were blackened with sanguinary placards, and seemed to have borrowed a voice to invite men to the commission of crimes. From day to day, passions were let loose, and growing like hideous giants, they threatened to devour a race already corrupt. But, oh! summit of insanity and atrocity! all those crimes were perpetrated in the name of liberty! Her most illustrious apostles were invoked during the perpetration of crimes, and the name of the feeling Rousseau dwelt on the lips of Jourdan, the head-chopper!.....

"The knowledge which I had of the duke of Orleans, would not justify an imputation, that he was the author of those daring attempts. But unfortunately for him, they were never mentioned without his name, a deep stain, which even ages will not wash off.

"I had, for a long time, renounced the design of making him the founder of a new dynasty. It is however but too true, that the more the revolutionary irruption extended, the less was Louis XVI. capable of arresting its devastation. It was alike but too true, that it threatened to become universal, and that unless a powerful opposition was made against it, it would overwhelm France, and perhaps all Europe. Where was this opposition to be found? I never was able to say, nor can I yet, unless it is in a change of the dynasty.

"When I left the ministry, I took the command of the army. I had a right to calculate, that the extensive and absolute influence, which this post gives over the soldiers, would enable me to bring about this design. Were I speaking before any one but you, Sire, added Dumouriez, I might stand in need of a justification; but you are aware, that my conduct had always for its aim the tranquillity of Europe, and the happiness of my country.

"Unable to find in the father the hero, whom I sought to restore the monarchy, I thought of the son.

This young man, endowed with great courage, with a philosophic mind, a generous heart, a noble character, appeared to me worthy of the throne during a tempestuous reign over men, still inflamed with a revolutionary spirit. The more I revolved this project in my mind, the more salutary it appeared to me. All my faculties from that moment were bent to accomplish it.

" It was not enough, however, that the new monarch should be proclaimed and acknowledged by the army; there is a power paramount to that of the bayonet, I mean opinion. It was necessary to obtain its sanction.

" Circumstances favoured me wonderfully. On one side, the excesses of anarchy, on the other, the attacks of the republicans were at once, as it were, the best means to overthrow a staggering authority, and were powerful levers to raise the new throne. There was nothing to do, but to employ the attempts of all parties to advance my plan, by preventing their taking advantage of it.

" While some faithful emissaries, shrewd editors, and vehement orators, kept the public mind in con-

stant agitation, while they directed the intended change, a dexterous envoy decided your Majesty, and the stadtholder, to favour our designs with the power of your arms. England alone, owing to the rancorous enmity which she bears to France, promised her assistance to Orleans, who was then openly the patron of pillage and disorder.

" In order to add the natural means, that chance and circumstances had thrown in my way, to those which my industry might procure, I thought I ought to attempt something near that prince ; I determined to visit him, and to find out the views of the principal men of each party.

" It was some days previous to the 10th. of August ; symptoms of insurrection were stamped on every countenance. On the eve of a struggle, upon which depended the fate of the empire, and that of the monarch, the court had not yet thought of adopting measures of defence. The attack was about to be made, and even those who directed it, had not determined what mode of government they should substitute to that existing, provided they were successful. When

I informed them of my views, and mentioned the duke of *Chartres*, as the fittest person to realize them, they all seemed satisfied, and expressed their gratitude by a formal consent. I must, however, except that inconsiderable number of republicans, courageous enough to conspire against a king, but too proud to give him a successor.

" A few days before that, which was to be the last of the royalty of the Bourbons, I visited the duke of Orleans, when all parties supposed his head was designed to wear the crown falling from that of Louis XVI. The duke, seated at a table served with splendour, among a number of indulgent women, and five or six sycophants, disburthened himself beforehand of the care of his future empire; he recalled to my mind Sancho Panza, governor of Barataria.

" The moment, which precedes the fall of a great empire, is terrible. Each of those who assail it, having separate views, gives a personal impulse to his efforts. I witnessed this manoeuvre at the epoch, which I mention. Among the assailants, some were devoted to, and paid by England, which ostensibly

protected the duke of Orleans, but whose secret views were to place the duke of York on the throne of France; others made war for the sake of war, like true partizans, to enrich themselves with the spoils of others; a third party, and it was unfortunately by much the most numerous, and the most devoted, had projected the destruction of all authority, without so much as reflecting, that it should be placed in other hands. The sudden dissolution of all social ties, was the aim of this barbarous horde; pillage and assassination were to be their principal means, and the satiety of all passions their reward. The friends of public independence, too virtuous to share in their crimes, endeavoured, either from political motives, or want of delicacy, to turn those crimes to the advantage of their system. As to the royal party, weak, pusillanimous, and divided, they possessed no resources, either in their own existence, or in the morals of him, in whose defence they armed. The small number of pure and disinterested royalists, who have served the monarchy or the king through patriotism, was in an exact pro-

portion to that of the true friends of liberty, who serve at present the republic for herself.

" Thus were things situated, when the mine exploded. Notwithstanding the promises of my party, and the opinion of some of the members, I was sensible, that it was necessary to wait a more calm moment for the inauguration of the duke of Chartres. I calculated, that the triumph of anarchy would be as dreadful, as its duration would be short, and that that duration would be still shorter, if it met with no obstacle. If instead of overrunning the frontiers, your Majesty's army, advancing in the path of victory, had early in August inundated the shores of the Seine, the change would have been effected without delay, and without bloodshed, and calm would have succeeded.

" Meanwhile, the duke of Orleans, with whom I had maintained an intercourse, which the instruction of his sons confided to my care, seemed to render necessary, and in consequence of which you will see that the party founded on me their principal hopes, sent me an invitation to see him at his palace on an appointed day, which was the 28th. of August.

" On the evening of the 27th. an ordinary carriage stopped at my door; a lady came out of it, who, without sending in her name, requested a private interview; I ordered her to be admitted, and was astonished, when I recognised the dutchess of Orleans.

" In a body afflicted by continual infirmities, this princess possessed a virtuous and feeling heart. A perfect stranger to the intrigues of court, and to the plots of the revolution, she spends her days, formerly so peaceable, and now so agitated, in a solitude, which she solaces by generous deeds. If she still mingles with the world, it is on account of her connexion with the duke, her husband, whose excesses she laments and excuses, and still more from a tender affection for her children, whom she aids with her wise counsels.

" When she arrived at my house, she was pale and trembling, and could hardly speak distinctly. I was too well acquainted with the modesty of her wishes, and with her reluctance for grandeur, to impart to her my projects respecting her son. The situation, in which I saw her, made me apprehend, that she had

discovered my designs; but I soon learnt that her solicitude had a different cause."

One of the women, attached to her household, and whose husband belonged to that of the duke, as she offered in the morning her homage to the princess, had said, that before long she should substitute to the title of royal highness that of majesty. A remark of this kind had agitated Madame d'Orleans extremely, who, for the first time in her life, attempting to investigate political mysteries, had indulged an inquiry into the conduct and plans of her husband; and she had discovered what follows.

"A body of insurgents, organized at once in St. Anthony's and St. Marceau's suburbs, but whose head quarters were to be the palace of Orleans, was to seize on the barriers, and on all the military posts, on the marine hotel, where the executive council held its sittings, on the treasury office, and on the hall where the deputies deliberated; while those deputies, on whom little dependence could be placed, were to be arrested under various pretences; those, whose opinion was made up or bought, were to open a debate

upon the urgent necessity of attending to the state of the nation, and of restoring order, by substituting to the feeble and vacillating agency, which had administered for eighteen days, a stable and permanent government. At that moment numerous deputations, speaking in the name of all classes in society, were to ask the duke of Orleans for their king, and to place his bust, crowned with flowers, on the table of the assembly. Several members, affecting to oppose this motion, were to avoid pointing out the dangers of its result, and to expatiate on its advantages only. During the debates, which were to be continued designedly, numerous handbills, and pamphlets distributed for the purpose, and pathetic orators were to operate on the public feelings, and to prepare, determine, and carry away the public mind. One hundred waggon loads of grain were to be distributed among the indigent, and some hundred hogsheads of wine placed in the different quarters of the town, for the use of the mob; a million of money, judiciously divided, was to be paid at the same time; assurances of internal tranquillity, of peace abroad, and of general happiness were to

complete this plan of revolution. The duke of Orleans, apparently forced out of his palace by an adoring mob, was to be carried by them to the assembly, where the presidential chair, become a throne, was to receive the new monarch. His wife, the object of the same enthusiasm, was to share in his honours; the royal pair were to be saluted by the acclamations of the people, to receive the approbation of the legislative body, and the oath of allegiance from the public functionaries, and what was not less important, they were to be acknowledged by, and receive the homage of some foreign ambassadors. A new ministry, organized beforehand, were to cause to be proclaimed through Paris the memorable events of the day, and multiplied couriers were to disseminate the news throughout the empire, and a second distribution of new coin, bearing the effigy of Philip, was to reconcile the people to the justice and necessity of this happy change.

"The dutchess could not give all the details of this plot without much grief and a flood of tears, she was alarmed at the idea of succeeding the queen, and of becoming a queen herself. I discovered, that ambi-

tion does not produce moderate desires nor moderate disgust. Sir, said she to me, you undoubtedly have over the duke a great influence as a distinguished general, and to the governor of his children. Use that ascendancy, I entreat you, to make him renounce this fatal project, in which I cannot foresee public felicity, but which is pregnant with our individual misfortunes. Alas! since he has shared in my tenderness, why did he not share in my projects. A luxuriant country seat might have been the asylum of a happy pair, and had he wanted a crown, each day the hand of friendship would have woven one for him of the choicest flowers.

" This respectable woman moved me, and I confess, that when I promised her to serve her near her husband, whose plot counteracted mine, I thought more of him than I did of myself.

" Being left alone, I minuted the information, which I had just received, and which opened for me a vast field for reflection, and a deep source of fears. I felt convinced, that admitting the existence and execution of this promptly premeditated and bold enterprise,

mine, in which I saw exclusively the safety of the state, would be annihilated. Although it was late, I determined to call immediately on the duke.

" He was resplendent. The hope of success made him blind upon the accidents which might defeat his views. After embracing me with an immoderate joy, he began to give me an account of the conjuration resembling much the account given by the dutchess, and differing only in a few details, and the brilliant colouring of his expressions. The prince was warmly engaged in this communication, when a valet de chambre approached him, and whispered in his ear; let him come in, said he, the general does not intrude, as he was to know every thing tomorrow, he may as well know it today.

" At these words the duke arising ran towards the door of his apartment, into which eight persons were introduced, among whom I recognised Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Billaud de Varennes, and an Italian named Rotondo. The three others were unknown to me.

"Gentlemen, said the duke of Orleans to them, I beg leave to introduce general Dumouriez, on whose friendship and fidelity you may rely. Billaud de Varennes and Danton came towards me, and took my hand in token of friendship, Robespierre saluted me cooly, and Marat set himself down in an arm chair with disgust.

"Before we were all seated, and silence restored, the servants covered the sideboard with a variety of cooling drinks, and retired.

"My lord, said Danton, at the moment that we think ourselves safe in port, we are again driven on the ocean by a violent tempest. The transition from one government to another is through a narrow strait the further we advance, the greater difficulties we encounter.

"What is the matter, inquired the duke? The *Incorruptible* will inform you of it, said Danton, as he pointed to Robespierre, on whom he smiled slyly.

"I have long since repeated, said the latter, that half way measures are false, and involve the ruin of empires. That remark is more true with respect

to a conspiracy. Since it is demonstrated, that success alone can absolve the crime, those, who embark in it, must commit the whole crime, or perish. Let us speak frankly, we have hitherto known nothing but the theory of conspiracies, our souls are panic struck, when we attempt the practice. The doctrine of our adversaries is very different, and in that particular I approve them much. While you deliberate courageously upon their detention and their exile, they decree your death. Duke of Orleans, thou believest, that in two days thou shalt be a king, two days hence thou shalt be led to a scaffold!

"Yes, my lord, vociferated Marat, shaking his great coat, unless you give a decisive blow, you are a dead man, and we must descend with you into the grave, and France must again be subjected to the tyranny of the Bourbons. The tygers stripped of their crown conspire in the darkness of their dungeon; we have indubitable proof, that in a few days we shall expire by the daggers of the assassins.

"A sad perspective, added Billaud, casting towards the ceiling a sinister look accompanied by a deep sigh!

" Are there no means to save us, said Rotondo in his Italian accent?

" Well, gentlemen, replied the duke, as he wiped a profuse perspiration from his forehead, what is to be done?

" My lord is very warm, exclaimed affectionately one of the unknown individuals, he rose, ran to the sideboard, and poured a large tumbler full of lemonade, which he presented to the duke, who swallowed it at one draught, smiled on the polite butler, and said, as he placed the tumbler on the waiter, ' delicious, faith!'

" What remedy, answered Robespierre? Humanity, justice, politics, and history, all combine to indicate one; but it requires courage to use it.

" Can my lord be suspected of wanting courage, said Danton, when he is surrounded by the most vigorous athletes of the revolution? Shall the rearing of the new throne require more courage, than did the demolishing of the former?

" The duke, as he rose, seized on Danton's hand, which he squeezed cordially, observing, you know,

Danton, that I have in you the most unbounded confidence."

"Now then you can prove it, continued the latter, trust your safety in our hands.

"Why not, exclaimed Marat, with rage, tell him the whole truth at once! Is he already a king, that it requires subterfuges? My lord, when Cromwell wished to reign, he led Charles to the block.

"And he reigned honourably and peaceably, added Billaud de Varennes.

"Until that moment I had been silent, but apalled by this horrid mode of reasoning, and the atrocious and butcher-like gestures of Marat; how, gentlemen, exclaimed I, penetrated with horror, how then, would you dare to commit regicide?"

I had hardly dropped the word, when the conspirators, like so many furies, started up. The duke of Orleans on one side, Danton on the other, interposed in vain, the one his authority, the other his Stentorian voice; they neither hear, nor obey. They surround me, they abuse me in coarse language, and threaten

me. An involuntary movement made me attempt to grasp the hilt of my sword, forgetting that I had left it in the antichamber; this gesture exasperated the assassins, for what other name can I give them? Marat leaps towards me, and holds me fast, I discover a knife in the hands of Rotondo; danger and indignation add to my strength; I seize on Marat, and strangle the ruffian, I throw him on a sofa, from which he falls rolling on the floor, and biting the carpet. This vigorous resistance inspired them with terror, and restored order. I endeavoured to go away, the duke entreated me to remain, and to forget this scene, which he sincerely lamented; Danton gave his colleagues a severe rebuke, attempted to excuse them in my eye, and, supposing that I differed but little in sentiments from him, and that I was agreed in principles, opinions, and projects, he invited us to use our exertions for the common cause. The superior interest, in which I felt engaged, conquered my reluctance; I soon comprehended, that in order to satisfy my curiosity, that to be useful, I must dissemble. The duke personally offered and presented to us refreshing

liquors. Marat, ashamed of his overthrow, looked at me maliciously; Robespierre, pale and trembling, had been obliged to sit down.

"The tremendous deliberation was resumed. But my imprudence had damped their minds, and chained their tongues. The duke in vain told the conspirators, *that I was on their side, that I thought as they did;* the honest sally of my frankness had betrayed me, they seemed to read on each other's forehead my enmity and their sentence.

"Prudence, which an instant of reflection had called to my aid, suggested to me, that I might dictate to them. Gentlemen, said I, you would be bad judges of the human heart, if in the unguarded movement, which you have witnessed, you could find an apology for the captive king, or a reflection on your intentions. I am as much opposed as you are to his restoration, and, like you, I am convinced, that it is necessary to seat on the throne a monarch of a popular race. But having reflected less than you have on the means which you propose, and which you must confess are extraordinary, I could not avoid a sensation of fear.

The spectacle of a king, hurled from the throne, and cast into a dungeon, dying by the dagger of an assassin, is calculated to astonish and even to frighten !.....

" Robespierre interrupted me, now said he, that I am acquainted with your error, I think it excusable. We do not project a murder! We intend to have a legal trial. Louis shall be tried and condemned as any other man, and the executioner alone shall be the murderer.

" I should prefer to have him killed in a public commotion," said Rotondo.

" But how shall we screen the communes from their responsibility," answered Billaud de Varennes?

" I must confess to you, that these proceedings make me extremely uneasy, observed the candidate for royalty, with a sigh."

" What a man!" exclaimed Marat, as he stamped with his foot on the floor.

" Robespierre, at this moment, taking a paper from his pocket, read a plan, by which it was proposed, that the day succeeding the duke's inauguration, the new monarch should summon a deputy from each depart-

ment to judge Lewis XVI. and none but men to be depended upon were to be elected.

"But Danton insisted upon it, that those delays would have a tendency to save the king, and portended ruin to those, who should have dethroned him, and brought him to trial. Whatever may be the success of this affair, added he, the most eligible course is the death of Louis XVI. and even that is not sufficient; the sap of this royal branch ought to be dried up, unless you wish it to produce new shoots; you do not know the prolific powers of this plant. Why should you, besides, look so far for instruments? They are at hand, cannot the sovereign insurrection, which shall enthrone one king, rid you of another? Do you require so much precaution, such preparations to take off his head, whose crown you have snatched from his brow? What is the guillotine after all? A mere touch on the neck, Louis's spinal marrow will be as obedient, as that of his meanest subject.

"This cannibal like speech spread the countenances of the conspirators with a ferocious smile. He, for whose benefit murder was to be perpetrated, seemed

alone not to relish it. Rotondo laughed immoderately, as he whispered to Billaud de Varennes, who, thoughtful and pausing, met with a Sardonic smile the sanguinary epigrams of his colleagues.

"Danton, when he resumed his speech, obtained a decision, that the insurrection, agreed upon for the installation of Philip, should be preluded by the solemn trial and execution of the prisoners of the Temple. But in order to rid the new monarch of all his enemies, and that the friends of the ancient king, who had shared in his greatness, might also share in his disasters, it was agreed, that they should be comprehended in the same proscription. The committee of safety of the communes, over which Billaud presided, was charged with the execution of those bloody measures, which Danton, the minister of justice, was to clothe with fictitious legal forms, by countenancing them officially.

"You may conceive, Sire, the lacerating sensations, which tormented my breast during those infernal sessions. Robespierre had just drawn a *process-verbal* of the whole, which he was reading, when the dutch-

ess of Orleans entered without being announced. Her sudden appearance disconcerted the conspirators, and apalled them.....What is your wish, Madame, exclaimed the duke, as he met her to prevent her advancing? Is this an hour, added he, with temper and brutality, to enter my apartment thus abruptly?..... My presence is always seasonable, answered the dutchess in angelic accents, when it can prevent crimes. Why this assembly? What is the object of your deliberations? Who are the gentlemen, that surround you? Ah! my lord duke, what would you be at? Is it not enough that you no longer consider me as a tender wife? Do you wish to punish me as an enemy? What do you say, Madame, interrupted Philip, who misunderstood the meaning of the last words? Can you even suppose, that any plots are formed against your person?.....You judge rashly, and do not understand me, replied the dutchess; if I trembled for myself alone, I should not be here at this moment. I do not value life enough to save it by asking it of you. But there are other trials, with which you can assail my heart more sensibly; what do I say? You

are about to inflict them, and it is to stay your hand that I fall at your feet.

" Madame d'Orleans actually embraced her husband's knees, who much agitated by a scene, which he so little expected, helped her up, embraced her with warmth, and led her to an arm chair, as he wiped his eyes.

" This sudden gust of sensibility disconcerted the conspirators ; they formed a group in the corner of the room to consult each other, while the dutchess, improving the first impression, endeavoured by every mean to complete her victory. I thought it my duty to assist her ; full of indignation at the sentences just pronounced, and humbled to think, that a woman could plead with more interest the cause of humanity, my lord, said I to the duke, obey the generous feelings awakened in your soul by Madame. Whatever favours fate may have in store for you, do not stain them with blood, and above all, do not stain yourself with that of your king.....The dutchess, who was ignorant of half the plot, understood it fully by these last words. She was at first overcome.....She was motionless, incapable of ut-

tering a word, and seemed thunder struck. A flood of tears relieved her ; is it possible, exclaimed she, in a doleful accent, is it possible, that you have conceived the criminal thought !.....I cannot proceed !.....What the blood of Louis XVI !.....Your relation !.....Your king !.....Oh ! what have I done to heaven to see my destinies linked with those of such a monster ?.....As she pronounced the last words, she rose, turned her head with horror, and fled. Danton advanced ; you are about to sacrifice us, said he, but you shall perish with us.....Deprive me of life to screen me from the sight of your crimes.....Madame, for heaven's sake be calm, added the duke of Orleans.....For heaven's sake ! exclaimed his virtuous wife, in the loud accents of despair ! Thou darest invoke heaven, and it does not crush thee ! For whom does it reserve its vengeance ?.....And changing her tone and attitude ; but what have I said, pursued she ? Alas ! whilst I exhaust my strength in empty threats, perhaps the regicide sentence is carried into execution ! Cruel men, added she, addressing the conspirators with tears, will you dare to embrue your hands in the blood

of St. Louis ! Ah ! should they ever be stained with it, the stain cannot be washed but by the effusion of your own !.....But, no, you shall not spill that blood ! You will respect a fettered monarch, whom a long captivity and constant humiliations have punished too severely for his weakness. Some of you are fathers ; you, my lord duke, are a father ! And the unfortunate Louis is a father also ! What would become of an innocent and wretched family, should you tear them from parental embraces ? A young and timid virgin, a son not less amiable than helpless ; their young hands, royal hands, are bruised with fetters ! Well let them wear them to the grave ! Let those, who were destined to shine on the first throne in the world, languish in a dungeon ! But spare, oh ! spare ! their father's life ! the life of him, who was once your king, and who is still a man, as you are !.....Ah ! gentlemen, I see tears in your eyes, stifle not those magnanimous signs of your sensibility. Deserve to become powerful by being just, and shewing yourselves humane !....

" I give but an imperfect sketch of this interesting and sublime scene, virtue, disconsolate virtue, bathed

in tears the bloody hands of crime. The conspirators either through repentance or policy (and the sequel shews that policy was their motive) requested Madame d'Orleans to subdue her fears, and pledged themselves to spare the king's life. Until now they have kept their word.

"As early as the next day, I received orders to quit Paris to join the army. Hardly had I arrived, when part of the plot of the conspirators was realized. We learn now, that the invasion and progress of his Prussian Majesty served as a pretence to the executioners.

"Your intention, sire, seems to be to deprive them of even a pretence, by acquiescing in the desires of Louis XVI. mine coincides with yours. Perhaps a happier day will dawn, in which the diplomatic interference of your majesty, more than your arms, will enable me to realize the projects, which I have formed for the happiness of my country. Meanwhile, avert the impending storm, which threatens the dungeon, within the walls of which the king groans. If I am allowed to submit my opinion to your enlighten-

ed council, open a negotiation with those, who direct the French helm, which may at the same time accelerate the establishment of a regular administration and the liberty of Louis XVI."

Frederick William had listened to the narration of Dumouriez with that interest which it was calculated to inspire. The king's council was not less moved by his pathetic narration. They deliberated and unanimously advised the retreat of the Prussian army, which was immediately effected; I obtained also, without difficulty, the reddition of Longwi and Verdun. I enclose, for your majesty, an authentic duplicate of the secret articles of the negotiation, to which I subjoin the king of Prussia's letter.

ANSWER OF FREDERICK WILLIAM TO LOUIS XVI.

(VOUCHER, No. 10.)

"COUSIN,

"When I led, on the French territory, the veteran bands, which the great Frederick had trained to victory, my intention was to rid France of that monster, anarchy. Through a fatality, which I severely lament, the means employed to restore order serve as a pre-

tence to disturb it more. I should alike betray your majesty's wishes, and my personal views, should I pursue triumphs, purchased with the blood and tears of your faithful friends. I shall withdraw, and wait patiently, under an armed neutrality, the result of the great events now in debate.

"After informing your majesty of my intentions as a king, let me be allowed to express my wishes as a relative and friend. If I were permitted to boast of the sensations, which these relations excite in my bosom, I should not confine my zeal to empty protestations.

"Upon which I pray God, cousin, to have you in his holy keeping, and to restore your majesty without delay to entire liberty."

(Signed) FREDERICK WILLIAM.

Such was the recital of the envoy. When Louis read it, he was, at the same time, thunderstruck with the villainy of the duke of Orleans, with the atrocious policy of his advisers, with the machiavelism of Dumouriez, and the tortuous politics of the king of Prussia. What soothed the lacerated heart of the unfortu-

nate monarch, under the weight of this base treachery, was the reflection, that peace was again smiling on the frontiers, since the retreat of the Prussian army; and he derived great comfort from the information of the celestial courage, displayed by the virtuous dutchess of Orleans. Thus a kind providence mixes drops of consolation in the cup of affliction, to convince us, that while justice deals the blow, mercy does not forsake us, and that chastisements are more proportioned to our weakness, than to God's severity.

# SIXTH NIGHT.

LET us resume the details of my new confinement in the abbey.

The companions of my misfortune were separated from me, when we entered this prison, and were lodged in solitary cells. Some dismal recollections were attached to my new habitation. It had been occupied during the dreadful massacres of September by M. de Montmorin, the king's minister, Thierry his valet de chambre, and *abbés* Rastignac and L'Enfant, two respectable old men, who, from the chapel, where they gave absolution to the victims claimed by the executioners, descended with the same calm and resignation to the gates, where they became martyrs themselves.

I remained but one night in this sad mansion ; the next day, I was transferred to the *Conciergerie*. I was shut up in solitary confinement, and remained there two hours, after which, the door of my dungeon was opened, and a bailiff, after calling me by name, conducted me before a magistrate.

In a large office, in a remote part of the court house, were seated two men, dressed in black, having on their heads hats covered with plumes and decorated with a tricoloured riband. One of them was the president, and the other the clerk of the extraordinary tribunal established on the 17th. of August, to judge those accused of the crime of counter revolution. These gentlemen interrogated me in a superficial manner, on my relations with the royal family. They were not ignorant of the motive of my first arrestation, but whether they considered this of little importance, or rather, whether the first interrogation was a mere matter of form, I had no reason to find fault with their questions. When they had examined me, they ordered, that I should be transferred to the Temple. I thought, that my devotedness for the royal prisoners being

known, they wished to punish me by loading me with the same chains; I esteemed this arbitrary act as a reward, and, elated with joy, sat out with the guard, and proceeded to the tower.

They confined me to the antichamber of the apartment, where I had slept when I first visited the king. I was not long alone; they introduced me into the apartment itself.

My astonishment cannot be described, and my grief was equal to my wonder, when opposite to a table covered with a green carpet, and at which were seated three judges, I saw Messrs. Malesherbes, Chamilly, and Clery. They stood with their heads uncovered, I was placed near them in the same posture. I then understood, that we appeared before the tribunal, which had already signalized its existence by a merciless severity.

The judge, who acted as president, allowed us to be seated. Four paces from us, there remained an empty seat. A woman was soon introduced; her noble deportment, her lofty mien, her proud looks, an-

nounced the queen. I cannot conceal what an effect this unexpected encounter had on us; we had not yet been habituated to see royal majesty bend under popular power.

We rose when Antoinette entered, the president invited her to be seated, and ordered us to do the same. I obeyed, manifesting to her majesty by a look, how involuntary this want of respect was in me.

The proceedings commenced; the clerk read the charge preferred against us, it was short, and contained two principal points. The correspondence of the queen with the chiefs of the emigrants armed against France, and the means by which the friends of Antoinette facilitated this correspondence; she was accused of carrying it on, and we were accused of procuring the means. There were against us but vague circumstances, founded more on presumption than upon evidence, they offered against her a more material proof.

In fact, one of the judges, who acted as reporter, produced, to substantiate the accusation, a cravat of

muslin, the hem of which contained a long strip of fine paper. On this strip the following letter, which was read, was written.

LETTER OF THE QUEEN WITHOUT DIRECTION.

(VOUCHER, No. 11.)

"I am told that there are two parties existing, one desirous of restoring to the king that power transmitted to him by Henry IV. the other of rendering his authority more firm by limiting it. These two rival parties injure each other by their divisions; united they might command and give birth to events. But to effect their union, which the king approves, they ask the sacrifice of my rights, of my maternal love! They exact that hurled from the throne, I should be confounded and mingle with the crowd. Such are the proposals made to me, and here is my answer.

I should be more base, and become more guilty than the rebels, who have loaded me with chains, if I could stoop to purchase my liberty upon the conditions offered. Daughter of an emperor, the wife of a monarch, and the mother of the Dauphin of France, I must live

with a crown on my head, or loose my life. My station is the throne or the scaffold. Royal blood of Maria Theresa! I shall pour thee as pure as I have received thee; and you noble child, whom nature made my son, whom the laws will make my sovereign, you shall never have to complain of my want of love or respect. One day, when you shall have recovered from our oppressors the bloody inheritance of your forefathers, you will repeat with gratitude; "*Antoinette disdained life, and refused liberty, rather than purchase either by disgrace.*"

A short silence succeeded the reading of this letter, during which a disdainful pride displayed itself in the attitude, and darted from the looks of the queen. M. de Malesherbes, that philosopher, habituated to read on the countenance the feelings of the soul, was struck with the great character of the princess; I could not view her without emotion, and even her judges looked at her with veneration. Do you own this letter, said the president to her?.....I wrote merely to express my sentiments, but since it is known, it gratifies my pride.....Who are your accomplices?.....This question

premises, that I have already answered another affirmatively. Accomplices! Who told you that I had any ?.....Your letter is an answer to proposals made..... Do you then believe me ungrateful enough to name their authors ?.....The law bids you do it....Justice forbids it.....The proofs, required by justice, through the means of the law, manifest clearly, that they stand by your side.....If you know them, why do you interrogate me on the subject ?

M. de Malesherbes could no longer contain himself, and remain silent; Mr. president, exclaimed he, as he flew from his seat, you have asserted that those, to whom the queen has written, and whom you are pleased to call her accomplices, were known to you; you have added, that they stood at her side; pray, sir, do you mean to implicate us? The president answered that apostrophe by observing, that truth soon revealed would easily confound imposture, whose punishment the law should inflict.

Then addressing the queen, Madame, said he, this heroism, which you so loudly proclaim, is but a mask for your dissimulation. Your letter proves, that two

parties exist, one with an intention to restore the king to the fulness of his powers, and that sovereignty just conquered by the people; the other to consolidate his authority by modifying it; both concur to rescue your husband from the captivity imposed on him by the representatives of the nation. Although the two factions seem to have different views, yet we have the proof, that those views coincide in some degree. The first link of this conspiring chain, prepared to shackle liberty, is placed on the borders of the Rhine, the last is made fast in Paris, and we have hold of it.

Antoinette, pleased as much as surprised, that this affair, by a false appearance, that was favourable to her, would mislead the tribunal, which she wished to deceive, answered the president; I have already declared to you, sir, that I not only acknowledge this letter, but that I esteem it an honourable production. Could you, gentlemen, without being the most unjust of men, impute to me as a crime sentiments the most natural, and the most magnanimous? I conspire to restore to the king his crown and his liberty; I do not deny it. Which of you in my situation would act dif-

ferently? All dethroned monarchs conspire to regain their empire. Every prisoner conspires to regain his liberty. Let their oppressors add to their vigilance. You farther say; that my hopes are concentrated in the phalanxes beyond the Rhine; I will confess that also.

Surrounded by persecutors and enemies, is it not natural, that I should accept the services of those, who far from me have armed in my defence? Do you refuse those, who arm in yours? And since the armies are both in the field, is it not the duty of both to make every exertion to gain the victory? Where are the laws, that forbid me to make the attempt? Proud enemies! pompous rivals of kings! What kings do you wish to resemble by enacting such decrees? With respect to the agents, whom you think you have discovered, with that frankness, which I profess, I think I ought to remove your error. A faithful dove deceived my guards, and your bolts to bring me from the etherial regions a ray of hope. Who addressed it? I know not. I intended to have deposited under his protecting wing the hem, which contained my answer. Revolutionary magistrates! Shall a timid dove inspire you with fears? If you wish

for blood, come to the dungeon allotted me for a walk, there you may seize the state criminal, and sacrifice his conspiring existence to the security of state!

It is impossible to form an idea of the sarcastic tone, which modulated the queen's voice, when she uttered the last words; of the hilarity, which spread our countenances, and of the consternation mixed with rage excited in the judges. After a moment of silence, the result of shame and embarrassment, during which Antoinette confounded them with her triumphant looks, the president collected himself, and, in a low and faultering voice, consulted his colleagues, then in quivering accents he pronounced the order of our release. Madame, said he, to the queen, my opinion and my duty forbid me to form wishes for the success of your projects against the new government. But greatness of soul, energy of character, and calm presence of mind, are admirable at all times, and I cannot refrain from paying homage to those great qualities, which distinguish you. Antoinette rose, crossed the hall with that dignity becoming the daughter of Maria Theresa, and bowed to us with a calm

indifference. Clery was permitted to remain in the Temple; I went out with the companions of my captivity, who immediately set out to repair to M. de Malesherbes' country seat.

Edwin, who had experienced much uneasiness in consequence of my new arrestation, embraced me with the most sincere emotion. Rumour, which had informed him of my detention, had strangely deviated from the truth; my pupil thought, that I had been condemned to follow Laporte and Durosoy to the scaffold, therefore the pleasure, which he felt, when we met, was in proportion to his former alarms, I observed, that he dared not mention the prisoners; I gave him some account of them. He was enchanted with the bold determination, and with the triumph of the queen. She is fortunate, observed he, to be able to oppose a firm character and a bold countenance to the severity of events and circumstances. Alas! the only arms of her daughter are her sweet disposition and amiable weakness! Fitz-Asland blushed, as he spoke these words, and stopped, fearing that he had said too much, and that he had offended me. But seizing his

hand; well, my child, said I, to him, how do you manage the wound of your heart! Ah! my dear papa, answered he, each instant festers and enlarges it. In vain does reason paint the immense distance between me and the object of my love, love more captious, more dexterous, brings her nearer to me. It even transforms the obstacles of an irksome captivity into means of success. In fact, are there no examples of gratitude's obtaining what policy would refuse? If I had snatched my adorable princess from the horrors of a dungeon, from the daggers of her assassins, who, more than I, would have a right to share her existence? Would she not be pledged to complete the happiness of him, who had restored her to the sweets of liberty? Oh! continued my pupil with sentimental enthusiasm, why cannot I, by any means whatever, deliver her from the dark abode, where she languishes? Why cannot I carry her off in my loving arms, and, burthened with that precious load, waft her beyond the seas? There she would meet no ambitious demagogues, who demolish the throne of a king to raise that of fortune; nor hardened souls, which are

not melted by the tears of beauty. There in an obscure retreat, in a rural retirement, my only happiness, celestial and beloved girl, would be to be instrumental in thine ! Destined to adorn a throne, I should wish thee to reign on surrounding objects. With what joy would thy lover swear to thee eternal allegiance ! What pleasure ! What ecstasy ! To raise for thee with my own hands, a throne of turf, to fan and shade thy charms with the green foliage, forming a verdant dome over thy enchanted form ! To place on thy innocent brow a crown of the freshest flowers ! To compose thy court of the smiling beauties of the hamlet, whose glory thy attractions would constitute, whose delight thy goodness enhance ! And to obtain, as the reward of those tender cares, and this pure love, a sweet glance, a seducing smile !.....Ah ! my dear papa, added Edwin with tears in his eyes, and a smile on his lips, is not my project delightful ?

Beholding with less horror the executioners of the royal family, less apalled by surrounding dangers which threatened it, far from participating in the chimerical projects of my pupil's, I ought to have ex-

erted my influence to bring him back to his right senses by the ascendancy and authority, which my age, as well as my character, my profession, and my principles gave me over him. But how could I resist the emotion excited by the glittering axe constantly suspended over those precious heads. Could any one be scrupulous on the means of averting it? Fitz-Asland, by his birth, his fortune, his amiableness, and his connexions, might influence powerfully the destinies of the king. The last disaster, which I had experienced, and in which the unfortunate queen had been implicated, removed my scruples. I calculated the power of a lever directed by love, and silencing the remonstrances of rigid morals, I resolved to make use of that instrument. Yet there might have arisen some inconvenience, and it would have been indecent to flatter in my pupil a passion, which I wished to render useful, but which I disapproved. I exposed to him the dangers of it in a superficial manner, leaving to his heart and imagination the inquiry of seeking for a remedy. Perhaps this conduct of mine was not free from imprudence. It is however free from

reproach. Wo to him ! who should see any thing in it but the purest friendship, and an absolute devotedness to the royal family.

Two days elapsed, during which I was tormented with a severe fever. Not daring to trust any one to continue inquiries, and to make new attempts, I barely permitted Edwin some evening walks. When the city was wrapt in darkness, he occasionally sallied out under a grey cloak, and by the light of the lamps used to take his stand in a solitary corner, facing the tower of the Temple. There his time of watching was divided into two equal portions. During the first, he attempted to observe, in the interior of the Temple, the movements of the prisoners, and of those, who surrounded them, and this observation was rendered daily more difficult, by the progress of the enclosures, which were constantly added to the prison. The second part was employed in modulating, in a soft tone on the flute, some romantic airs, which were not answered the first evening, but had been listened to, and were answered on the second by the repetition of the same airs on the piano forte. By the execution

and masterly touch, my pupil judged, that the queen herself answered him ; a melancholy and sweet symphony having succeeded, Edwin had no longer any doubt, but that it was produced by the fingers of Maria Theresa. He even persuaded himself, that he must have been recognised, and that the piano had answered him, and not his flute. Happy delusion of lovers ! Are the pleasures, which they derive from reality, equal to those afforded to them by thy power ? Take thy magic veil from them, and thou destroyest their happiness.

On the third day, the fever, which tormented me, became alarming ; it was on the twenty first of September. It increased strangely, when the evening papers brought me the news of the day. The convention had held its first setting, and had signalized it, by declaring France a republic. My opinion and my sentiments are not entirely averse to that form of government, without doubt the most reasonable, and probably the most natural. Born under a constitution, in which powers, duly balanced between the monarch and the people, maintain a perfect equilibrium ; bred

from my infancy in the principles of Delolme, and accustomed to discuss, and judge the operations of our parliaments, I could not be inimical to a constitution, which placed France under a similar system. But I confess, that it was not without fears, and without horror, that I heard the sacred word *republic* from the mouths of the most sanguinary men. It seemed to me, that they silently decreed the death of royalty, that they disgraced the cradle of independence. It belonged to the most virtuous men to proclaim that government, which supposes and commands all the virtues.

Manuel, who visited me on the next day, removed my fears in some degree. Events hurried us away observed he, in their rapid flight, we were compelled to yield. Before we mentioned the democratic form, our intention was to blend it with the system of monarchy, to make it take root in public opinion, in the popular morals ; for the revolution now under operation wants but men. But the demagogues, who believe that overleaping all bounds is to arrive at the desired point, wished to decree a revolutionary government,

that is, to arm legally the public administration and the revolted mobs with the funeral torches of the second of September. We have in some measure averted the evil, if our victory is not complete, their defeat is so.

The inauguration of the republic, whose name promises a regular government, destroys anarchy; d'Orleans and his party stand trembling on the summit of the mountain, and the choice of the principal dignitaries of the assembly completes their confusion. We swept from the hall the filthy and bloody scum vomited by the communes. Petion, in other words, prudence and humanity preside. Let us hope better of the destinies of France. Let us be composed respecting those of the king; in vain, the file leaders of faction universally preach the absolute necessity of his trial, the majority of the convention is as pure as energetic. It will not permit any thing, which may inflict a wound on justice or on true liberty. Between us, the greatest honour, which might be afforded Louis, would be a trial, which would divulge all his virtues in their native lustre; his enemies will not be

awkward enough to bring him to it. But, once more, whatever may be the progress of events, we shall be there. Petion is in full possession of his wisdom; Vergniaud scatters the sparks of his thundering eloquence; and Gaudet has not lost his energy. We cannot despair of those, who by a dexterous and bold manoeuvre, have removed all pretences for seditions and murders, by obliging a powerful enemy to quit our frontiers. It is true, that Dumouriez conspires, but can he be more dangerous than d'Artois or Condé? A few days more, and the traitor shall be deprived of all his powers. He may then go to the court of St. James, or to that of Berlin to claim the price of his services. With respect to us, not less engaged in doing good, than in preventing evil, our public duties commence, our secret committees must cease. Farewell, sir, you will always see me in the path of honour and truth.

These last words explained fully, that the political intrigue of Manuel had taken a new direction. It was clear, that I should no longer participate in it, that it was confined to the saving of the king's life,

and aimed perhaps at restoring his liberty, but without any attempt, as in the first instance, to secure the crown for his son. Those, who composed his party, were either republicans or philosophers. Toulan viewed the first as a set of ambitious men, and since, either by calculation or chance, they wished to seize on the helm of state, there was no probability, that they would consent to give it up. I contented myself with believing in their probity, of which they had given me so many proofs; but I allowed them no farther anxiety for a cause, which ceased to be, the means of their own elevation. All duly considered, I concluded there was no resource left but Toulan.

About this time Fitz-Asland, who had discovered the possibility of hiring the third story of a house facing the tower of the Temple, asked my leave to do it. I consented to his request, advising him not to expose himself too much. He assured me, that I had nothing to apprehend, and that he would not even excite a suspicion. Mrs. Melwood, said he, and my dear Fanny will take the lease, and will occupy the premises. When it is fitted for their reception, I

shall introduce you there, my dear papa, and I shall have the pleasure to present you to the ladies. In addition to the enjoyment of their company, you will have no objection to a full view of the Temple. I have told you, that I would be useful to the prisoners, you see that I begin to fulfil my word.

Although my fever did not abate, the turn of affairs augmenting daily my alarms for the fate of the king, I resolved to call on Toulan. Obstacles are multiplied, said he to me, as soon as he saw me, we must increase our activity, address, and energy. The communes have just decreed, that the prisoners should be separated; I no longer perceive any means to correspond daily with them. Besides, the regicide faction distribute loud addresses, in which they demand the king's trial, should it take place, what will be the issue? The most pressing point now is to prevent it; this is the queen's will, with whom I spoke a few words. She insists upon our putting our project to the test, and it is my advice.

I told Toulan, that I agreed with him, and asked him what progress he had made? He answered me;

my partisans as well as myself neglect nothing to prepare the people's minds to receive a second impression, which we wish to make. We observe the discontented, and add daily to their number. We watch the pride of the nobles, whom the revolution has deprived of lucrative employments; the avarice of merchants, whose fortunes are threatened; the fears of the owners of real estates, about to be stripped of their all; those clergymen, whose ministry is imputed to them as a crime; the greatest part of the magistracy, hurled from the seat of the Lillies into vulgar dust and obscurity; an infinity of individuals attached to enjoyments forbidden by the new order of things, and to a repose, which it interrupts; the persons endowed with glowing imaginations and feeling hearts, and many women; such are finally those, who compose our army. The first division, which inhabit Paris, is perfectly known to us, and we can depend upon it. A signal will assemble them, they will rally and march under a devoted chief; as to auxiliary troops, if we can trust our correspondence, they are not less numerous, nor less faithful. Our hopes are as firmly

established abroad, and our successes as certain. Through the secret, but certain channels of a counter diplomacy, we are assured of the immediate approbation of the conspiracy by the emperor. We are besides encouraged to hope for the assistance of the king of Sardinia, and that of the queen of Naples; finally, if Spain does not declare openly for us, she will not declare against us. It is even highly probable, that we shall obtain her mediation in an affair, in which she will dictate the conditions. You see, that we have managed internally and externally, stimulated, and armed all the personal interest, whose unity is linked by natural ties to the general cause. Now, when shall we exhibit the political drama, which we have plotted, whose display we have organized? The solution of this question depends on events, and their circumstances. We observe the thermometer of the times; it will alone hasten and determine the explosion.

I was not displeased with this sketch of his plan. Besides the prospect of success, which it seemed to announce, it presented a greater enterprise, clear in its design, less complicated, with a more determined

object than that of Manuel. Ambition not less than the love of country was the soul of his projects, and those (M. de Malesherbes excepted) who composed his party, aimed individually at becoming the chiefs of the country, as much as its deliverers. Toulan, on the contrary, in all his desires, opinions, and attempts, had no other objects than the liberty, the triumph, and the restoration of the royal family. It is true, that in order to succeed, it was not only necessary to wrest the dagger from the hand of the assassin, but even the reins of government from the hands of the republicans; and this double operation presented many difficulties. Perhaps the decisions of a barbarous policy might have extended vengeance to both, and smote with the royal sword the enemies and the friends of the country; I should have held this act of injustice in abhorrence, nor was it the intention of Toulan, who more a lover, than a royalist, as I have already observed, contemplated, in the success of the conspiracy, the victory of Antoinette, rather than that of royalty. But admitting that it should be crowned with favourable results, prudence and justice for-

bade the shedding of innocent blood; and it was with a sigh, that I foresaw the cruel necessity of destroying the most guilty. But to doom to a general proscription individuals, whose only fault was to entertain opinions different from those of the victors, would have resembled the jurisprudence of the thirteenth century, it would have been the application of the detestable maxims of Machiavel, the conduct of cannibals!

This reflection made us resolve, that, as much as possible, the decisive impulsion of the insurrection proposed, should be confided to as few as possible, conspicuous for their wisdom, whose energy should be above the sway of passion, and subject to their judgment, that the crimes of terror might not be out done by those of a dangerous reaction.

As to the vulgar, who see nothing but what is shewn to them, events remained stationary from that epoch until the 11th. of December, the day on which the king was summoned to the bar of the convention, and was for the first time examined. I shall not here enumerate the tyrannical precautions taken by the communes towards the prisoners, nor mention the visit,

which they received from four members of the assembly. All those details, of which I obtained but an indirect account, have been recorded at full length, either in the periodical publications of the times, in the materials prepared by compilers for the historian of the revolution, or in the journal of Clery. But what those divers writings, those lying, or timid publications have not made known, what the crowd could not observe, I shall now reveal to you.

It is observed, that necessity is the mother of invention, I believe it; but I know another parent of invention more amiable, not less zealous and ingenious, it is love. That, which Fitz-Asland felt for the king's daughter, had not confined itself to the melancholy of beholding his beloved object, and in being seen by her. He had invented a plan to establish, not between her and himself (he was too much penetrated with respect to expose, to the chance of an indelicate indiscretion, the reputation of the young princess) but between me and the prisoners, a constant communication and regular correspondence. I was agreeably surprised, when he introduced me into the house, which he had

procured opposite to the tower. I was received by Mrs. Melwood, who appeared to me very worthy of having inspired a passion, and deserved to excite regrets. We had so many motives for mutual friendship and confidence, without adding that, which is excited by the ties of country, that we were soon acquainted.

She cherished Edwin, as she had cherished his father, sanctioning, in some manner, that affection by that of a mother, which she felt for the young man. She and Miss Fanny, whom I did not see during the first visit, had very readily consented to the wishes of my pupil. They had left, for a short time only, their dwelling in Seine Street, to take possession of this. The mournful aspect of this Gothic tower, the spectacle of the sad sports of fate, cruelly exercised on the wretched inmates, who inhabit this dismal dungeon, were suited to the disposition of Mrs. Melwood. In the apartment, where she received me, she had placed a small organ, whose sounds in a louder or softer tone answered at will to those, which escaped the walls of the Temple. But my pupil had not limited his industry to this mode of communication alone.

Over Mrs. Melwood's chamber, in a closet of an octagonal form, open on four sides, he had prepared an apparatus of optics, by means of which, white letters, observed in the king's apartment on a black ground, were immediately reflected inversely in a plane mirror, which transmitted them to a convex glass, where they were magnified and legible; that was sufficient to learn what happened to the prisoners, and to receive their orders; it was of no use to give them answers or information. In order to accomplish this purpose, Edwin employed a variety of stratagems. When he wished to communicate the news of the day, the oriental correspondence was resorted to; several flower pots, placed in the order agreed upon, were sufficient for the communication; but when it was requisite to inform the prisoners of an unforeseen incident, then large moveable letters, of a striking colour, framed and on a dark ground, exhibited the necessary words; several flambeaux, placed on an elevation in the interior part of the closet, and veiled by a transparent curtain, replaced during the night, the absence of the flower pots. Such was the correspondence of

the eyes. The queen's piano, Mrs. Melwood's organ, and Edwin's flute, established that of the ears. My pupil had been engaged for some days in extending the first in a very interesting manner. In order to succeed, it became necessary to resolve the problem of the application of optics to mechanics. What will not zeal, fermented by love, accomplish? He succeeded; he united by a very ingenious invention, the effects of the reflecting mirror to those of the *chamera obscura*, and without the assistance of the light of the sun, necessary to the latter; he obtained, on frames prepared for the purpose, the animated, moving, and coloured images of the prisoners, and a picture of their occupations. The first time that he beheld the resemblance of the innocent Maria Theresa, he fell on his knees, remained in extacy, immoveable, and deprived of utterance, tears dropping from his eyes fixed on the heavens, betrayed alone his joy and exquisite pleasure.

I thought I ought to reward such ardent love, and such a delicate solicitude, by an unreserved confidence, and I imparted to him fully the projects in which I

was engaged; Mrs. Melwood and his sister heard this communication, and all were delighted with it. We agreed to make their house the office of communication between the king and the party engaged in his rescue; and not to expose ourselves, and defeat the utility of our project, we agreed to admit but two persons, whose fidelity had been tried.

While we were thus preparing, by address, successes for open force, the struggle, commenced between the faction of the demagogues and the republican party, became daily more alarming and scandalous. Since the solemn denunciation brought forward by Louvet against Robespierre, the national hall resounded with vociferations excited by irritated passions. The wise men, and the true friends of their country, attempted in vain to establish, upon a firm basis, the fabric of the new government; a ferocious horde spoke of nothing but destruction, and wished to submerge in blood the ruins with which they had covered the face of the republic. The republic! that name was written upon every wall, on the frontispieces of palaces, on the ceilings of the temples, and on the

cockades of the citizens. But despotism was seated every where, and tyranny had taken possession of France. Marat dipped his pen in blood, Herbert stained his paper with the mud of the dirtiest lanes, absolute equality was recommended in all the accents of debauchery and crime.

The progress of the Orlean faction was visible and frightful; at each instant the credit of the republicans in the assembly received some new check. Toulan felt the necessity of rendering an account to the king of the state of affairs. His majesty answered by means of the optical telegraph.

## BILLET OF LOUIS XVI. COPIED FROM A CONCAVE MIRROR.

(VOUCHER, No. 12.)

"I thank my faithful friends. The queen and my family share my sentiments. We wish to know the number and moral qualifications of the chiefs, who have declared themselves in our favour. A scrupulous examination is indispensable at Paris. An exact correspondence with our friends abroad; a journey in

the provinces. Think of this plan, and continue to communicate your ideas."

Our deliberation was short, the king's wishes were orders for us; on the very same evening a general assembly of the chiefs of the enterprise was convocated; I was admitted among them for the first time.

It was composed of thirty individuals. A person, who was supposed to have emigrated, presided over them. I observed several men of note under the old government, two prelates, some clergymen, and a considerable number of public functionaries, most of them members of the communes. Toulan did not act in this assembly the most important part, he was satisfied with exciting their passions, in communicating the warmth of his desires, and in rendering himself the most useful member.

The knowledge of my notorious and sincere attachment to the king's person was familiar to the members, and I was received with much indulgence. I read his majesty's letter, which became the subject of deliberation. I was then convinced, that among the royalists, as among the partizans of other opinions, the

selfishness, which Toulan had mentioned, was the main consideration. In the various speeches delivered on the occasion, I observed, that the nobles had but little regard for the magistrates, who, in return, did not esteem them much more; that the ministers had a sovereign contempt for all who were not clergymen, and, that if they all rallied round the members of the communes, it was because interest and necessity compelled them to do so. I can assert firmly, that there were not two men, who, like me, loved the king for himself, and who served him even contrary to their own opinions.

On the whole, the appearance of the plot devised for his triumph was promising; the public sentiment, which had ripened in silence, waited only a signal to manifest itself. At the communes, in the sections, in the popular assemblies, in the great manufacturing establishments, and even on the public squares, the chiefs were ready. A word from the king, a gesture from the man, whom he honoured with his confidence, would set in motion the vast machine, which after crushing tyranny, would annihilate it. The internal

and external correspondence promised the happiest results. The corps of the emigrants, under the prince de Condé and count d'Artois, augmented daily, the emperor had promised to invade France, the moment the king should be insulted. England had forsaken the party of anarchy ; as to the powers of the second order, they would follow the impulsion of those of the first. The dispositions of the departments, and especially those of the west, were not less favourable, nor less to be depended upon.

I had already remarked, that there was in the conspiracy an absolute perfection, which created doubts in my mind. All its parts seemed adapted to each other with so much precision, that they appeared to constitute a whole without a chasm, without a fault ; all was foreseen, every one was to march, every thing was about to succeed. I had never observed, unless it was in romances, that enterprises of that kind could be effected without obstacles. I feared also the natural weakness of the king, who would hesitate and temporize again, as he had done so many times before. Without speaking of other apprehensions, those em-

barrassments, which none seemed to foresee, and which were not even mentioned, were alone sufficient to retard, to arrest, and perhaps even to destroy the conspiracy. May heaven, which protects persecuted innocence, exclaimed I, avert this fatal presentiment!

As the account, which I had to render to the king, was the most satisfactory, it was thought unnecessary to take a journey through the provinces. The weekly returns, which were received, presented, in fact plausible motives for hope and confidence.

In this turmoil, an assembly of legislators, transformed into a tumultuous *arena*, on which virtuous and eloquent *Athletes*, numerous but scattered about, and without a chief, struggled against a small number of energetic and well disciplined desperadoes; a versatile government, wandering without fixed principles, and without *compass on a tumultuous revolutionary ocean*; a municipality, that had usurped the popular sovereignty, with which it was intoxicated; assemblies of sections, political societies, in which the fervour of a *civic* enthusiasm was mixed with the delirium of ambition, and the fury of assassinations; a

people, uncertain of their destiny, doubtful of their own safety, in an error respecting the merits of the times, deceived by men and seduced by words ; and, on the other hand, a king in fetters, whose scaffold was erected by one faction, and whose throne another party wished to raise again, for whose life the nation offered prayers, but whose restoration, perhaps, they ought to have apprehended ; finally while this confusion of contrary interests, of passions so opposite, inundated and ravaged the interior parts of France, an army of heroes, chaining victory to their triumphant cars, encircled their brows with laurels, commanding peace to those same enemies, who brought war among them ; such was the general state of things, when the national convention commenced the trial of Louis XVI. When this important affair was announced, the kings of Europe apalled kept an awful silence, the world's attention was rivetted on the new republic, and France waited with an apparent calm the decision of her legislators.

I have arrived at this memorable era, but through the secret road, which I then travelled without a de-

sign to follow the vast tracts of history, I shall merely visit, if I may say so, some of the by-paths ; and as they are those, which are confined to internal anecdotes, and domestic details, I believe them unknown, and worthy of exciting the most lively interest. A family devoted to wretchedness, by turns elated with hope, and threatened by proscription, ready to be seated again in triumph upon a throne, or to fall expiring from a scaffold ; what subject is there more calculated to inspire terror and excite pity !

Before I delineate this sad picture, you will permit me to draw your attention for a moment to that, which the interior of the Temple offered at the time ; it was truly a family picture.

The report of the prosecution intended against the king had been afloat some days ; whatever might be the motive for this secret murmur, we thought fit to make it known to the king. Toulan, who had no further intercourse with him, had informed the queen of it, and she had taken an opportunity, when the king was at table, to communicate the intelligence to him, far from being disagreeably impressed, he seemed to

be pleased; because conscious of his innocence, he did not apprehend the result, and viewed it as a triumph. When I was informed of his disposition, I acquainted him, by means of the telegraphic frame, with the whole truth; the pleasure, which I marked on his countenance in the mirror, made me sensible, how welcome my information had been to him. On the next day I read on the reflecting mirror the invitation, which he gave me to attempt to enter the Tower, so as to have a private interview with him; he added, that the princesses had lately obtained permission to spend a part of the day with him, and that it would afford them a satisfaction as pleasing as unexpected, if I could bring my interesting pupil with me. My son, observed the king, mentions his name every day, and will be gratified to see him. I immediately promised his majesty to use every exertion to accomplish his wishes.

It was very difficult, as the tyranny became daily more ferocious, and as the guards were more jealous. It was necessary to deceive the one, and avoid the others. Toulan assisted us, and procured us the

desired opportunity. For three days the king had endured much from the toothach, but he suffered patiently, for Antoinette had persuaded him that it would be disgraceful to implore assistance.

Toulan having observed to this princess, that this circumstance offered a favourable, and perhaps the only opportunity to maintain a communication without, she persuaded the king to make application; the answer was conformable to his wishes; the first physician of his majesty, and his ordinary surgeon were summoned before the communes, and received cards of admission.

Toulan introduced me then to the latter, who was a man much attached to the royal family, and much affected by their misfortunes. As soon as he was made acquainted with my design, which was to personify him at the Temple, he immediately entered his closet, having in his hand a case of instruments, which he intrusted to me, "I believe I am not known to the members, who compose the interior administration of the Temple, said he to me, but should it happen otherwise, and if you are questioned, you may

safely say, that I have sent you, I depend on your character for my own safety, and am only uneasy about yours."

The business was half accomplished; but I had promised the king, that Edwin should accompany me. Mr. Melwood being consulted upon this subject, gave us the counsel, which we adopted, and which was, not to present myself before the day, on which Fanny, who had been enrolled in the national guard, should be on duty. Considering the number of her comrades, it was probable, that she could easily exchange duty, and mount her guard at the Temple; Edwin in that case was to supply her place, and with a little dexterity and a little money, he could obtain permission to be posted near the king's door; this project was accomplished in the following manner.

On the 15th. of November, Fanny was detached for the post of reserve. At the moment that the detachment destined for the Temple prepared to move, under the pretence of curiosity, she asked liberty to join it, and obtained her request, and appeased the murmurs with money, an irresistible argument. Near-

the Temple she left her comrades, and met my pupil, who was waiting for her, and taking her sabre, he went to take her place. They objected to receiving him because he was unknown; but having given proofs, that he was the intimate friend of citizen *des Roziers*, he soon removed all objections; add to this, that he treated his comrades on guard with a good breakfast, and promised, that he would entertain them with his flute at night, such offers were not to be resisted.

When Fanny returned, and I had observed from her mother's window, where I watched, that the drawbridge was dropped, and that guard was mounting, I went through several lanes to the street where the carriage waited for me; I entered it, and ordered the driver to carry me to the Temple. Obedient to my disposition, alike timid and enterprising, I experienced a violent palpitation of heart, but at the same time, I was inflated with hope.

The coach door opened, a sentinel advanced, I informed him of the object of my visit, he called a corporal and four; I alighted, and was conducted under a good escort before the council of administration.

In order to arrive before them, I was obliged to cross a yard, among seven or eight citizen soldiers I recognised Edwin, who knew me at once, and approaching me obliquely addressed one of his brothers in arms, so that I might hear him ; "I shall be on sentry at four o'clock, when shall you comrade?" Before the other had time to answer, I had gone by.

Until then I had thought, that when magistrates were seated on the bench, justice and decency were their companions, without which, power is mere abuse, and justice resembles despotism. The council at the Temple had banished them both, no doubt, because the attributes, which characterize probity, are little suited to revolutionary municipal officers. When I entered among them, I know not what animated dispute they were engaged in, they talked all at once, walked the room with agitation, mixed their discourse with threatening gestures, noisy debates, and gross epithets. Such have been, without much exception, the public assemblies, which sprang from the revolution. I ceased to be surprised, when I considered the

importance of the interest which divided them, the enormous mass of passions, which was in fermentation, the condition and character of the orators, the nature of their harangues, and the final aiming point of the revolutionary disorders.

My presence restored calm among the contending parties. The president mounted an elevated seat, from whence he asked my name in a rude manner, the object of my visit, and the authority, which justified my entrance into this formidable place. I satisfied his inquiries, avoiding however to make use of my sirname. I afterwards produced the card, which the king's surgeon had lent me, and which was not returned till it had been examined by all the inquiring municipal officers. They emptied my pockets, felt the lining of my clothes, and the inside of my hat, made me pull off my shoes, searched the case of surgical instruments and emptied it entirely, and, when they were satisfied, that I concealed nothing suspicious or dangerous, they ordered one of their members to accompany me to the door of Louis. As I progressed, the number of wickets and jailers seemed to augment.

Among the last, those newly appointed had still a more frightful aspect than the first, their attitude was more horrible, and their countenances more sinister.

The compassion, which melted my heart, was visible on my features. This displeased my leader; for a man of your profession, said he to me, you seem to possess much sensibility.....Would you impute it to me as a crime?.....No, but I would reproach you with it; it is weakness to pity the enemies of the country. .....It is not the enemy of the country, whom I pity, it is the unfortunate man.....If he is so, it is his own fault. .....That makes him more so.....After all, he bears his adversity very well, he does not lose his appetite, or his sleep.....Religion supports him, and his innocence consoles him.....The municipal officer knit his brow, and was silent for a moment, then resuming the conversation, you do not appear to me to be a republican. .....I think a republican ought to possess more virtues than another man, and humanity in my opinion is the first virtue.....But, my dear friend, all that stuff is mere *moderatism*.....I know not what you mean by *moderatism*, but, if you mean *moderation*, I shall always glory

in the possession of a qualification, which embellishes those virtues we may practice, and serves as a supplement to those we want.....With such principles we never should establish liberty.....Forgive me, but the pedestal of its statue would not be immerged in blood.

We should have pursued our conversation, had we not reached the king's door. It was not open, his majesty, being indisposed, had not slept all night. Clery shewed himself through a little grate placed in the door ; I addressed myself to that faithful servant. .....Go and tell the king, that the surgeon's aid comes at his request. Clery, whom I had warned with a glance, came back immediately, and informed me, that the king would admit me with pleasure. The bolts were loosened, and the triple doors turning heavily on their hinges were opened for my admission.

The presence of the municipal officer, who walked before me, prevented me from tendering to the august prisoner, the homage of my veneration. But while my mouth was silent, my eyes were not so, the king vouchsafed to understand me, and I read his feelings

in his countenance, and the pleasure, which my presence afforded him.

In order to justify the part, which I acted, I asked the liberty to examine his mouth.

I can be of service to you, said the municipal officer, I practice pharmacy, if the gentleman, added he, designating the king, needs any medicines, I have the best assortment in Paris. At that moment his majesty groaned severely, which, with the observation of the administrator, suggested to me the means of getting rid of him by accepting his offer. After examining the king's tooth ; I do not think, said I to him, that it is necessary to extract that of which you complain, it is not damaged. A tonic, and an emolient remedy will reduce the inflammation, and will neutralize the humour. Since the citizen has been kind enough to offer his services, I accept them, and will write a prescription, which I beg of him to go and prepare ; I will apply it myself, and shall wait to observe its effects ; provided however, added I with deference, that this may be consistent with the orders of council. You have nothing to do now with the coun-

cil, answered the municipal officer, I am responsible for your person; in that case said I, it is left with you to consider, whether I have inspired you with sufficient confidence to leave me here; much more than you think, answered he, I do not believe you a warm democrat, but he, who dares to speak as you have, within the walls of this tower, before a member of the communes of the 10th. of August, is an honest man. I leave you on your word, persuaded as I am, that you can only condole with the gentleman, but that you will not give him bad advice. Write your prescription, I am ready.

Filled with a joy, that I could not restrain, I wrote; and was so agitated, that my prescription was not legible. This is really a scrap of the old style, said the apothecary, as he received my billet. How do you know the scraps of the new, replied the king, whom his complaisance had made happy? They say that modern medicine does not require the knowledge of reading or writing, which circumstance does not prevent patients from recovering. Nor dying, answered the municipal officer, as he left us.

This man is rude, said Clery, but he is intelligent, and he might be useful.....Oh ! my dear abbé, exclaimed the king, as he presented me his hand, which I kissed, how much I have undergone since I saw you last ! Thus then is the ancient monarchy, the government, which produced so many good kings, a few objectionable princes, which has made so many happy men, so few miserable, totally overturned. On its ruins they rear a republic. They have not driven me alone from the throne, but they have proscribed my race ; my wife, my children, my sister, are stripped of every thing, and have not even an asylum, where they can retire, happy to find in a dungeon a support and shelter ! Those are fatal reverses, are they not ? There are some still more cruel ! still more cutting ! My friend, added the prince melting into tears, they have robbed me of my family ! My poor wife, my dear children, my sister, languish far from me ! Torn from them I pine and perish ! Hardly have we been able for some days to exchange a few words at table, and that before rude keepers, men of no feelings !..... Oh ! those people have never been unhappy !.....Sire,

complain to the convention.....Which would refer me to the communes. Clery has here a very zealous servant, who brings the newspapers under balls of thread; I read the debates of the new assembly. What men! What principles! What passions! What language! Some talents, some virtue perhaps on one side, but what a weakness! Such want of address! They run to destruction. Their adversaries ill bred, ferocious, and audacious, will become their assassins. They will all be murdered, and I shall lead the way. .....Indulge not those presentiments, sire.....I cherish and invoke them daily on the contrary; how can any one wish to live to be the witness and the victim of those atrocities!.....Sire, they cannot last long, the storm is too tremendous.....Tremendous indeed! answered the king in the accent of despair, the thunderbolt will crush many heads, and blood will raindown!....

The unfortunate monarch had never felt more keenly the horror of his situation. I did not undertake to solace him; his ulcerated heart could not endure the touch; I contented myself to mourn with him, and in the bitterness of my soul I wept abundantly.

Clery, standing by, contemplated in silence this afflicting scene. Oh ! providence ! Louis, in the recess of a dungeon, watered with his tears, his regicide chains ! Robespierre and d'Orleans, seated on bloody thrones, dictated their proud decrees to the prostrated nation !

All of a sudden the king wiped his eyes ; he rose with a placid countenance, and told me in a calm and more composed tone ; we afflict ourselves too much, M. de Fermont, forgive this gust, which I could not control. Let us make a better improvement of the time, which chance affords us.

Louis XVI. having placed Clery on the watch near the central door of the apartment, opened for me that of the small tower, which served as a closet ; when I had entered it, and was seated near a secretary, on which the king used to write.....When I was reigning said that prince, you advised me to bear the weight of the crown with firmness, now that I am a prisoner, you will no doubt advise me to bear my misfortunes with resignation. Well my dear abbé, notwithstanding the tender emotion which your presence has

excited, learn, that Heaven has granted me that favour. Excepting some slight infirmities I am in perfect health ; the calm of my soul is unalterable, and when I recal the anecdotes, which affect me, it seems to me that I read anecdotes foreign to myself ; I cannot wish to my best friends a sweeter sleep than that, which closes my eyes. The repose of my persecutors is more disturbed ; while they seek it in vain, in the grandeur of those palaces, from which they have banished me, I find it in the recess of this tower, in which they have immured me ! Finally, if I experience some trouble and chagrin, my concern for my family, whose future prospects appal me, is the sole cause of my grief. But, oh my God ! I resign them to thy wise providence ; be the father of the fatherless, when I am no more !.....At these words the king lifted his eyes beaming with the consolation and confidence of a saint ; then casting them gradually on me, he remained silent for some moments.....If I mistake not, said he, that instant is not very remote ; they have sworn my death, I ought to be prepared to meet it, this is

my motive for requesting your presence and your counsel.

It would be difficult to hear, with indifference, a man in full health contemplating his approaching death; that kind of religious awe, which results from so grave a discussion, receives additional solemnity in the mouth of a monarch. Admit also, that this monarch, lately the most powerful, the most respected in Europe, now borne down with the weight of a barbarous oppression, is incessantly watched by the flaming eyes of tyranny; what an immense field you will open for solemn and melancholy reflections!

A crowd of calumniating, or deluded writers, long before my confinement, and many more since, have united, continued Louis XVI. in odious accusations against me. The errors of circumstances are imputed to treachery, and they excite hatred against me, when I should inspire pity alone. I am to be punished like a criminal, when I ought to excite sensibility, as an unfortunate man.

What can I oppose to the clamours of passions? Silence and my heart! But, if my feeble voice cannot be heard amid the thundering noise of the political storm; I owe to that throne intrusted to me by Providence, to my son, whether God has decreed, that he should be unfortunate enough to ascend it, or to live obscurely in a happy mediocrity, and I owe to myself an appeal to the tribunal of history and of posterity. Let factions then dig my untimely grave, here is the monument, which I shall deposit by its side.

At these words the king took out of a port folio a small manuscript, which he presented to me, and on which I read, "PROJECT OF MY WILL;" this is not the time and place to examine it, added he, I intrust it to you, put it to the test of your own conscience, try it by the sentiments of your soul, the light of your understanding, and write your remarks on the margin. This fortunate encounter can be renewed probably by the same means.

At the same time, that I expressed to the king how much I felt honoured and moved by this mark of confidence, I endeavoured to cheer his mind by a ray

of hope. We ought not, said I to him, to injure humanity so much as to suppose, that the convention, that is to say, the choice of French patriotism and honour, are bound to obey the sanguinary orders of a party. Whether they consult their principles, yield to their own interest, or obey the impulse of their own feelings, they will not only forbear to condemn your majesty, but they will declare their incompetency for your trial. The chief of the nation is accountable to the nation alone; but as the nation cannot be assembled at once, its delegates, for this special purpose alone, have a right to hear and decide the trial. Now, what are the powers of the convention? To acknowledge, apportion, and organize the public authority. Even admitting, that they have those powers to establish and constitute the branches of government, is granting that they do not possess the judiciary powers; since theirs are to make general laws, whereas those of the judiciary are confined to special cases, and to give decisions on those very laws. Such are the principles, which naturally induce me to believe, that, should they prosecute your majesty, it will be before a spe-

cial national tribunal. But even under this supposition, the interest of the new governors will make them object to it. If they wish to lay the foundation of the republic, which they have proclaimed, or if they intend to substitute a new dynasty to the ancient, how could they obtain the consent of France, the esteem of Europe, and the adhesion of foreign powers, if they dragged before the tribunal the monarch, whom they have hurled from the throne? Sire, under all the circumstances of my life, I have preserved the frankness of my character, and the freedom of my opinions. In the days of your power, I respected you enough not to flatter you; under your trials I owe you, and I tell you the truth. Then, sire, can it be supposed, that the most loving nation in the world, because it is the least servile, that its representatives, will submit you to the disgusting and humiliating task of a criminal prosecution, make you wade through the debates of a trial, impose on you the necessity of a defence, and expose to the chance of a partial judgment, the man once their king? No, no! whatever prejudices a people may have abandoned, it is

difficult for them to contemplate without pity, a head stripped of a crown. What would be their feelings then, if this head, so much the more miserable, that it was more revered, was exposed to the axe of the laws? The instant selected for its fall, or disgrace, would become that of its triumph; the scaffold would be changed into a new throne, and a new crown would supply the place of the instruments of death. The regicides would excite a general abhorrence, would be overwhelmed with shame, and would meet with instantaneous destruction. Observe, sire, that the summary remarks, which I make, do not advert to the merits of the supposed trial. I am only stating to your majesty some of the objections, which public opinion, feelings, and even prejudices, not less than principles, must suggest to your enemies against the form of their proceedings. Once more, you are necessary to their existence; the greatest harm, which can befal them, would be that inflicted on you, and the axe lifted over your head, would not come down, till theirs had been severed from their body..... May they, answered Louis, be sufficiently convinced

of the truth of your opinion to use their victory with moderation! But, if I must confess it, so long as I observe the murderers of September among the representatives, my hopes will be faint indeed. Believe not, however, that my courage forsakes me. No, I will suffer with resignation, and shall die like a king.

This firmness of soul, this kind of heroism, which misfortunes and captivity gave to the weak Louis XVI. have often been the subject of my reflection, and the object of my remarks. What a contrast between Louis on the throne, and Louis in fetters! What a singularity in this contrast, which disconcerts the whole theory of the human heart, and is beyond all probabilities. When Louis XVI. the first potentate of Europe, could accomplish every thing, he dared not do any thing. When he had lost all power, he dared to think as a man, and to act as a hero. The weight of a sceptre was too heavy for his feeble hands, but he bore nobly that of his chains. He often excited contempt, when seated on a throne; chained in a tower, he always commanded respect. Greatness seemed for him a troublesome element, in which always constrained he

could not breathe freely, as soon as he was plunged in misery, calm reigned in his heart, and serenity on his countenance. Finally, had he expired in the midst of his court, chronology alone would have recorded his inglorious name under that of his predecessors, whilst now on his monument shaded with palms, history and poetry are busily employed in engraving the greatness of his fall, the dignity of his sufferings, and the glory of his martyrdom.

This is not the place to investigate the causes of those astonishing contrarieties, the analysis of which would require the most subtle metaphysical sagacity; I shall notwithstanding point out two causes, one of which existed in the king's heart, the other in his disposition, the first, emanating from a religious, uniform, and constant faith, made him disdain perishable greatness to aspire solely at immortality. Had he been a less pious christian, he would have been a more powerful king, an administrator better obeyed. But captivity, admitting that he had been reduced to it, would not have been softened by religion. His phlegmatic apathy, and the indolence of his inactive mind afford

the other cause. Cast by chance on a brilliant theatre, where activity is requisite to command admiration, and where one must act to attract notice, but condemned by nature to remain in a manner motionless, Louis saw tranquilly the tempest of events collecting around him, which he ought to have warded and dissipated, but which has at last overwhelmed him. Degraded and a captive, no longer the sport of circumstances, he found for the first time, not the most glorious destiny for him, but the situation, which he thought the most favourable. His ears were no longer fatigued with the noise of grandeur, and the tumult of revolutions, now succeeded by a profound silence. The whimsical and varied medley of public affairs, becoming daily more intricate, was succeeded by a monotonous and uniform existence, so analogous to the taste and wants of the king; after acting a part, which was contrary to his nature and inclinations, he had become a passive observer. The resistance of his immobility, a species of negative courage, supplied him with the energy, which nature had denied! And if I add, that during the whole time of his detention, a deplorable

fatality, or rather a ferocious combination, surrounded him with a rabble of men, rude by habit, wicked by inclination, cruel by opinion, and who each day even to that, which was his last, have embittered the pangs of his long agony, the world will no longer be surprised, that he appeared as a great man in the Temple, while he was so inferior as a king at the Tuileries, and that the crown of the saint, hung over his tomb, gave lustre to the man, whose throne was wrapt in obscurity.

After this conversation with the king, the prince gave me a detail of the amusements, which delighted his solitude. Before they had deprived me of my family, said he to me, I used to enhance the pleasure of my walk by their company. The sports of my boy, the sweet disposition and graces of my daughter, my sister's resignation, the greatness of soul, fortitude, elevated mind and knowledge of the queen, dispelled my sadness, and made me forgetful of my personal dangers. Seated under the shade of the old chesnut trees, which embellished the garden, surrounded by the dearest objects of my heart, to complete my felic-

ity, we turned our conversation on those, who are dear to my memory. Cruel and sweet recollection! my heart alone preserves you, and my lips dare not express you! Ah! M. de Fermont, what harm my brothers have done me!.....Louis paused, as if that involuntary exclamation, spontaneously dictated by his conscience, had surprised and frightened him. Now added he, that I am no longer permitted to indulge the feelings of my heart, but at stated and fixed periods, I endeavour to indemnify myself by mental speculations. There are no sorrows, which find not a solace in reading and study. The perusal of travels, which rids me of those men, whom I love, although they persecute me, brings me among those nations, which we call barbarous, because they are in the vicinity of nature, but which being endowed with virtues, not yet contaminated with social politeness, fulfil without reluctance and without affectation the duties of humanity. It is among them, it is amidst those happy hordes, in the heart of a delightful country embellished and enriched by the choicest productions, under a temperate latitude, that liberty flourishes and acquires

strength; it is not a liberty instituted for the sake of pillage and equality, which is the mask of disorganization; a fraternity, which unites men under the vault of threatening pikes; but that liberty which encircles, within a garland of flowers, hearts worthy of mutual affection. As to my historical researches, they initiate me, alike into the mysteries of cabinets, and into a knowledge of the human heart. Here I behold nations silently crouching under the lash of a *Domitian*, there an unruly multitude fermented by the voice of a Mazaniello, in other tracts, myriads of soldiers cut down by the sword of the Saracens, hard by, a blind mob deceived and mutilated by fanatical clergymen, and nations become the miserable sport of kings, the victims of the pride of the factious, and the prey of ambitious conquerors!.....Great God! hast thou only created man, and permitted social institutions, to deliver them into the hands of a treacherous minority.

Louis XVI. as he proceeded, displayed a treasure of knowledge stored in his memory, and which inspired his imagination with the happiest ideas, and his judgment with the wisest reflections. I was convinced

that if an erroneous education, such as princes receive, had not, on one side, vitiated his precious propensity to virtue, and rendered his talents useless, so on the other, it had not developed those qualities which effected his ruin, and imparted to him his timidity and weakness; Louis XVI. equally incapable of being a great or a wicked king, might have given the rare example of a virtuous and well informed sovereign.

I learnt during that interview, that he was engaged in translating from the English the last voyage of Cook, a work with which our language had not been enriched. It was not the only work he had attended to. As a learned geographer, he had reduced to a regular system the *Treatise on great rivers*, of which Louis XV. had generally given a list and description; finally, from this constant habit of decking, with the flowers of study and the fruits of meditation, the chains of his slavery, it was easy to discover, that, if Louis cast occasionally a careless look on his past grandeur, and had consented, that his partisans might attempt to restore his power, it was less from a thirst after it, or

from the regret of its loss, than through a condescen sion to the queen, and his love for his family.

The municipal officer had left us alone for more than an hour, and Louis was yet conversing with me, when his family were introduced ; I beheld them with a tender emotion, and they seemed to receive me with pleasure. The princesses, dressed in robes extremely modest in their forms and colours, had on their heads handkerchiefs resembling turbans, and tied on one side. Young Madame had become more beautiful during her retreat ; she unites to a mild physiognomy, though somewhat proud, an exquisite skin for delicacy and whiteness. The calm of resignation was painted on the undisturbed features of Madame Elizabeth, whilst those of the queen, already furrowed by sorrow, exhibited the constraint of a soul deeply divided between sufferings and meditations. As to the young prince, his innocent smile, the candour of his looks his light hair resembling th at happily expressed by Guido, the unaffected ease of his attitude, the celerity of his movements, gave a very interesting and tender expression to the group of the royal family. The

petulant security of the child sporting with his chains, which had become his toys, under the arches of this dark dungeon, as carelessly as if he had inhabited his father's palace, and the haughty gravity of Antoinette smothering her sighs, and repulsing with a proud dissimulation the insults of her executioners, exhibited a striking contrast, which excited in my breast a sad sympathy impregnated with terror.

The queen and her sister in law had been informed daily of the progress of the conspiracy. Toulan, who still discharged near her the duties of a municipal officer, had given them an exact detail of the whole. Its explosion and its success alarmed Elizabeth much; this gave the queen some uneasiness, but excited no fear; she always found in her great soul resources against adversity, and she found no less to inspire the king with a confidence, which she perhaps did not possess herself. It may be said finally, that she alone gave life, character, and motion, to the weak and good personages, which surrounded him.

The subjects which we were engaged in discussing, were too important, even to admit the thought of

introducing Edwin; the queen mentioned him first. She seemed to learn with satisfaction, that he had found means to introduce himself so near the king. At the name of my pupil, young Charles, forsaking his card castle, which deeply engaged his attention, came to ask me, *whether he should see his good friend to day?* I answered the prince, that I hoped so; *in that case*, said he, *I shall be very much pleased*, but, added he, looking at his sister with a sly glance, *I know somebody that will be more pleased than I shall.* These few words, which diffused a bed of roses on the cheek of Maria Theresa, led me to suspect, that Fitz-Asland did not sigh in vain, and, that in spite of the distance of rank or place, love, which laughs at obstacles and bolts, had made itself understood by means of the telegraph. I thought, after mature deliberation, that I ought to leave things to chance, not being desirous by a severity, perhaps laudable in itself, but misplaced under such circumstances, to add a link to the chain of the detained, and to sacrifice the duties of a faithful subject to those of a rigid preceptor.

Fortune, which began to smile on us, was constant. At the hour appointed, Fitz-Asland came to relieve the sentinel of the internal door; through the wicket he had the honour of kissing the king's hand, those of the princesses, and of his son. Their majesties expressed to him the pleasure, which they felt on seeing him again; they asked him several questions, which he answered with much wit and propriety, but without that petulance, which he had manifested in the first interview. Louis conversed principally with him on mechanism, with which he was extensively acquainted. He approved the attempt, which my pupil had made in that branch of the sciences for his service, and promised that he would reward him suitably hereafter. During this conversation, frequently interrupted by the queen's inquisitive episodes, all tending to find the state of the people's mind towards her, I observed young Madame, who listened attentively in a modest and pleasing attitude, and did not lose a word or gesture of her lover. Edwin, satisfied to speak before her, improved to his best this advantage. An incident,

as unforeseen as it was favourable, offered him an opportunity to display his talents more fully.

A noise, heard in the external passage, warned us of what we supposed to be the return of the municipal apothecary. The prisoners retired into the recess of the apartment, Edwin, resting on his arms, began to whistle; but on beholding Toulan, we thought those precautions needless. He told us, that his colleague, who had directions to compose a tonic for the king, according to my prescription, had fainted whilst preparing it, being suffocated by the vapour of the coal; that this accident, become more serious, owing to a previous indisposition, had obliged the person, whom he had met, to send an apology to the council; that they immediately deliberated on the choice of a successor in the care of the prisoners, and that he himself was chosen. You may judge of the pleasure which this news diffused among us.

The first door of the king's apartment remaining open, Toulan sent away the jailer, placed Clery at the second door, and introduced Fitz-Asland. This con-

course of happy circumstances, and the presence of devoted subjects, moved the feelings of the royal family; we were all silent for a moment, during which they rewarded our services with tears, and breathed those short but energetic sentences, in which a sentimental soul exhales itself.

In order to justify the favours of fortune, by using them sparingly, we rapidly reviewed the events, of which for four years, and more especially for four months, the royal family had been the objects and victims. We examined their present situation; and afterwards, by an exact recapitulation of the resources left them, compared with their actual wants, and with the dangers, which threatened them, we introduced the great question to determine how, and when we should use the one, and repair the other; in a word, at what signal, and in what manner, the conjuration should act openly.

It is during such debates, in which life, liberty, and honour, long tossed about by the tempests of contrary passions, are the subject of discussion; it is during those decisive moments, when an effort is made to

snatch those precious rights from impending destruction, that souls, concentrated within themselves by terror and danger, react and dilate at the dawning perspective of future safety. Nature offers not a more propitious opportunity to unravel the intricacies of the human heart; rid of those polite embarrassments, called propriety, no longer covered with the veil of social hypocrisy, nature appears in its primitive nakedness, and is, as it were, caught in the fact.

It was thus, that during this occurrence, I saw the king and queen's soul without disguise. United in one design, they were not agreed on the time and means for its execution. Louis inclined for the mildest process, and wished to fix the epoch for the attempt, when his trial should become alarming. Antoinette was determined to signalize the kind of political resurrection of her house, by a display of severity, and some bold stroke. I do not indulge a thirst for revenge in acting thus, said she, I take counsel of prudence and necessity. Were I to yield to the just transports of my hatred, by making severe reprisals for the torments, which I endure, I should crush

under my feet the venomous reptiles, that inflict them. Cool reasoning and exact calculation have convinced me, that the ruin of the chiefs involves that of their party. They must die then, those ferocious chiefs, to enable us to live, and in order to make them, on the one hand, atone for their crimes, and on the other, provide for our security. It is by a suitable severity, that we acquire the power of being just, and that of showing mercy. As to the instant, that is to decide whether France will again acknowledge her ancient kings, the more you hasten it, the more you will enervate the faction. Allow it not to give Europe the scandalous spectacle of a trial, commenced against my husband. It is important never to permit to be eradicated from the people's mind that useful prejudice; that kings, whose power is the gift of God, are answerable to his tribunal alone. Ah! if Louis XVI. less docile to the influence of the new philosophy, which he has fostered without appreciating it, if Louis XVI. had propped, with a suitable force, this maxim, which constitutes the solidity of a throne, we

should not now be reduced to advise on the means of rearing his own again !

The discussion continued without becoming more interesting. Finally, neither the velocity required by the queen, nor the temporizing measures of the king were rejected. We decided to make a last review of our forces, to compare them with those of our enemy, and to surprise him at the time appointed for the attack. Toulan was to present on the second day after, and submit to the king the plan of execution in writing, at the bottom of which his majesty was to affix the royal sanction and special powers.

Things being thus regulated, it is enough, said the king, it is devoting too much time to my private interest ; let us grant some moments to friendship, and to the pleasures of the heart. Alas ! ought I not everlastingly to bless Providence, which has granted to me in that particular what I have lost on the scale of grandeur ? I have no sceptre or court left, but I am better than ever in the bosom of my family, which repays my tenderness many fold, and makes me for-

get my misfortunes by incessant and redoubled tokens of attachment.

The princesses, at that time having retired to the window, where they formed a semicircle, and being all engaged in needle work, recalled to my mind those celebrated queens of antiquity, who, like Penelope, charmed the dulness of greatness by the pleasures of industry. On the corner of a small table, where Clery was setting copies for the young prince, the king unfurled a geographical map of France according to its division into departments, then covering it with a white paper of the same size, he invited his son to shew us his docility to the lessons of his father; say also my gratitude for your care, added the charming child, who, with the tip of a pencil, traced, with as much celerity as exactness, the divisions, the name of each department, and of each district, and the courses of the rivers, which water them, and their most remarkable mountains.

To the geographical lesson, succeeded the reading of history. But Louis, above all, fed the mind of his young son with that of revolutions. This prince had

made a short, but excellent extract from the best historians of antiquity, and the most esteemed among the moderns. On that day, the order of lessons led the august instructer, and the royal pupil to the revolution, which overthrew the throne of the famous Dionysius, and which, substituting a ferula to his sceptre, made him the instructer of children, instead of a governor of subjects. The allusion was striking, and the king was not the last to observe it. You see, my son, said he to little Charles, that I am not the only dethroned king, who has solaced the severity of his misfortunes by study. Dionysius taught reading.....Did he teach his own children? asked the young prince in the most sentimental accents, and with a look replete with tenderness. By a simultaneous impulse, the three princesses suspended their work, and Maria Theresa kissed her brother, and flew to the arms of her father melting in tears. This simple and moving scene procured us a renting pleasure.

A short concert terminated this interesting interview. Edwin, without informing me of it, had attempted to set, to the music of a well known romance,

the following words, which he sang, and which the queen deigned to accompany on the piano forte.

Tourterelle captive
Au fond de ce berçeau,
Désolée et plaintive,
Gémit sur un rameau ;
Elle pleure son tourtereau,
Et fatigue l'écho
De sa douleur naïve.

Ton amour, ma tendresse
Sont ma vie et mon bien ;
Auprès de ta maitresse
Il ne te manque rien ;
Mais loin d'elle, quel autre lien
Peut te rendre le bien
Que te fait sa tendresse ?

Do sa voix gémissante
Echo te dit l'accent ;
Aux pleurs de ton amante
Répond en accourant ;
Hate toi, finis mon tourment....
Un soupir de l'amant
Rend la vie à l'amante.

## SEVENTH NIGHT.

EIGHT days after this interview, which Toulan and myself reported to the directory of the conjuration, I received a line from Manuel, informing me, that on the next day, the national convention, in committee of the whole, would discuss the awful question, which was to determine the fate of Louis XVI. this message was accompanied with a card to procure me admittance at the hall of the school of equitation. The days of my surgical mission being expired, it was by means of the telegraph, that my pupil informed the king of this new incident.

If this setting of the most powerful association, which ever existed, could have been made public, it would have been sufficient to have given a just opinion

of its most famous members. No longer embarrassed by the jealous observation of the communes, I saw them yield, without reserve, to their ruling passions. Some exaggerating the revolutionary advantages, others confessing their devotion for fanaticism ; some impelled by their thirst after applause, others indulging all the refinements of cunning and deception ; some animated by the love of glory, others shewing their desire of obtaining the honours of sovereignty ; a greater number actuated by a patriotism, respectable in its origin, terrible in its shocks, and pernicious in its results. I shall endeavour to trace, as far as my memory will allow, the prominent display of this truly tragical scene, by the importance of the actors, who sustained parts, by the questions, which were debated, and the influence, which they had on the destinies of the king of France, of Europe, and of mankind at large.

When I entered, Gensonné presided ; the left side, called the *mountain*, was filled from top to bottom ; the centre was numerous, but the right almost empty. Barrère had mounted the *Rostrum* ; silence prevailed,

this dextrous orator was heard attentively, and his speech was subordinate to every opinion, each one, in hearing him, thought he recognised his own sentiment, and, that he heard his own arguments displayed, and as applauding him was self applause, he commanded all the suffrages.

"In the moral order, said he, there are mathematical truths, in which all are agreed, as every one admits incontestible physical facts. Let any one ask each of us, what is the form of the sun? All voices will unite, and pronounce it round. Let any one inquire of each of us, what are the sweets of slavery, and the disasters of liberty? We shall find the latter preferable to the former; because after a due calculation, neither being numerous, we are induced to choose the greatest sum of happiness, from which we have but little evil to subtract.

"But when we enter on the means of making the most important addition to the blessings, and the most considerable subtraction of evils, there unanimity will cease, the problem will be balanced in different minds, and debates will commence.

"Such would be the decision which we now seek, if, in order to pass its narrow defiles, we were not united by the common interest of the country. Who among you would question, that it must be saved?

"Two principal opinions, and which appear irreconcilable, divide the convention. The partisans of the first persuade themselves, that the glory of France, the interest and the duty of the assembly require, that they should summon, before the tribunal of opinion, whose organ they are, a mortal, who was a king. These, who profess the second, feel so confident in the stability of the new government, that the humbling of the monarch seems to them of no use to give it firmness. They even think, that the coalesced powers wait only for a pretext of this kind to arm the people and their prejudices. Therefore, each finds, in his patriotism and in his conscience, the cause and support of his mode of thinking, each therefore ought to felicitate even him, who is diametrically opposed to his wishes, since in his adversary he may embrace a republican.

"After this fraternal embrace, which binds in the same bonds, and unites in one way of thinking, hearts

made to cherish each other, since they are destined to lay the foundation of liberty. could you any longer agitate a question, the private interest of which vanishes before the general interest? What matters it to the fate of the republic, whether Louis sleeps in the sumptuous palace of the Tuileries, or in the dungeon of the Temple? Are his moral existence and political death of that extreme consequence, that the founders of democracy should spend the time of the country on that subject? Let the man, descended from the throne, slumber, or rather disencumber the soil of liberty of the rubbish of that very throne, I mean to say of monarchical institutions; restore circulation to the dried up arteries of the social body; decree perpetual victory, by it, you shall have truly decreed the republic."

"Is this, exclaimed Danton, without leaving his place, is this the proud and energetic style of a lover of liberty, or the sycophant cant of a vile pander of tyranny? To approve or reject all opinions is too much, or too little; it is nothing at all. My blood boils, I feel a contraction of my muscles, when I hear the measure, which we insist upon, treated with indif-

ference. Great God! It is indifferent to those alone, who alike caress royalty and republicanism, as they often pass from the arms of one prostitute into those of another. But we, the pontiffs of equality, should we be called Druids, we shall vote her a sacrifice worthy of herself. Ah! had not your volatile patriotism evaporated on the day, on which you made the faint effort of proclaiming the republic, the head of the tyrant should have been prostrated at your feet, and his blood should have reddened the floor of the legislature. But until the hour arrives, which is about to strike, let us begin his trial."

"Yes, continued Robespierre, who had mounted the rostrum, yes let his trial commence; let us place on the stool that being, who proudly sat on a throne, and let us humble royalty by the accusation of Louis; but let us guard against that exultation, so happy, when it springs from the heart, so dangerous, when it arises from the fermentation of the brain. I am no less afraid of the equinoxial rays which burn vegitation, than of the northern frosts, which prevent the circulation of the sap. Why are we entertained with heads

cut off, and blood lavished? Why is liberty represented as holding a dagger? It sacrifices victims, I own it, but only when the laws direct the axe. It executes, but does not assassinate. Let us clothe the king's trial with solemn forms. Bring him before you as representatives of the nation, like that nation, divest yourselves of passions; see nothing but the country; but remember that justice is before the country itself."

"Robespierre," said St. Just, "has laid down, in a few words, the basis of politics, the rule of morals, the theory of revolutions. Legislators, I shall add but one word; the country errs often through zeal, sometimes through interest, but inflexible justice never commits errors, but always repairs them. Judge the king then, justice will point out, whether you ought to absolve or condemn him."

Several orators followed the preceding, but they did not differ materially, and voted on the same side. Until then not a voice had been raised to oppose the torrent, I thought I saw the triumph of the mountain insured, and that they would pass the decree without any

discussion. Already the countenances of its members manifested the smile of triumph ; but Vergniaud soon mounted the rostrum, and, with a penetrating and sonorous voice, expressed, in the following words, the feelings of his heart.

" My eye looks in vain among you, I see none but members of clubs *(loud murmurs on the side of the mountain, the orator disdained them, and drowned them in the sounds of his melodious voice)* I shall not tell you like Barrère, that the fate of the prisoner is indifferent to us. Why should it be? Because he has been a king, has he ceased to be a man? Does he suffer no longer? Is it a crime to pity him? Dare you reproach me with it?.....The groans of the victims of September would silence you.....*A hundred voices from every part of the hall were heard at once.*" " *Order! Order! to the Abbey! Down with Vergniaud! Let the Gironde Duck quack!*" *Sounds of the president's bell rend the air*.....For the honour of the assembly, exclaimed Marat, as he scaled the rostrum, I ask that Vergniaud may be silenced.....For the honour of Vergniaud, answered the latter, I second the mo-

tion of Marat.....A frightful noise and confusion ensued; thirty mountaineers, on one side, and twenty members on the right, fly to the rostrum, and speak all together, some vague exclamations and sharp cries are the only speeches addressed to the murmuring assembly. The sounds of the bell are no longer heard amidst the horrid confusion. The passions let loose are frightfully depicted on all countenances. Danton appears more colossal than ever, and d'Orleans's purpureal hue is many shades darker; Robespierre becomes more livid; Marat, in a filthy dress, raves like a demoniac on the rostrum, stamping with his feet, and striking it with both his fists; while Vergniaud, with a brilliant and serene eye, a composed visage, the smile of disdain bordering on his lips, waits the favourable instant to shoot, upon his mean antagonists, the victorious shafts of his rare eloquence.

This moment presented itself at last. "How much," said he, improving the opportunity, "how much I might take advantage of the arms put in my hands, were it not at the expense of my country! You attempt to regulate empires! You, who have not even

the control of yourselves! You wish to be free, and you know not how to be just! You wish to give laws to the world! and you cannot subject your passions to any! What a scene you exhibit to my affrighted imagination! The gladiators defended, at least, but their own heads, and you are quarrelling for that of another! Has not the cannibal intoxication of September satiated you with blood? In vain, would you allege, to conceal your devouring thirst, that it is the blood of the king you desire. I shall always answer you, that a king is a man. If you prostrate his head, thousands of heads will drop after it in succession. I see the axe in Cromwell's hands, and it is, because I wish not to see a royal successor after the pretender, that I insist on the dismissal of the trial of Charles I.....*Name Cromwell, exclaimed a voice*.....I am in an error, replied Vergniaud, in honouring with this name, the base hypocrite, who burns to act his part. Cromwell was not sullied with every possible vice; he was not in the habit of running from the filth of debauchery to bathe himself in the blood of murdered victims. Cromwell, endowed with a vast and powerful genius, held in

his hand the world and its empires. He could mould, at will, kingdoms or republics. But he, whom I mean, whose own heart informs him of his name, only knows how to destroy. Has the genius of evil escaped from hell to infect the world? Oh! virtue, hast thou not a genius to oppose him, to wrest from him an iniquitous power?"

Vergniaud, and after him many members demonstrated, that the intended trial of the king was both unjust and impolitic. I could not, without being tedious, repeat the many speeches which signalized this memorable sitting, since condemned to oblivion. The most extraordinary proposals were made to turn the attention of the members from the principal object. I heard some ferocious motions, and eloquent replies; some coarse and furious invectives, and a display of all that refinement and energy, peculiar to the French language, when studied carefully, cultivated by genius, and spoken habitually. Finally, after a warm struggle of about eight hours, during which bold crime, with superior forces, engaged eloquent but feeble virtue, the motion for the trial of Louis XVI. was referred to

the convention. Couthon, whom I have not mentioned, but who from that instant appeared to me one of the most sanguinary champions of pillage and devastation, although he concealed his savage inclinations under the cloak of modesty, and under the mask of a visage altered by sickness, was appointed to draw the resolution, and to present it immediately.

The same evening my pupil hastened to communicate to the king the resolves of the committee of the whole, and requested to know his majesty's intentions: his answer was as follows.

"Too much precipitation may ruin all, in attempting to save all; I believe the report, which you make, but I cannot conceive, that this deliberation will be followed by alarming consequences. They dare not. Let us wait."

This billet discouraged me. Antoinette, whom Toulan consulted on the next day, manifested contrary sentiments. There is no more time to lose, said she to the municipal officer, we have lost too much already. If the trial commences, the king is a dead man, and we are all lost. We are engaged

against tygers, who will not forgive us their own crimes. Let us punish the old, and prevent the new. Let every thing be ready in two days. Assemble your discontented nobles, your dismissed clergymen, your prostrated magistrates, your fearful capitalists, your timid citizens, your speculating bankers, and all those ruined, humbled, or threatened by the new order of things. Secure the agents of foreigners. Bind all opinions by a solemn oath, all interests by promises. Intrust the principal object to none but the most devoted; but to those, who having lost all, have all to gain. Your batteries are well disposed; but we shall judge them by their effect. Once more, in two days lead us to the throne, or let our bloody corses satiate the fury of our executioners.....Toulan, enchanted with the heroic courage of Antoinette, promised, that he would justify her confidence.

The queen's ardour sympathized with that of the young man, who saw no other obstacle to the success of his project, but the want of decision in the king; I undertake to remove that objection, answered the

princess ; the king's extreme goodness borders on weakness, but we must save him against his will.

The rest of the day was employed in warning the chiefs of the conjuration to attend a general assembly during the following night. The rendezvous was in the island of the Swans.

At midnight, or thereabout, I left our dwelling accompanied by Edwin ; we were wrapped in large cloaks, and wore round hats ; it was as I have observed in December. A cloudy sky poured on us large flakes of snow, whirled about by a freezing north wind. After a few windings, we avoided passing the guard house, shunned the patrols, and the vigilance of the barriers. Having reached the field of Mars near the banks of the Seine, we waited there some time, and made a signal agreed upon to procure a boat, and soon distinctly heard the strokes of its oars, as it approached. The boatman carried us silently across ; five persons standing on the other shore surrounded and embraced us, when we landed. By means of the faint light, afforded by the reflection of the snow, I examined these persons, but did not know them. I sought

Toulan, and even added the rallying words, "*courage and fidelity.*" I received no answer, and those persons gazed on each other with an air of astonishment. I began to suspect some blunder, and Edwin feared we were betrayed. He had already cocked his pistols under his cloak. At last the smallest man of the five approached me, lifted the brim of his hat, considered me attentively, and inquired whether I was not abbé de Seyes ?.....Abbé de Seyes ! exclaimed I with astonishment ; are you ?.....Fear nothing, said he to me, I am Dumouriez,....General, continued I, I shall not take advantage of your involuntary indiscretion ; I will shew you confidence by telling you who I am. You thought you spoke to Seyes, but I am only abbé Fermont.....I know not whether Dumouriez was ignorant of my name, or that such a man existed, or whether surprise had made him forget it ; but to bring him out of the confusion of ideas, into which he seemed plunged, I was obliged to give him a summary account of myself, of the sentiments which I entertained for the king, and of the efforts which I was about to make for his deliverance. Perhaps you will

that employed him, was to temporize with all parties, to plot with all the chiefs, to attack all resistance indirectly, and to unite, with dexterity, all affections on the head of his favourite prince.

There were, no doubt, some advantages in this plan. The greatest was the extinguishing of the revolutionary focus, and the stopping of that effusion of blood, which threatened to inundate the new republic. But had every obstacle been foreseen? Or, if they had, would the springs, destined to surmount them, have sufficient elasticity to become efficacious? How could the duke of Orleans be persuaded, that he was unfit to reign? His friends, that they had no talents to become ambassadors, generals, or ministers?.....The Berlin ducats and the British guineas will do that, answered Dumouriez.....Very well, but will gold buy the consent of the king? Admitting that he resigns his throne, will he sacrifice his son, and the maternal branch to the ambition of collateral relations? How will you subdue the unconquerable spirit of Antoinette, who knows no alternative between the throne and the scaffold?..... This is the point, in which you may be of infinite

service to the king, whom you love, and to the duke of Chartres, who will have it in his power to give you solid proofs of his friendship. Attack at once, the conscience, heart, and disposition of Louis XVI. with the arms of religion, and those furnished by circumstances. If our agents make true reports, the king's trial will soon commence; under this hypothesis, besides the humble posture of the accused, which they will compel him to take, can any one foresee, or rather does not any one foresee the issue of an affair, so similar in every respect to that of Charles Stuart? Has not Danton proclaimed in open assembly, that kings could only be struck on the head? Louis must know that, he must fear it. And it is to this misfortune, that you must propose a remedy; an infallible and sovereign remedy, added Dumouriez with warmth. Let him transfer by an act under his royal signature the rights, which he thinks he has to the crown, to the young duke of Chartres, and I will be answerable for his head, the safety of his whole family, their liberty, and an asylum as secure as honourable.....With whatever indignation this inspired me, however perplexing it

was, I thought I ought not to reject it. The negotiating general, filled with hopes of a speedy and favourable answer, left me after waiting some time for Seyes, who did not come. He gave me a fictitious address to enable me to transmit, to him at Passy, the result of our interview.

The king's virtues and his goodness endear him much to my heart, said Edwin. You know how I love his adorable daughter, yet I could not consent to see them live, or become free, on those shameful conditions. I hope, my dear papa, that you will not wound the feelings of the prisoners with that infamous proposal.

I gave my pupil assurances to allay his fears in terms that alleviated in some degree the bitterness of my heart, when I contemplated the destiny of a monarch so reviled, that every intriguer thought he had the right to demand his life, or to stipulate the price of its redemption.

The night was far advanced, and those, who had promised to meet us, and for whom we waited, did not arrive. The boatman, who had brought us over,

carried back Dumouriez and his companions, among whom, I believed the eldest son of the duke of Orleans had come. Until the boatman could return, not knowing how to employ the time, which was the more tedious, that cold and obscurity seemed to lengthen its duration, we rambled over the little island. We had hardly progressed a hundred paces, when the words *who goes there?* strongly articulated, induced us to stand. I did not know what to answer, yet happening to think that it might be Toulan, or some of his party, I made the air resound with the word "*courage,*" which was immediately answered by that of "*fidelity!*" The sentinel leading us to a subterraneous cavern, lifted a trap and introduced us to an assembly faintly lighted by a funeral lamp.

The wrong indication, given us, had been the cause of the error, which had separated us. I thought I ought to conceal my encounter with the general. Toulan, who had just exposed to the company the state of things, and the absolute determination of their majesties, proposed to bind all the chiefs present by a solemn oath. I had the honour to receive it.

Then before a table, which answered for an altar, each having extended his hand on the gospel, swore *to consecrate his strength physical and moral to the restoration of the monarchy, to the safety and liberty of the king and his family.* This spectacle was truly imposing; under the arches of a mouldy cavern, by the trembling light of a sepulchral lamp, thirty personages, once the most distinguished in state, remarkable for the dreadful and rapid fall, which they had experienced, respectable for their unconditional and unbounded devotedness, offered to the cause, the defence of which they undertook, their repose, their fortunes, liberty and life. The silence and mourning of nature, the hollow murmurs of the north wind over our heads, the nocturnal hour, this assembly of men of characters so different, conditions so opposed, and of such diversified interests; this circle of personages, whose countenances were varied, as much in expression, as their forms and attitudes, and not less variegated in the colours of their dress; in the midst of them, near a decayed table, on which rested the divine book, the proof of religion, and the pledge of salvation, a min-

ister standing with entreating hands uplifted towards heaven. This sacred oath and the venerable objects, which inspired it, the contrast of their eclipsed splendour, with the dazzling eclat of their enemies; all seemed united to stamp this simple ceremony with sublimity.

When it was concluded, they deliberated with warmth, and determined with enthusiasm on the means of accomplishing the project. The death of six of the principal conspirators against the king's life was decreed unanimously, excepting my suffrage, which I formally refused, not satisfied, that I could, without being guilty of sacrilege, stain with human, even guilty blood, my sacred character, as a minister of God. When the debate turned upon the punishment, which the duke d'Orleans should suffer, I was astonished to find, that it was less severe, than that decreed against his accomplices. It was not because he was not accounted as guilty, but it was demonstrated, that alone and without perfidious counsellors, he never would have been audacious enough to become so. And his constitutional weakness disarmed those minds

irritated at the horrid deeds, which the villains, who prompted him, made him perpetrate daily.

However, on mature deliberation, as it was apprehended, that the impunity of his treason might embolden not only those, in the perpetration of crimes, whose hearts were already engaged in the same plots, but that he himself, surrounded by new intriguers, might again become the central point of a new conspiracy, the capital punishment was decreed against him. And in order to make by this act a terrible example, that would command obedience, at the same time, that it would inspire fear, it was determined that the duke's trial prepared, a long time since, by seven members of parliament, of whom two were peers of France, the only two, who could be summoned, should immediately commence, and that his execution, accompanied by the most solemn forms, should be ordered without delay. As to the abettors of this prince, accused in the public mind, convicted of crimes, whose vestiges are marked by the desolation of the country, condemned by reason and sentiment, they would be immediately delivered, either to military

execution, or to that condign punishment, due to the crimes of the vilest among men. The exile of one hundred of the partisans of anarchy; a solitary and perpetual confinement of an equal number, less atrocious, and less dangerous; an incessant watching over those, who had openly manifested the opinions fostered by those anarchists; and a general exclusion of them from any place of trust, were the measures, which, by securing an easy and total annihilation of that party, were to terminate their triumphs. I saw with pleasure, that they were satisfied with that precaution, I mean the banishment of all those from the functions of state, who, without having been implicated in the plots and pillages of unlimited democracy, made an open profession of republicanism; for by establishing, between them and the agents of revolutionary terror, so plain a distinction, the royal party gave proofs of the esteem inspired by the republicans, and the horror excited by the demagogues. There was, in fact, nothing to apprehend from the former but principles and opinions contrary to the restored government; therefore, if equity demanded, that they should be

spared, prudence would not admit of their being employed. As to the emigrants, as it was not yet proved, that whilst assembled beyond the Rhine they had armed, or that in arming they had an intention to invade the country, the question of their full restoration remained unsettled, in spite of the earnestness of some of their partisans, who, if it must be confessed, had shewed themselves inclined to adopt the most severe measures.

The moment for the accomplishment of this great design, pregnant with the fate of France, and of her monarch, was fixed on the following night. Half after twelve was to be the hour; the Temple set in flames, and a cannon shot, fired from the new bridge, were to be the signal. At this alarm, it was natural to suppose, that all the inhabitants of Paris would leave their dwellings to spread in numerous crowds on the public squares, a thing usual on similar occasions.

But what would not be known was, that the phalanxes of the king's friends, skilfully distributed in different quarters, would seize upon the most impor-

tant posts, the treasury, the arsenal, and the palace of Orleans, and would prevent, by all means in their power, the meeting of the members in the place of their sitting, or any where else. A chosen band, commanded by experienced and well tried chiefs, were to give to the sword the heads of the condemned, and, if they had partisans shameless and bold enough to defend them, they were to make immediate examples of them.

The precautionary arrest of the members of the executive council, of the members of the department of the Seine, of the corrupt members of the communes, of fifty of the most famous Cordeliers, Jacobins, and Clubists, and of some presidents of sections, was to be effected at the same moment. The incarceration of twenty incendiary editors, and of a handful of apostles of pillage, blood, and anarchy, was to precede the restoration of the monarch. While those measures should be effected at one time, Louis XVI. and his family, let out of the Temple during the tumult of the conflagration, were to be conveyed to the house of Mrs. Clara Melwood, where I was to take

charge of them with the assistance of Miss Fanny and Fitz-Asland. At the moment, that a faithful emissary should inform me, that the king's party were triumphant, and that of Orleans crushed, I was to persuade their majesties and the royal family, to ride through Paris on horseback, escorted by a good and numerous troop, and to go sword in hand to conquer, never to be wrested again, the throne of *Henry IV. Charlemagne*, and *St. Louis*.

Such was, in short, the plan of this counterrevolution. Local measures were intrusted to the prudence of the chiefs; those springing from occurrences, left to their zeal, chance, or necessity. Before the assembly separated, couriers, intrusted with the device of the conjuration, were despatched to the departments, and to foreign countries, so that internally the movement, impressed on the centre, might at once extend to the whole circumference, and, that externally, it might be seconded and supported by the coalesced powers.

This setting had electrified my pupil, and added to his generous sentiments. My dear Maria Theresa

will again be restored to grandeur, said he to me, and will again be placed at a distance from me, so that I can no longer be permitted to approach her. Farewell to the pastoral project, which my brain had conceived. No matter.....let her for ever be happy, and I shall entertain no regrets. When she graces a throne, I shall say to myself, with some pride, this is the work of my love.

I was far from sharing in this enthusiasm; not because like Edwin, and as much as he, I did not wish for the triumph of the prisoners, but, because the moment, which was to realize it, appeared terrible to my mind. I foresaw the torches of civil discord inflaming Paris, the passions of hatred let loose, private vengeance exercised, and the streets of this great city inundated in blood. Should the aggressors succeed, or should the factions resist effectually, the perspective remained the same, my fears only changed their objects. They were still men, whom a premature and tragical death would erase from the catalogue of the living, from the social order; I could never understand those ridiculous and barbarous distinctions, which

so materially alter the soundest minds and the most natural affections, that they will no longer allow any one to deplore the misfortunes of a man, if he is an enemy ; as if, because a man is French or English, a republican or royalist, he had ceased to be a member of the family of mankind !

I was not bound by an oath in the enterprise ; that, imposed by a delicate conscience and virtue, induced me to inform the king of what I had witnessed during this memorable night. I even thought I was bound to inform him of my encounter with Dumouriez, knowing that in the actual state of affairs, the greatest imprudence was to conceal the truth. Louis answered immediately.

BILLET OF LOUIS XVI. COPIED FROM THE CONCAVE MIRROR.

(VOUCHER, No. 13.)

" M. de Fermont, in the name of the attachment, which you cherish for me, and, if requisite, in the name of my authority, I forbid you to cooperate in any of the projects, which you have announced to me. That of Dumouriez chills me with horror, the other

makes me tremble. Order those, who have engaged in it, to suspend its execution. I shall only recognise as faithful subjects those that obey me."

I hastened to reply to his majesty that he might depend on my zeal, and that my only mode of proving my love, would always be to serve him, not as I wished, but as he should prescribe.

It was necessary to give, without loss of time, a communication of this letter to the chiefs of the conspirators. Formerly I had known them, but now that they were proscribed, and compelled to conceal themselves, I should not have been able to find the residence of one of them. I therefore ran to Toulan ; I was told, that he was gone to the communes, I went there, he had gone to the Temple, where I could not shew my well known face ; of course I was obliged to wait, although each instant brought on the fatal hour, and a delay might have ruined every thing.

After two tedious hours, he returned ; his face was inflamed, his eyes darted fire, his hair was dishevelled, let us go out, said he, I must speak to you. We took a carriage, which carried us to the garden of the ar-

senal. Toulan was so irritated, that he lost all recollection of the cold, until he observed that the trees were stripped. He occasionally made short exclamations, and uttered words interrupted by sighs, until he coul collect and compose his ideas, dispersed by some violent shock. I read the king's letter to him, this communication redoubled his fury. That is the very pusillanimous man, the indolent monarch, who, incapable of thinking or acting, will not suffer others to act and think for him ! August and unhappy princess, how I pity your magnanimous soul, to be obliged to bend under such an unworthy spouse ! No matter, in spite of the new obstacles, which he throws in the way, we must triumph. The coward must either shew himself brave or expire under daggers. The tone, the accent, the gestures of Toulan, the expression of his features, the harshness of his language, made me very uneasy, and excited my indignation. I begged of him to explain himself. What can I tell you but you already know, answered he ; have not this letter and my rage taught you all ? I insisted. Well, continued the officer, know, that I went to the Temple,

some moments after the communication, that through an imprudence, which savours of timidity, and which I highly disapprove, you made to the king of our determination. His family were then in his apartment. Hardly was the door open, when Louis rose and ran towards me; you are then resolved to sacrifice me said he, with a brutal fury? You are nothing but an ambitious man, using a laudable pretext to raise your own fortune! But be undeceived, if you think you shall obtain my consent; I forbid you to execute this fatal project, which cannot succeed, and which would overwhelm me with disgrace, and lead me to the scaffold. .....Antoinette, this queen, as charming, as she is courageous, arose, when she heard those words, and advancing towards the king, sire, said she to him, why punish Toulan for his zeal? Is he guilty, because you are weak? Will you treat him, who is about to liberate you, worse than an enemy?.....I refuse his services, answered the king; they are pregnant with his ruin, mine, yours Madame, and that of my children.....So then, resumed the queen, you prefer a shameful life in this tower to the glory of the success, which awaits

you ? You forget the devotedness of your loyal nobility, to think of your personal tranquillity ? Until now, you seemed to sanction and second our efforts, but, when the time is come, you hesitate ! What do I say ? you flee from the encounter ! But should I be astonished ? Have you ever done differently in critical moments ? Have you protected my bed from the stains of the 6th. of October ? Have you punished the daring attempts of the 20th. of February ? Have you not sanctioned the unheard of crime of the 20th. of June, by sullying, with the cap of the rabble, a brow hitherto encircled with a diadem ? Was it not under your fugitive footsteps, that the throne gave way ? A throne, which you ought to have defended, sceptre in hand ! What crimes has your weakness invited ? Even now, when an unbounded courage, an unbounded devotedness wishes to punish the former, and repair the consequences of the latter, you stagger, you temporize, you refuse ! How the anarchists ought to applaud you ! Who more than you is their accomplice ? But the hope, which they build on your terror, more than on their audacity, that hope shall be deceived !

Born from the first sovereign house, daughter of the immortal Maria Theresa, wife of the king of France, mother of the presumptive heir, I am determined to justify those titles. In spite of you, I shall snatch you from this dungeon ; in spite of you, I will again place the crown on your pale brow ; in spite of you, you shall again become a king ; and in spite of you, Europe will believe, that you are a man !.....During this apostrophe, continued Toulan, Louis, disconcerted, had seated himself in an arm chair, and seemed deeply sunk in a reverie ; his children were sobbing in the arms of Madame Elizabeth, who sighed bitterly, and lifted towards heaven her eyes bathed in tears. Unmoved by this melancholy picture, the queen addressed me ; Toulan, said she, I am satisfied with your zeal, give me more proofs of it ; Antoinette makes this request, added she, accompanying the last words with a vanquishing look, which it would be a sacrilege to disobey ; then raising her head with an imposing pride ; your queen orders it ! I was going and taking leave of their majesties, when Louis XVI. springing forcibly towards me, and seizing me by the arm, ex-

claimed with a voice choked with rage ; and I forbid you, once more, wo unto you if you dare disobey !..... He left the room after these words, and retired to his closet.

Love, which consumed the heart of Toulan, a love, which the adroit Antoinette kept alive with hopes ; the affront offered him by the king, perhaps also some ambitious views, which in spite of us are more or less mingled with our most indifferent actions, and direct the rest, had such powerful effects on the municipal officer, that he could no longer hear reason. I left him, and was filled with grief under the conviction, that his attempt could not be successful, since the king, in whose favour it was to be made, absolutely disapproved of it. I thought it would accelerate his ruin, the destruction of his party, and ensure success to the factious.

Mrs. Melwood, whom I consulted, was frightened with the despair depicted on my countenance, when she learned the cause of it ; she begged of me to make a new attempt with the king. We went to the pavilion, from which I transmitted to their majesties,

a billet, in the most pressing terms. But to my extreme mortification, it was not answered. Overwhelmed with the greatest sorrow, I had recourse to the reflecting glass, to penetrate into the apartment, and in a manner into Louis's mind. What a moving spectacle was offered to my view! The monarch, partly reclining on his bed, his face covered with his hands, one of which held a handkerchief to his eyes, was surrounded by his sister and daughter prostrated at his feet, while a little farther young Charles, having his arms encircled round his mother's neck, seemed to solicit her vehemently, by his looks and gestures, to approach near her husband. This scene had lasted some minutes, when Louis, who apparently had been moved by entreaties, opened his arms towards the queen, and with eyes filled with tears, invited her as I judged to a reconciliation. Antoinette, whose pride always yielded to the impressions of friendship, and to the voice of nature, flew precipitantly, and sunk in the arms of her husband, who having embraced her tenderly, arose, and traced these words on the telegraph; "*Do for the best, I consent to every thing.*"....

I carried this answer to Toulan, who received it coolly, assuring me that it would not alter the last resolutions.

Night again began to overspread the earth; the hour, appointed for the enterprise, was not distant; I went with Edwin to my post to await it.....that is in Mrs. Melwood's house.

We did not contemplate the advantage of the crisis, about to commence, without shuddering. Was there ever one more important in its results, and more terrible in its display? What a frightful problem to resolve! A family to be rescued, a monarch to be restored to the fulness of his power, an empire to be again submitted to the laws, which it had shaken off, and to be driven again within the limits, which it had overleaped; a faction composed of the destroying elements of anarchy, pillage, and devastation, to be restrained and curbed, its chiefs to be punished; the advocates of republicanism to be watched, and the very instruments of this revolution to be kept in order, and directed, for fear, that under the mask of heroic sentiments, which had determined them, they might con-

ceal and satiate some vile passion. The accomplishment of a plot, which required such consummate wisdom, led me to doubt the possibility of a success equal to my desires and expectations. Oh God! exclaimed I, since thou holdest in thy hands the hearts of kings, and the destinies of empires, dispose of those of France for thy great glory, and her greatest happiness!

The curtain of night was dropping gradually. From the pavilion, where I was, I observed what passed in the streets under the Rotundo, and in the out yards of the Temple, and watched with anxiety the inmates of this dismal tower. The prisoners had been separated; a small lamp, placed on the king's secretary, was the only light in his apartment. I had seen the monarch composed, whilst in chains, and at the instant that he expected his deliverance, he looked uneasy, thoughtful and distressed. He was walking briskly and stopped now and then, sighed vehemently, sat down at times to write, and, after tracing a few lines, rose again, and again hastily walked the room. On a sudden he fell on his knees, lifted towards the God

of empires, the King of kings, his innocent hands, I thought by his gestures, that he besought him to avert from France the horrors, which the awful moment portended. Unfortunate prince! how severely Heaven has dealt with thee and France! Since thy prayers poured at the footstool of the Almighty by the angel of mercy, were not heard! Since he answered thee with his mighty rod!

Already had the brass resounded twelve times; already had my blood been twelve times congealed..... My son, said abbé Fermont interrupting himself and addressing me, that night did not resemble this! Now, the coolness of autumn is tempered by the dying rays of the sun, which seems to leave the horizon reluctantly; this foliage, seemingly agitated with sighs, is, as it were, an emblem of a departed spring, and this beautiful sky, resplendent with fiery spheres, immerges our souls in thoughts of magnificence and immensity. But that disastrous night did not offer this consoling aspect. A frosty atmosphere scattered from all quarters its piercing and chilling darts; large and stationary clouds, distended with frost and

snow, concealed the consoling azure sky, whose vault resounded from time to time with clamours of fury, succeeded by intervals of an awful silence.

Some minutes before the appointed time, I thought I distinguished, by the faint light of the lamps, a whitish and light smoke, issuing from one of the angles of the smallest tower. This, said I to Mrs. Melwood, as I affectionately squeezed her hand, this is the signal! Listen, we must soon hear the alarm gun. At that moment Edwin entered; courage, said he, all goes well, the signal is given! You will soon hear the alarm gun! Fanny followed her brother; do you see the smoke, said she mysteriously? We shall soon hear the alarm gun! This terrible word vibrated on my ear, echoed through my heart, and my mouth murmured, alarm.....alarm!

Through a huge cloud of black and thick smoke, a sparkling fire soon shines, penetrates, and blazes forth, at first resembling a column, it next extends in a long, trembling, and vivid flame, which seems complacently to lick the old grates. No doubt, some combustibles, diligently collected, feed it generously,

for in the twinkling of an eye, it grows, rises, and displays itself, and winds like a dreadful serpent round the tower of the dungeon. The sight of the conflagration excites commotion, the people in a ferment begin to assemble. The king, whom the glaring light astonishes and warns, seems more alarmed, than the rest. Piercing cries are heard on all sides; the Temple bell rends the air with its hasty peals; the crowd swells like tremendous agitated waves; I observe the drawbridge coming down, and the people inundating the court of the Temple. Although I had not heard the gun of the new bridge, I had no longer a doubt that the organized conspirators had commenced the execution of their project. Mrs. Clara thought as I did; Fitz-Asland sallies to inquire the truth. For my part, I thought my conjectures so well founded, that I began to prepare every thing for the reception of the delivered captives.

We remained a quarter of an hour in distressing suspense, still wondering that we did not hear the gun, more and more alarmed by the progress of the flames, and by the noise and fermentation of the mul-

titude; trembling at the same time for the fate of the royal family, and the safety of my pupil. Meanwhile the fire engines directed towards the focus of the conflagration began to play; the water spouting in parabolic jets fell back in large sheets, which divided the flames, and gave rise to a vast reddish cloud of smoke. It was so thick that the king's window, towards which I occasionally turned my eyes with anxiety, was not to be seen. This disaster augmented at once my doubts and alarms. I, being no longer able to command my fears, left Mrs. Clara. I had gone down but a few steps, when I was rudely assailed; I started back, looked and discovered Edwin in the most frightful disorder, his clothes torn off, his face covered with blood; I attempted to question him, but he seized me by the collar, dragged me along, and compelled me to return. Having entered the pavilion, he sunk into a chair, and began to breathe with more ease; Mrs. Melwood wiped the blood and sweat pouring from his face. I stood motionless and dared not speak to him..... Where is my daughter, exclaimed Mrs. Melwood, what has become of Fanny?.....What has become of

his family? Are they safe? was all I could say, and I trembled to hear the answer.

Be calm, answered Fitz-Asland, be composed. My sister is safe, the king and his family have been preserved from the daggers of assassins; the villains are no more, and the prisoners live. In short the plot of the conspirators is defeated, the king will be held in closer confinement than ever. Toulan and six of the principals are arrested.....each word of my pupil was a thunderbolt. I recovered however from the stupor, which his recital had brought upon my senses, and begged of him to be more explicit; he gave me the following detail.

I went out with Fanny; we walked among the ranks of the soldiers under arms, and among citizens provided with firehooks and buckets. I observed every countenance, questioned every look, and listened to every observation. Nothing announced that the conspiracy was known, nor any design to aid it. Some small groups however were conversing in whispers; I attempted to mingle with them, but was rudely repulsed. All of a sudden a confused murmur arose,

and was soon heard in all directions; it was said that the life of the king, and that of his family were threatened. To hear this rumour, improve it, pierce through the crowd, and make way through the thickest groups, was but the business of a moment for me and my sister. We arrived at the first gates; they had been shut. Threatening every one with our sabres, after forcing the first, we reached the second still defended by two jailers, but a large man, well armed, carried those also, and proceeded with a mob: The thought of uniting with them, as one of their gang, darted across my mind with the rapidity of lightning. Their atrocious figures, their furious ejaculations, their very arms, left me no doubt, that they were assassins. As I wore the uniform, and as I brandished my sabre over their heads, they permitted me to lead. Although aware of the dangers, which surrounded me, I rapidly revolved in my mind the means to save the prisoners from the inevitable death, to which they were doomed. We had almost reached the third gate, when the trembling keeper threw away the keys, and fled precipitately, I seized on them.....Meanwhile the cry of death sounded around

me, and the mob were deliberating on the mode of exterminating the prisoners. At one glance I observed the different groups, I saw nothing but enraged countenances, fiery looks, foaming mouths, belching forth horrid imprecations. The number of the murderers was comparatively small, for determined to ascertain it, and having asked those present, whether their intention was to sacrifice Louis? I remarked a mournful silence, interrupted by five or six voices only, which claimed *his head.* I replied immediately, that it would be barbarous to murder prisoners, who, if culpable, were defenceless against our daggers, and would soon be judged. The greatest number applauded; the murderous gang howled with rage, rushed on the door with impetuosity, surrounded me, and lifted their arms against me; I warded their blows with my sabre, and threatened with instant death every one daring enough to approach me. All of a sudden by the horrid light of the flames, which illumed this still more horrid scene, I saw the glittering of a sword-blade pointed towards my breast, I parried the thrust, but not so effectually as not to

be slightly wounded. The sight of my blood emboldened my courage, and augmented my resolution. I struck without sparing, and wounded two of the assassins. At this instant, a last effort burst the door, and the villains were about to enter, I stood in the gap, and defended it retreating. One of the murderers fell at my feet, the two, whom I had wounded, abandoned the struggle, the rest fled. The aspect of the king, who presented himself with calm, and majesty, appalled the multitude. "Here is my bosom, said he, strike, and stain your hands with the blood of your king. But spare my wife and my innocent family!".....These words, pronounced with firmness and energy, moved or dismayed the factious populace. I saw some confusedly casting their eyes towards the ground, and others even shedding tears. All the irritated passions of the roaring multitude expired peaceably at the feet of the man, whose destruction they had just threatened.....A municipal officer arrived, he ordered the people to disperse, and begged of the monarch to fear nothing. There was a double conspiracy existing against you said he to him; one, with an

intention to liberate you from your captivity, and to lead you in triumph to the throne prepared for you; the other, determined to sacrifice you and your family instantly. The vigilance of the communes and of the republicans had disconcerted these plots. Several persons devoted to you, and among them Toulan, have just been arrested; the extent of their crimes will be known. But as long as the council shall be responsible for you, daggers may threaten, but cannot reach your heart !.....

Fanny, who entered, when Edwin closed his narrative, gave us ulterior information. It was reported, that the queen had boasted, in presence of the municipal officer on guard in her apartment, the night before, that the next would be the last of her confinement. This observation had given uneasiness to the magistrate, who immediately made his report to the authority. The communes, whose suspicions had been awakened since the examination of the queen, Clery, Chamilly, de Malesherbes, and myself on the 10th. of August, being confirmed in their mind by this information, had immediately placed in the most important posts, faith-

ful and well tried guards, had changed the watch-words, and guarded the cannons vigilantly. It was also said, that as soon as the fire broke out at the Temple, Toulan, whom the council mistrusted, and who was incessantly observed, had made his appearance at the guardhouse of the new bridge, where he expected to find his friends; that he had been arrested there with two of his colleagues, two presidents of sections, and a general officer; that a list of the conspirators was found on the latter, among whom the names of several men of note under the old and new order of things were cited; that the greatest part of them were arrested and the rest sought after. Besides, that the prisoners were more closely confined, and placed under a more severe inspection, and that the administration, having assembled, were deliberating on more rigorous measures to preserve their existence, the security of their persons, and to guard against the consequences attached to their own high responsibility.

This information convinced me, that all possibility of evasion, or restoration had vanished; whether the

republicans had directed the catastrophe of the night, or whether it was the effect of the efforts of anarchy. Under the first supposition, this hope, and I may say certainty, remained, that the king's life, and I may say that of his family, would be spared, and, that they would eventually recover their liberty. But admitting the other hypothesis, what a sad perspective offered respecting the illustrious captives! I thanked Heaven, that amidst so many reverses, which plunged them again into an abyss of adversity, it had averted from their heads, not only the cutlasses, but even the suspicions and hatred of the wicked; by that means an obscure but faithful servant might at least be preserved for this family so unhappy, that even their enemies confess them so. Before I left the house of Mrs. Melwood, I gave Louis an account of the principal results of this fatal day, giving him also new assurances, that my devotedness, which an unexpected accident had not impaired, would last as long as my life. "I had given up all hopes long before this time, answered the king, this event completes my sacrifice. I pity the queen and my sister, and I weep

over my poor children ; I claim your friendship for them alone now ; and I think you ought to pray for the repose of my soul, as though I were dead already !" I could not read these moving lines, and I cannot even repeat them at this instant, without an agony of mind, and without shedding the most bitter tears.

On the next day, 3d. of December, the setting of the convention was very tumultuous. The most atrocious motions were made with all the impudence of triumphant anarchy. It was even moved, that Louis should lose his head within twenty four hours. The republicans used every exertion to oppose those cannibal ideas ; but when the assembly, having recovered from its first fury, proposed the question, *Whether the king should be tried, and whether its members should try him ?* They eagerly voted for the affirmative, in opposition to the sentiments, which they had till then manifested, breaking their word which they had pledged to me through Manuel ; but they were frightened by the efforts, which the prostrated government made to rise again. Strange concatenation of human destinies ! The efforts, made to counteract

their decree, augment their force and velocity. As an overwhelming torrent, the emancipated offspring of irritated nature, to which frail art attempts to offer its inefficient barriers, crushing every opposition in its tumultuous course, drags every thing along in its rapid current, receives additional vehemence, and marks its way with the most dreadful devastation.

END OF VOL. II.

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